



**SATURDAY
NIGHT
WRESTLING**

**SEPTEMBER 17, 2016
TOYOTA CENTER
HOUSTON, TEXAS**

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then up on AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet sitting at a wooden desk in a generic-looking office backstage. Stegglet is dressed in a navy blue suit and has a serious expression on his face.]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling live from Houston, Texas. Tonight, I am not here in my role as a co-owner of this company... but rather in my interim role as Director of Operations. With Emerson Gellar sidelined due to the injuries he suffered at the hands of the Syndicate and with President Landon O'Neill's health issues preventing him from being able to travel frequently, this task has fallen to me. I assure you, however, it is not one that I take lightly and I intend to fulfill this role to the best of my abilities until Emerson is able to retake his position.

Now, let's get down to business... and that business is SuperClash VIII just over two months away in the Superdome in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Tonight, it gives me great pleasure to announce the very first match signed for SuperClash. It is a tag team contest and I think it will come to the surprise of no one that that match will see the Hall of Fame tag team of Casey James and Tiger Claw, the Syndicate, taking on our own Supreme Wright and Mason!

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Now, the ink is not yet dry on this one as we are still going over some final details including some stipulations for the match however the match has been agreed to in principle and I feel confident that we'll be able to hammer out the rest shortly.

In addition to that, tonight here in Houston, I plan to announce to the world exactly who will be facing the new World Champion, Juan Vasquez, for that title in New Orleans.

[Another pause.]

JS: It promises to be an exciting night of action and I can't wait for you all to be a part of it.

Thank you. And enjoy the show.

[Fade to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Juan Vasquez thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Toyota Center - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Houston, Texas! We are LIVE in the Toyota Center! And we are LIVE on the road to SuperClash for what promises to be another incredible night of professional wrestling action!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the ring of red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a black sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Less than two weeks ago, the AWA took the FOX Network and the world of prime time television by storm... and crowned a new World Champion in the process! Juan Vasquez is the new World Champion, fans, and that's just the start of what's to come here tonight. Hello everyone, I'm Gordon Myers, and by my side as always is the one and only Bucky Wilde!

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is wearing a golden suit with a glittering silver dress shirt.]

BW: Well, maybe not quite as always, Gordo... but forget about the B-Team you all heard in Vegas because the A-Team is back in action here in Houston... right back where we belong!

[Gordon smiles.]

GM: We've got a tremendous show set up for you all here tonight and-

[A murmur arises amongst the fans, one that quickly turns into a roar, as down the aisle comes the former World Heavyweight Champion, a man who is having, in his own words, the year from hell.]

GM: Well, fans, this is unexpected...

BW: Guess he wants to get the inevitable beating out of the way early tonight, Gordo!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot, you know that?

[Midway down the aisle, Ryan Martinez stops, looking out over the crowd, acknowledging their cheers with a nod of his head. The AWA's White Knight is dressed simply, wearing a black T-shirt with the "#HOLDTHELINE" slogan done in red across his chest, and a pair of blue jeans. After acknowledging the fans, he finishes his journey to ringside, pausing to take the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz. Martinez moves to the center of the ring, waiting for the cheers of the fans to die down before he speaks.]

RM: You know... my father says this is the easy part.

You just come out here, stand in front of the fans, and you speak from your heart...

[Martinez looks out over the audience, smiling as a fan screams out "I love you, Ryan!"]

RM: And I love all of you.

But let's be honest. Nothing about this year has been easy, has it?

[Ryan exhales slowly, looking out over the fans once more.]

RM: You've seen everything that's happened to me. You know all that I've been through. Well, most of it.

You haven't yet had the chance to see Supreme Wright pushing me to my limits and beyond. But soon enough, you will.

[The mention of another former World Champion causes another cheer to rise from the crowd.]

RM: I've had a lot time to think about everything that's happened this year, and I keep coming back to something simple – how this all began. Not this year, but all of this...

[Martinez points to the crowd, his body turning a full three hundred and sixty degrees, and then pointing to himself.]

RM: It began with three words. Three words that were my promise to every single AWA fan. You all know what that promise was -

"Count on it."

[Martinez lifts his head, narrowing his eyes as he looks into the hard camera.]

RM: Those three words meant everything to me, and they backed up everything that came out of my mouth.

The most trusted voice in the entire industry, that man right there, Gordon Myers....

[Martinez points to the Dean of Professional Wrestling.]

RM: He said "we need a hero," and I said I was that hero, and I sealed it with that promise.

The Wise Men needed to be stopped. And what did I say?

Count on it.

I won the right to challenge for the World Title in the most famous arena in the entire world, and what did I say about my prospects for winning?

Count on it.

The devil came to the AWA, and every man, woman and child knew that when I said I would end the career of Caleb Temple, those words were buoyed by a promise.

They could count on it.

Time and time again, whether it was Dave Bryant or Johnny Detson or Hannibal Carver, you knew that if I made a promise, you could count on my promise being kept.

This was OUR AWA... this was YOUR AWA, and I made sure of that. I fought every battle, put down every challenge.

Right up until I failed you.

[This time, Martinez lets out a long sigh, his expression turning remorseful.]

RM: And now, look what's happened to our AWA.

The last remnant of the previous generation is trying to steal our AWA from us, replacing the future I fought for with his own poisoned vision.

A tyrant holds the AWA World Title.

[Martinez lowers his head, and then lifts it slowly.]

RM: And that's something I can't allow to stand.

That World Title is the same World Title that Supreme Wright sweat and bled for. It's the same World Title that Dave Bryant sacrificed his own future for. It is the World Title that Jack Lynch defended with honor all over the world. It's the World Title that I carried to hell and back.

And I'll be damned if I let Juan Vasquez soil that World Title!

[The reaction from the fans is deafening. The camera focuses on Ryan Martinez, humbled and heartened as the fans affirm their faith in him.]

RM: I am sickened and horrified that Juan Vasquez is World Champion. Not just wearing it... disgracing it.

Now listen, I know that I haven't had the best win-loss record since I returned to action. But I swear to every single fan here in the AWA that if I'm given one chance, one shot... I WILL be the man to take the World Title off Juan Vasquez.

[Martinez looks straight ahead, eyes wide and clear.]

RM: Count on it!

[The AWA faithful cheers their White Knight...

...and those cheers continue as the interim Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, steps into view, walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Well, this keeps getting more and more interesting, Bucky. Ryan Martinez certainly wasn't scheduled to be out here... and now Jon Stegglet's coming out here unexpectedly as well.

BW: We heard Stegglet say at the top of the show that he planned to announce the challenger for the World Title at SuperClash here tonight - could that be what he's about to do?

GM: We're about to find out, I think.

[Stegglet climbs the steel ringsteps, ducking through the ropes that the White Knight holds open respectfully for him. The two men move to the center of the ring, a smile on the AWA owner's face.]

JS: Ryan Martinez.

[Stegglet gestures to the former World Champion.]

JS: We certainly have come a long way from the days of you coming to see your dad wrestle in Los Angeles and me catching you sneaking around backstage.

[As Stegglet grins, Martinez nods his head.]

JS: You're not that kid anymore, Ryan. You're standing here before me a man. A former World Champion.

And you're asking me for something that is within my power to give.

[An anticipatory buzz begins in the audience as Stegglet stares at the White Knight.]

JS: When Juan Vasquez describes himself as the man no one in the AWA front office wants to see with the title, let me assure you that he's 100% correct. And Ryan, I wish that I could be sure it was you who could take that title off him.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: But that's not the SuperClash Main Event that I'm here to announce tonight.

[The Houston crowd begins to jeer loudly. Stegglet looks around at the crowd, taking in their reaction.]

JS: I'm sorry.

[The words seem to be for Martinez as much as they're for the fans. Martinez himself is the man who signals for the fans to let Stegglet speak.]

JS: Ryan, as much as I want to believe that you're the man to bring that title back to where it belongs at SuperClash... well, you said it yourself. This has been the year from hell for you. And you HAVEN'T had the best win-loss record since coming back from your injuries.

And I need to make sure that whoever challenges Juan Vasquez for the World Title at SuperClash is capable of BEATING Juan Vasquez. That's of utmost importance. He can NOT leave SuperClash as the World Champion... do you understand?

[Martinez nods but the expression on his face looks a little surprised at the intensity behind Stegglet's words.]

JS: But by the same token, as I look up and down the roster, I see a lot of competitors who might be the man to get the job done... and I need them to prove to me that they can do it.

So, we're bringing back the Road To The Gold!

[The crowd cheers at that announcement.]

JS: A few years ago, when it looked like no one could take the title off Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant went through hell to win that tournament and went on to SuperClash and won that title. That's what I'm looking for, Ryan. I'm looking for someone with the heart... with the guts... with the determination to go through hell to get the shot at Vasquez... and to WIN that World Title back.

So, what we're going to do is have a series of four qualifying matches here tonight in Houston... and the winners of those four matches will move on to Oklahoma City in two weeks where they will compete in a FINAL FOUR match that will determine who Juan Vasquez will face at SuperClash with the World Title on the line.

[The crowd seems pleased at this announcement, cheering loudly. Ryan Martinez nods in response.]

RM: You know what, Jon... Mr. Stegglet, I respect what you said. And if I need to prove to you... prove to the office... prove to all of these fans... that I deserve a shot at the title... if I have to go through hell yet again to EARN a World Title shot... well, I'm just fine with that.

So your Road to the Gold? Count me in!

[Stegglet nods, and extends his hand, intending to seal the deal with a handshake, when suddenly...]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[A thunderous roar of boos can be heard as "Ain't No Sunshine" by DMX begins to play over the PA system. The boos grow only louder, as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez emerges from behind the curtains. Vasquez is dressed in a tailored two-piece blue suit sans tie and the smuggest of smirks on his face. He walks up to the ring apron, but stays on the outside, wary of Ryan Martinez. He asks for and is given a microphone by Rebecca Ortiz.]

JV: Now, before I so generously grace your presence with my very important words, I think a PROPER introduction should be made for a man of my stature.

[Juan walks over to the steel steps and obnoxiously drums a beat on it....]

JV: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

[A huge chorus of boos greets Juan, as he proceeds to unbutton his suit jacket and turn to the crowd, revealing the most important championship in all of combat sports worn around his waist...The AWA World Title.]

JV: Now then, in regards to your announcement...

[Juan turns and begins to walk up the steps.]

JV: ...to borrow a line, Stegglet...

[Stepping through the ropes, the champion walks right up to Jon Stegglet and Ryan Martinez, sneering.]

JV: ...I respectfully disagree!

[Huge boos!]

JV: You're giving Alex's brat a spot in this "Road To The Gold"? Seriously? I didn't sacrifice all that blood, sweat and tears to make the AWA great again just to have something like this happen! Have you seen his win-loss record? Does that big fat 0 for the year 2016 somehow make him a worthy candidate to face me at SuperClash? Or is it his last name that lets the special little snowflake get another chance?

[Ryan Martinez has a few choice words off-mic for Vasquez, who grins at his heated adversary.]

JV: Boo hoo, brat. You look up and down that Top Ten Contenders list and your name isn't anywhere to be found! So as far as I'm concerned, there's at least ten men more worthy of this than you.

[The crowd jeers, but Juan isn't having any of that.]

JV: Yeah, you might not like it, but I'm absolutely right!

[Juan points a finger right at Ryan.]

JV: Supreme Wright might be good, hell, he might even be great, but he ain't no miracle worker! And there's no way he's gonna turn around a walking disaster like you in time for SuperClash! Face it. You're a failure! A disappointment! And I OBJECT to allowing an undeserving product of nepotism like you to even have the opportunity to possibly soil the SuperClash main event!

[MASSIVE heel pop!]

JS: Now look here, Juan...

JV: No, Stegglet, maybe you don't get it, but *I* am the one in control here. And I say-

[Suddenly, Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" begins to blare over the loudspeakers. As the fans cheer and the curtain is pulled back, out steps the most recent former World Champion, Jack Lynch.]

GM: This continues to get more and more interesting, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I may not like him but it's hard to argue that the last man to hold the World Title before Vasquez doesn't deserve another shot at him.

[Lynch, dressed all in white, moves down the aisle, an angry and determined expression on his face. Lynch steps into the ring, offering Martinez a curt nod and then turns to Juan Vasquez, staring daggers at the man who took the World Title from him.]

JL: I don't care what anyone says. That...

[Lynch points to the World Title around Vasquez' waist.]

JL: ...ain't yours.

[Juan mimes wiping away tears at Lynch, before patting the title and proudly exclaiming, "IT'S ALL MINE!" The Iron Cowboy shakes his head and ignores Vasquez' taunting.]

JL: Now Ryan, ya know I think of ya as one of my brothers. We've stood shoulder to shoulder in a whole lotta fights, and ya know I'll always have your back.

But like ya said, I've fought too hard to just let this sonuvabitch walk around with somethin' he stole from me.

[Big cheer for the jab at Vasquez who sneers at Lynch's back.]

JL: And if I gotta go through you to get it back? Ya need to know right now that our friendship won't be somethin' that prevents it.

[Both former champions stare intently at each other, with Martinez finally nodding, accepting that it may come down to a fight between them.]

JL: So Stegklet, I'll just say this – my name better be on your list.

[Another big cheer rings out! Stegklet raises the mic, trying to keep himself between Vasquez and the other two men in the ring.]

JS: Mr. Lynch, don't you worry... your name was the FIRST one that I put on it!

[Another big cheer! Lynch nods, stepping forward to shake Stegklet's hand.]

JL: That's all I'm askin' for.

BW: Martinez is in. Lynch is in. Who else is-

[Bucky's question gets cut off as the iconic "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begins to play throughout the arena signifying the arrival of the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch.]

BW: Oh, jeez... I never should've asked.

[Travis pushes the curtains open to a series of high-pitched screams and a series of very audible I LOVE TRAVIS! The champion is attired in blue jeans, and a super smedium black t-shirt with Travis written in a stylized gold font. Travis slaps the hands of a few fans on his way to the ring before entering the ring and slapping both Jack and Ryan on their shoulders before turning his attention to Jon Stegklet.]

TL: Now, let's hold on just a minute here, Mr. Stegglet.

You're out here givin' my flesh and blood and a man who's shared more Sunday dinners with my family than I can count...

BW: That's not saying much, Travis can only count to five on a good day.

GM: Bucky!

[Travis continues.]

TL: You're giving them opportunities to regain the AWA World Title... and no one can deny they deserve them. But I have to ask, Mr. Stegglet...

What about the Number One Contender to that title?

[Cheers!]

TL: What about the longest reigning AWA National Champion in this company's history?

[More cheers!]

TL: What about me, Jon Stegglet? Am I on your list?

[Stegglet looks a little surprised and starts to respond but Travis cuts him off.]

TL: No, no... let's make something clear, Stegglet. You claim you want to be sure that the man who challenges the Hall of Famer, the Legend, the current World Heavyweight Champion, Juan Vasquez at SuperClash can beat him.

[The fans continue to cheer as they know where this going as Travis looks at Ryan and then Jack with a shrug.]

TL: Well, these two haven't done that.

[The crowd "OOOOOOHs" in response as a grinning Travis reaches out and slaps his big brother on the shoulder playfully.]

TL: But Stegglet...

[Travis turns to face Jon Stegglet again.]

TL: There is a man standing before you who has beaten Juan Vasquez in the past year not just once... but...

[Travis turns to stare at Juan Vasquez and holds up two fingers, causing Vasquez' confident grin to actually turn into an annoyed look of anger.]

TL: ...TWICE!

[Big roar from the crowd!]

TL: So, if anyone deserves the opportunity to Main Event SuperClash and take the World Heavyweight Championship from Juan Vasquez... it's ME!

So, boss man... whaddya say?

[Travis extends a hand towards Jon Stegglet who seems to consider the situation for a moment...]

...when a voice rings out over the PA system without any music at all.

“Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait... WAIT! A DAMN! SECOND!”

[The crowd turns towards the top of the aisle where the former AWA World Champion Johnny Detson emerges, shaking his head with disgust as he walks down the aisle towards the ring.]

[Detson shakes his head with disgust.]

JD: Look, Jon Stegglet... I know you're used to sitting in your ivory tower down in Dallas and not getting your hands dirty with the day-to-day business... but I'd expect that even you would realize who you're leaving out of this.

That would be me, bucko.

Johnny Detson. Former World Champion.

[Detson looks around the ring as he gets closer. He climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, taking an immediate step to the right as he realizes he came in very close to Jack Lynch.]

JD: Johnny Detson, the guy who beat THAT guy...

[He points at Ryan Martinez.]

JD: ...for championship titles TWICE!

[He turns towards Travis Lynch.]

JD: And THAT guy.

[Jack Lynch steps forward, staring at Detson.]

JD: And... well, you and I have unfinished business, Lynch, but that's another story.

But Jon Stegglet, as a man who helped drag this place kicking and screaming from rodeo grounds and local television, I know that you are a man of vision. I know that you are a man who understands the value of a star-powered Main Event.

Stegglet, you need look no further.

Because the SuperClash Main Event of your dreams is right in front of you.

I can see it now in lights...

[Detson holds up his hands.]

JD: Johnny Detson fighting to regain the title he never should have lost...

[He turns, staring at Juan Vasquez.]

JD: ...against the guy who has spent YEARS ducking him, Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez chuckles at this.]

JD: You know it as well as I do, Vasquez. You and I have had a date with destiny for years... and SuperClash seems like the perfect place to make that happen. So,

Stegglet... if I have to go through all these other guys to get MY shot... then you've got it.

[Stegglet gives Detson a long look, considering his proposal...

...and is on the verge of speaking when once more, music blares over the loudspeakers. This time it's the opening guitar riff of Bruce Dickinson's cover of "The Zoo," heralding the arrival of the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Detson's confident smiles goes South in a hurry as he twists around to look at the aisleway. There are a shocking number of cheers for the son of the Blackheart, who wastes no time stalking to the ring and muscling his way to the center of it.]

BJ: What do we have here?

[James turns first to Martinez.]

BJ: A failure.

[James turns to regard Travis Lynch.]

BJ: A past victim.

[James then glares at Jack Lynch.]

BJ: A loser.

[Now he turns to his so-called brother, Johnny Detson.]

BJ: Someone who is nothing without me.

[James then steps to Stegglet.]

BJ: And the substitute teacher.

JS: I'll have you know that I'm your boss!

BJ: Yeah Stegglet, you keep telling yourself that there's anyone in this company, or on this planet that can tell me what to do or make me do something when I don't want to.

But all right "boss" let me remind you of a fact.

The man that you don't want holding your World Title? He's the same man who tried to get me to be one of his bootlickers. He's the man so afraid of me that he begged me to join his side.

He's also the man stupid enough to think that Derrick Williams is the guy you get when you can't get Brian James.

[James turns to regard Vasquez and shakes his head.]

BJ: That was a mistake, Vasquez.

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: If I gotta' convince you to join me, then you ain't the one!

[James laughs off Vasquez' words and turns to Stegglet.]

BJ: So far, you haven't put a single man in this Road to the Gold that deserves it. But that changes right now, because Stegglet, you're putting me in the Road to the Gold!

[Despite his aggressive nature and choice of "brothers," the fans actually cheer for James' demand.]

BJ: And I don't care who you put me against, because this isn't the Ballad of Ryan Martinez, or the saga of Jack Lynch.

This story only has one end – Brian James walks out of New Orleans as the World Heavyweight champion.

[Stegglet pauses, appraising the situation.]

JS: Well, Mr. James, I don't like being bullied or threatened, but after the Battle of Boston, you've more than earned the chance to fight for the World Title.

So you want in? You're in.

[There are cheers from many in the crowd for that announcement...

...but we're not done yet, folks.

"You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest plays next over the PA system.]

BW: HIM?!

[Out from the entrance emerges former World Television Champion Supernova, who has his face painted black and yellow and is dressed in his wrestling attire. The crowd cheers loudly as he marches down the aisle, slapping hands with a few fans, then rolls underneath the ropes and into the ring.]

S: It was just a few weeks ago that I said that I couldn't move forward until I settled things, once and for all, with a certain individual. Now with that out of the way, my mind is becoming clearer about other matters I need to address.

[He jerks a finger toward Vasquez.]

S: Starting with you! I can remember when I first came to the AWA, I didn't just see you as somebody to look up to or somebody who became my friend – I idolized you.

But now, all of that has changed! You have sunk to the lowest of lows, and for what? Because it's not enough for you to have won every title there is to have won? To be in the Hall of Fame? To be considered an all-time great?

You had all that and more, and all you've been doing – amigo – is letting your ego get so out of control that the only thing people will remember you for is being the biggest lowlife in AWA history!

[He casts a glance toward the others.]

S: Brian James, you can talk about how you beat me once before, but that doesn't mean that result is going to repeat itself. If you want to think otherwise or call me names, you'll be eating your words so fast that you'll choke on them!

To those who I do consider friends – I'll never dispute what you've accomplished,

but you know me well enough that I'm not going to step away from a shot at the World Champion.

As for you, Detson – just shut your mouth for once in your lifetime!

[He turns to Stegglet.]

S: You better believe that the franchise of the AWA deserves to be in the Road to the Gold, and more importantly, deserves to be the one who brings Vasquez back to reality!

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: I've got absolutely no problem with that, Supernova. You're in!

[The crowd cheers...

...and then cheers louder as the breakbeat and piano interpolation hit and Nas' "I Can" cues Jordan Ohara to enter. The Phoenix hops around on the stage, playing air piano for a bit before he strolls down to the aisle, slapping hands with the fans and exhorting them to cheer as he skips to ringside. Jordan has a microphone in hand with which he draws an imaginary line across the ringside floor. He jumps over it, landing with a smile and wink to the audience.]

JO: Can I join the party?

[Ohara holds the mic out to the fans.]

"YES, YOU CAN!"

JO: Can I say something?

[The singalong continues.]

"YES, YOU CAN!"

JO: Can I be honest?

"YES, YOU CAN!"

[Jordan climbs into the ring, brushing his bangs out of his eyes as he approaches Juan Vasquez.]

JO: I've been afraid of this day coming since I saw the Axis form. Vasquez, I've been trying to stand up to you man-to-man for months now, but it's always the same. The numbers game. You can't ... hell, you won't even try ... to face me one-on-one and it makes me sick. I've been a fan of your skills in the ring since I was 6 years old. But now I'm ashamed of what you are. I'm ashamed of what you represent in this sport. And I'm ashamed of the people who have decided to try to follow your cheap ride to the top. You corrupted my best friend. You embarrassed my favorite sport. You stained the legacy of the greatest world wrestling title in history. So I'm going to make a difference.

[Ohara turns to Jon Stegglet.]

JO: So, Mr. Stegglet, can I ask you one question?

"YES, YOU CAN!"

JO: Can the Once in a Millennium talent jump the line and get in on the Road to the Gold?

[Some words off-mic start flying around as Stegglet walks out to the middle of the ring, shaking his head.]

JS: Hold on. Hold on... HEY! KNOCK IT OFF!

[Stegglet looks around the crowded ring, set to explode at any moment.]

JS: Alright... let's do this. All of you... you're all in the Road To The Gold!

[Big cheer!]

JS: So... let's see... Jordan Ohara, you want a part of this? To get to the Final Four, you've gotta go through the longest-reigning National Champion ever... Travis Lynch!

[Lynch grins, nodding respectfully at Ohara who returns the gesture.]

JS: You... Detson... you want to get another shot at the World Title? You gotta beat the guy who had your number in Boston, Supernova, to do it!

[Supernova pumps a fist as Detson grimaces, nodding his head as he locks eyes with the face-painted fan favorite.]

JS: Brian James, you showed the world in Boston that you just might be the guy who CAN take that title off Vasquez... but to do it, you've gotta beat the guy who was the last man to wear the World Title... Jack Lynch!

[The crowd ROARS in anticipation of that one.]

JS: And that leaves me with you, Ryan Martinez...

[The fans cheer as the White Knight waits to hear who he'll be facing.]

JS: And to earn your spot in the Final Four, you will have to face-

"WAIT!"

[Stegglet gets cut off by Juan Vasquez who is shaking his head.]

JV: This... this whole thing is a mess! You want me to face the likes of Jordan Ohara at SuperClash?! Are you out of your mind?! Do you want to end up like those suits in Baltimore... in Portland... in Toronto... in Tampa... in...

[Vasquez smirks.]

JV: ...Los Angeles?! Because that's right where you're headed with that kind of talk, Stegglet. You want me to face Travis Lynch at SuperClash... again?!

[Another shake of the head.]

JV: And you insist on including Martinez in this despite what I told you earlier...

[Vasquez glares at Stegglet.]

JV: You and I need to talk, Stegglet... and we need to do it without all these people watching.

[Stegglet locks eyes with Vasquez, staring at his World Champion long and hard for a few silent moments.]

JS: Fine. Ryan Martinez' opponent will be determined shortly.

[Martinez looks puzzled, his arms out as he questions Stegklet who doesn't respond.]

JS: As for the rest of you, good luck tonight... and for all the fans watching, enjoy the show.

[Stegglet quickly exits the ring, ignoring a questioning Ryan Martinez as he does.]

GM: Wow! What a night this is going to be, fans! Four big matches and four big winners heading to Oklahoma City in two weeks to battle it out in the Final Four match to see who heads to SuperClash to face Martinez!

BW: Ohara vs Travis Lynch, Brian James vs Jack Lynch, Johnny Detson vs Supernova... and we don't even know Ryan Martinez' match yet! This is nuts, Gordo!

GM: Just when you think the AWA has done it all, we somehow manage to top ourselves and... Houston, Texas was the site of SuperClash last year but they've got a super night ahead of them tonight as well! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be time for our first match of the night so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

“To pushing the boundaries of what is expected...”

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

“To bringing our futures into the present.”

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

“Korugun. To life and all that it offers.”

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then come back up backstage, where Theresa Lynch is standing next to Ryan Martinez. The AWA’s White Knight is clearly still charged up, and there’s a look of steely determination in his eyes.]

TL: What a blockbuster announcement we’ve just heard. The AWA’s Road to the Gold is on! And joining me now is a man who has pinned his hopes on going all the way in that tournament. Ryan, I can tell by looking at you that you’re ready for what’s to come.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: You’re right Theresa. I’m absolutely ready. And I know it won’t be easy. You’re talking about Jordan Ohara, Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch, Supernova, Johnny Detson, Brian James. Beating one of them is damn near impossible. Outlasting all of them?

Well, I’ve never taken an easy road. Why start now?

[Theresa is about to ask another question, when her eyes widen and she looks up, and keeps looking up, as the shadow of a legend falls over her.]

TL: And now we’re joined by a man who needs no introduction. Not to you, and not to the people at home... Alex Martinez! What an honor!

AM: I’m sorry for interruptin’, Theresa, but I had somethin’ I wanted to say, and I wanted the whole world to hear it.

[A shy, awed smile comes over Lynch’s face.]

TL: There’s no need to apologize. Please, speak your mind.

AM: I got an idea about how you might answer, but son...

[The Last American Badass lays his hand on his son’s shoulder.]

AM: I want you to hear me out.

Let me tell you about the proudest day of my life. It was last year, just before SuperClash. I was asked if I’d go to New York and see some corporate types about maybe sponsorin’ a few things for the AWA. And as I was sittin’ on the lobby, I heard a couple of secretaries talkin’. They were all wantin’ to know who I was. And ya know how they answered?

“That guy right there? He’s Ryan Martinez’ father.”

And that's when I knew, Ryan, that whatever shadow people thought you were livin' under had gone away. That's when I knew that no one could ever accuse you of benefitin' from nepotism. That's when I knew that the tides had shifted, and you weren't the son of Alex Martinez no more.

You're Ryan Martinez. And not only were you your own man, you were THE man, not just in the AWA, but in pro-wrestlin'. And I can't think of anythin' that should make a father prouder than knowin' that his son has surpassed him in every way.

And that's why I stayed away so long.

I went to Hollywood, and I was happy with bein' retired. I was happy bein' on a movie set and watchin' stunt men take all the risks while I got myself a nice big paycheck.

And then Juan Vasquez happened.

[The expression on Martinez' hardens.]

AM: When he took ya out, I did my best to live up to the example you set. I did my best to be the father of Ryan Martinez. And when ya came back, I stepped away again.

But son... I need to be here now.

I've watched too long as guys like Ohara came up short when it came to watchin' your back. I've seen too many people try and take on the Axis by themselves and it come to nothin'.

I know ya, Ryan, better than anyone else. Because you're my firstborn son, and I've watched you grow from a boy into a man. And I know what that you think you need to do this alone. Because you're just as hot headed, stubborn and convinced of your own righteousness as your old man.

[Alex Martinez grins.]

AM: I raised you to stand on your own two feet. To not ask anythin' from anyone. To fight what for what ya believe in, and to never back down when you know you're in the right. You're the man I raised ya to be, and nothin' makes me prouder.

So I know that ya wanna do this alone. But I can't sit by and watch your neck get broken again.

You know I ain't one to ask for favors, but I'm askin' ya... let me be here. Let me watch your back. This ain't for me. I ain't askin' for no glory, and I ain't askin' for ya to step aside. This is your fight, and your call.

All I'm asking is that ya let me watch your back.

[Martinez raises his hand off Ryan's shoulder. The camera zooms in on the face of the White Knight, who is visibly affected and choked up.]

RM: I spent a long time fighting against people who thought my middle name was "Alex's Son." I even one time lied and said you were my uncle, and not my father, just so that people would give me a chance to stand on my own.

I thought I had to deny who I was, that I had to deny you, to be myself. I thought that people wouldn't start talking about me until they stopped talking about you.

Remember how they used to call me a dumb kid? That's why.

[Ryan chuckles.]

RM: I'm done denying who I am. I'm done acting like I'm not Ryan Martinez, the son of Alex Martinez, the only man who deserves to be called the greatest of all time.

I got your blood in my veins, and I'm through running from the legacy you left me.

When I was down, you stood up. You told the world to hold the line, and you fought with honor and courage. You showed the world that I'm the man I am because I had you as a role model.

Dad, without the Last American Badass, there never would be a White Knight.

So you're asking if you can watch my back?

[Ryan nods his head, and reaches his hand out.]

RM: I say that there's no way anyone can stand against a united House Martinez.

[Father reaches out to shake his son's hand when...]

"Knock knock. House Martinez, please attend carefully."

[...The AWA World Championship belt is thrust between them, held out by Jackson Hunter.]

JH: What has being the son of Alex Martinez cost you, White Knight?

[Hunter holds the main plate of the belt up with both hands, almost like he is hypnotized by it.]

JH: How much did this alone cost you? How much of your remaining life quality did you mortgage for this?

[Hunter stands confidently between House Martinez.]

JH: For what? Ryan, this belt never looked right on you. On you, it looked gaudy and ostentatious. It just never seemed to fit right around your waist and never seemed to rest on your shoulder properly. Not your fault, mind you. You just need the right tools for the right job.

[Hunter holds out the belt, placing it over the shoulder of Juan Vasquez who enters the scene, flanked by The Tsar.]

JH: Like it was always meant to be.

[Alex Martinez steps forward, getting in Vasquez' face.]

AM: Ya think it's all just talk?

Let's prove it ain't. And let's do it tonight.

I've been waitin' damn near a year to get another crack at that big Russian bastard, and I owe him for what he said about me and Selena.

So tonight, why don't you give this decadent American and his son a chance to shut your big mouths up? What do ya say, Vasquez?

Axis against House Martinez?

[Hunter interjects.]

JH: Do not answer, Juan! You do not have to accept any informal challenges laid out before you. He is trying to goad you...

[He trails off as a massive Russian palm rests gently but powerfully on his shoulder.]

MZ: American family? I will tell you about American values. Because as you may know, my father was American. Diplomat in Moscow many years ago

And rather than take responsibility for his Soviet son, he ran back to the decadent West.

The very sight of your House Martinez... Your big handshakes, your vainglorious declarations of unity... They are a joke to me. I do not need to step into the ring with you. I already know that I am better. And this...

[Zharkov brushes the back of his hand across the belt over Vasquez's shoulder.]

MZ: ...Is all the collateral that I need to stand with Mr. Vasquez.

[The camera cuts to Alex Martinez, staring hard at the World Champion.]

AM: So that's who ya are now, Juan? The guy who stands behind a washed-up has-been and a goon who's got a thesaurus?

I thought you were the legend, Juan. What happened? You lettin' Hunter carry your b-

[Before the Last American Badass can finish his thought, his son interrupts.]

RM: You're wrong. This isn't what Vasquez has become.

This is who he's always been.

[The White Knight scoffs dismissively.]

RM: This is who you were when you ignored every call I made against the Wise Men. This is who you were when you were throwing your so-called "friends" into the meat grinder.

This is who you've always been, Vasquez.

A paper tiger who's become a paper champion.

[Martinez' eyes narrow.]

RM: Busted up and broken down. Running on fumes. You don't deserve that belt. And every time Hunter opens his mouth, all I hear is your voice Juan.

All I hear is you saying that you know your time is just about up.

Look at us...

[Martinez points to himself and his father.]

RM: Injured, hurt. You beat both of us. Yet here we are, ready to fight again.

And you?

[Martinez crosses his arms over his chest.]

RM: You're too scared of going out there and letting the world see that there's nothing behind your words.

But you saying nothing? You letting Hunter and Zharkov talk for you?

Well, that's answer enough, isn't it, "champ"?

[Vasquez' confident visage twists into one of rage and fury at the younger Martinez's words.]

JV: Shut up.

[His voice raises into a near scream.]

JV: SHUT UP!

[Vasquez' eyes are open wide, his face red with fury.]

JV: Remember who you're talking to and who you're saying it to. I've spent this entire year proving time and time again that House Martinez ain't a damn thing compared to Juan Vasquez and The Axis. I'm the man that broke your stupid little neck. I'm the man that sent your father running back to Hollywood with his tail tucked between his legs. And don't think we can't do it again!

RM: It seems to me that you're still nothing but words, Vasquez. Why don't you prove it in the ring?

[A fuming Vasquez looks down at the ground for a moment before finally staring into the White Knight's eyes, his own eyes blazing with anger.]

JV: You want that tag match, brat?

YOU GOT IT!

[Father and son grin big, but Juan wags his finger.]

JV: Not so fast! Before you start patting yourselves on the back, you'll get your match on ONE condition.

RM: I knew it wouldn't be that easy. You've always got something twisted going on inside your head. Name it.

JV: I was talking to Stegglet about your worthiness to be in the Road to the Gold and I'm sure I can convince him to let this happen. And it just hit me. If we win... heh, no WHEN we win, that spot in Road to Gold? That spot in the Final Four?

It belongs to The Axis.

[Ryan grimaces.]

RM: Always trying to find a way to stack everything in your favor. You're pathetic.

JV: No, I'm SMART. Say whatever the hell you want about what I have left in the ring...I'll ALWAYS be smarter than any of you. That's why I have the title. That's why The Axis rules the AWA.

[He grins.]

JV: So do we have a deal?

[Ryan looks at his father and then at Vasquez.]

RM: Deal.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: It's been a pleasure doing business with you...

...amigo.

[And on that note, we fade from the backstage area out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky have been joined by a third man - familiar to longtime AWA fans... also familiar to fans of the worlds of lucha libre, puroresu, and just about any other form of pro wrestling not native to the good ol' US of A. Yes, Dale Adams has returned to Saturday Night Wrestling.]

GM: A chaotic scene here in Houston, Texas from the outset of this one, fans. And you have to believe that this night - and the wild action - is just getting started. Now we can add House Martinez versus the Axis as tonight's Main Event with a spot in the Final Four on the line! Tremendous! But fans, right now, we've got a very special treat for everyone. Recently, it was announced that the AWA would be heading to Mexico at some point in 2017 to present a show with our friends in SouthWest Lucha Libre. Tonight, SWLL has sent some of their top stars here to Houston to celebrate that announcement with us and that means it's time to welcome back our old friend - our "international expert" if you will - Dale Adams! Dale, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[A black-suited Adams flashes a big grin as he shakes hands with both men.]

DA: Gordon, it is my esteemed pleasure to be here tonight with you and Bucky once again.

BW: It's always good to see you out of your mama's basement, Adams.

GM: Bucky!

[Adams chuckles.]

DA: Don't even worry about it, Gordon. Let's just get up to Rebecca and see this tremendous lucha libre action!

GM: You heard the man - let's go up to the ring!

[We cut up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, mic in hand.]

RO: The following Trios Match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is presented in conjunction with SouthWest Lucha Libre!

Introducing first...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as "Higher Level" by Yoga Fire kicks in over the PA system. The Spanish lyrics tear through the air as a colorful trio makes their way through the curtain into view.]

RO: First... he hails from the battlefield... weighing in at 197 pounds...

ARRRRRRRRRRMINIUSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The most dazzling highflyer in lucha libre smacks his chest a few times as he looks out on the sold out crowd. Arminius wears a blood red mask with holes cut for eyes, nostrils, and his mouth. A small hole in the back allows a shoulder-length braid of black hair to hang down over his neck. His torso is covered with a skin-tight black bodysuit with a golden Celtic Cross that covers his chest and abdomen. Matching gold and black tights go down to his boots which match. He shouts in Spanish to the fans near the entrance stage.]

DA: Arminius is one of the most amazing athletes you'll ever lay eyes on, fans. He can fly with the absolute best of them. You think you've seen something special in the likes of Skywalker Jones or Johnny Skye - you ain't seen nothin' yet!

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: And his tag team partner... from Mexico City... weighing in at 210 pounds...

ELLLLLLL DIABLOOOOOO JUUUUUNIORRRRRRR!

[El Diablo Jr. is the second man through the curtain to cheers from the Houston crowd. The second generation luchador wears white full-length tights with bright golden boots. His torso is bare but sports an elaborate tattoo of a pitchfork-wielding devil. The prongs of the pitchfork rest right where EDJ's heart is. He wears a gold and white mask that covers his entire face leading up to two stark red devil's horns that extend several inches from his head.]

DA: The second generation lucha libre superstar, El Diablo Jr. has been making headlines in Mexico for a couple of years now as perhaps the hottest rising star in the entire sport. And if you're a longtime fan of pro wrestling, you may remember his late father, El Diablo, competing in the early days of the legendary EMWC... one of the first luchadors to cross over to the United States in the mid-1990s.

[Rebecca concludes the first team.]

RO: And their partner.. weighing in at 245 pounds... he is...

GUERRRRRRRRERRRRRROOOOOOOO AZZZZZTECAAAAAAAAAA!

[The lucha heavyweight rounds out his trio to big cheers from the lucha libre fans in the building. The first thing you notice on Guerrero Azteca is the enormous headdress he wears to the ring. On the front is a ceramic mask painted gold while a multitude of colorful feathers trails behind it. The second thing you notice is his incredible physique - sculpted and defined muscles. The next? Maybe it's the mask - a golden base with insanely colored and intricately designed Aztec designs on it. You might catch a glimpse of an eagle... a panther... oh, what the heck is that? Yeah, that's a massive tattoo across his back of an enormous eagle, stylized in the Aztec way with the wings spread across his shoulders.]

DA: And the powerhouse of this squad will be Guerrero Azteca who might be familiar to AWA fans as he competed in the run to the Battle of Boston tournament earlier this year. But if you don't know Guerrero Azteca, it's time to fall down the YouTube rabbit hole and see some of the legendary matches he's competed in over the years. He's an icon throughout Mexico and it's truly an honor to see him compete here in the AWA.

[The trio makes their way to the ring. Arminius runs the length of the aisle, leaping into the air over the bottom rope in a somersault, rolling through to his feet. El Diablo Jr. mounts the apron, slingshotting over the top in a somersault where he

too lands on his feet. Azteca takes the slow way in, stepping through the ropes where he joins his partners in the middle of the ring to more cheers from the Houston crowd.]

GM: Three very different and very unique athletes inside that ring and I'm looking forward to seeing all of them compete here tonight, Dale.

BW: Dale? Why tell him? Tell me how much you're looking forward to this!

GM: I was just being polite to our guest. Something you'd know nothing about.

BW: As far as I'm concerned, Dale Adams is just another guy taking up space here at ringside. Move over, Adams! I need my space!

DA: A few too many cheeseburgers lately, Buckthorn?

BW: Watch your mouth, Adams. I can have you escorted out of here before the bell even rings! Don't test me.

GM: I'm sorry to interrupt this exchange but Dale Adams, who in the world are these two climbing in the ring right now?

[Another masked man has climbed up on the apron, wearing a flowing red cape secured around his neck by a golden chain with a fancy crest hanging off the chain. He pulls the cape around his chest with one hand, partially covering the jet black vinyl tights underneath. He wears a silver mask that covers his entire head, sculpted tight to show his nose, jawline, mouth, etc. The eyeholes are cut open as is a small slit for his mouth.

However, just as much attention is focused on who he has brought to the ring with him. A raven-haired buxom beauty in skin-tight black leather from head to toe, hugging every square inch of her curves and believe me, there's a lot of those. She's wearing a gold chain around her neck with the same family crest that the masked man sports.]

DA: That, my friends, is one of the most dastardly pairs you'll ever encounter in the world of lucha libre. On the right is the masked man known as Destro Star... and his very lovely companion is Anastasia.

BW: Good lord, Adams. Put your tongue back in your mouth before someone steps on it.

[Destro Star leads Anastasia by the hand up the apron, stepping on the bottom rope to hold the ropes open. She marches across the ring, snatching the microphone out of Rebecca Ortiz' hand.]

A: We do not have time to suffer the mutterings of mewling amateurs.

[Ortiz looks shocked by the verbal shot as Anastasia holds her ground, staring Ortiz in the eyes.]

GM: And we may have a situation here, fans.

[Ortiz says a few things off-mic to Anastasia - not friendly comments from her facial expression while speaking - and then exits the ring in a huff, taking a seat at ringside as a smirking Anastasia turns to face the hard camera, arching an eyebrow seductively before speaking.]

A: People of the United States... it is at this time that you should rise from your seats... yes, even you slovenly pigs at home! Rise and bear witness to the arrival of the most powerful man in all of lucha libre... in all the world!

[She pauses, looking around the arena at the jeering fans.]

A: I SAID RISE, YOU SLOBS!

[More boos pour down on Anastasia who looks pleased at that reaction, nodding her head.]

A: From the Highlands of Scotland... the Heir to the Throne... the Wielder of World Domination...

DESSSSSTROOOOO STAAAAAAAAR!

[The masked man steps forward, gracefully sweeping up his companion's hand to plant a kiss on it as he takes the mic from her. He stands facing the hard camera as Anastasia takes up a protective stance behind him.]

DS: Thank you, my sweet. Words are weapons in the hands of many but from lips like yours, they are beautiful artwork.

[Anastasia actually seems to blush a bit as Destro Star speaks, turning to look at the three men in the ring.]

DS: I come here tonight because the fools at SWLL have made an error!

They failed to invite ME to participate in this match!

[Destro Star shakes his head as the crowd cheers.]

DS: I can understand why. There is enough struggle for power in the AWA... they can't handle the introduction of Destro Star into the mix. Brian Lau... pfft. A mere commoner who spent years licking his wounds and hiding from those who had banished him. Dave Cooper who failed inside the ring and now fails OUTSIDE it as well. Hunter... I know Hunter... we've had dealings in Mexico before. And I know his secrets.

Speaking of secrets... the outcast himself, Doctor Harrison Fawcett is here too. Once a proud man. Once a man to be feared. Now a flunky... a lapdog for a lesser.

[He shakes his head.]

DS: I understand why the AWA feared Destro Star's arrival. After all, with my arrival comes...

[He unfolds his cape, revealing the Korugun Corporation logo splashed across the left pectoral of his ring gear.]

DS: ...great... power.

[An ominous laugh rings out from Destro Star, echoed by Anastasia.]

DS: But their fear of Destro Star might have kept me from being in the ring tonight... but it does NOT keep me from having an impact. Because I went out and I put together the team that will take these assembled heroes...

[He gestures at the three men inside the ring.]

DS: ...and cast them down off their throne so that I - Destro Star - can stand alone as the Lord and Master of professional wrestling.

[The boos are pouring down now.]

DS: And now, my dear Anastasia... please enlighten these commoners as to who they have the honor to see in action tonight.

[Anastasia takes the mic from him.]

A: With pleasure, my love...

[She clears her throat, throwing a glance at Rebecca Ortiz who roils her eyes with disgust.]

A: AND THEIR OPPONENTS!

[The lights inside the arena drop down to black as the orchestral sounds of "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus begins to play in the shadows. As the drumbeats sound, spotlights illuminate the entryway...

...and when the music swells back up, three individuals march out to the stage, standing side by side as Anastasia continues.]

A: First, he weighs 180 pounds... from Veracruz, Mexico...

JUUUUUULIOOOOO INFIERNOOOOOOOO!

[Infierno steps forward from the other two men, standing at attention. The competitor formerly known as Kid Infierno has a super lean and athletic build. He wears a grey mask with red/gold flames shooting up from the cheekbone area and extending above his mask a couple of inches. The eyeholes are outlined in gold with two gold and one red stripe running from the forehead to the backside of the mask. The mouth and chin area are cut out to reveal a clean-shaven face. He's also wearing gray tights with flames wrapping around the ankles and shooting up his legs. As he raises a fist in salute to the ring, we see he's sporting gray baseball style batting gloves with red knuckles and red wrist wraps.]

DA: Julio Infierno is the man once known as Kid Infierno. As Kid Infierno, he was one of the most popular competitors throughout all of Mexico, the final student of the legendary Juvenil Infierno who captivated fans in Mexico and the United States alike. He actually also trained under Todd Michaelson for a time as well so he is quite familiar with the American style of pro wrestling despite spending most of his time competing South of the border as well as in Japan.

[Anastasia continues.]

A: Next, weighing 206 pounds... from Mexico City, Mexico...

MASSSACARRRRRAAAAA MISERIAAAAAA JUUUUUNIORRRRRR!

[The next competitor steps forward, also raising his fist towards the ring. Mascara Miseria Jr. is also lean and muscular. He wears a white mask with red streaks coming down from the forehead past the two eyeholes and down the cheeks, resembling smeared blood. The opening around the mouth is shaped like the downturned mouth of the tragedy mask associated with drama. His black tights also have a stylized version of his own mask on them, with more "blood" dripping off and orange flames emerging from the top on the outside of both thighs.]

DA: Mascara Miseria Jr. is the nephew of the original Mascara Miseria who trained him starting at the age of 14. He debuted at the age of 16 and has competed throughout Mexico for nearly 14 years now. Often known as the King of the Mask Match, Miseria Jr. has wagered and defended his legendary mask for years without fail. And while they're currently not with him, whenever you see Mascara Miseria, you always have to be concerned about his followers - the faction... more like a cult really... known as La Secta Miseria.

[Anastasia wraps it up.]

A: And finally... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 228 pounds...

“MAAAAAACHOOOO” SONNYYYYYY MAAAAACHAAAADOOOOOOO!

[The final member of Destro Star's trio steps forward, a smirk on his face as he raises his fist to match his partners but almost in a mocking fashion, his arm not fully extended and his hand curled into a thumbs up gesture. Machado doesn't bother with a mask - the only man in the match without one. His silky black hair mullets back down to his shoulders with some wild patterns shaved into the side of his head. He wears grey tights with a red and gold Fire Bird engulfed in flames. Big belt loops encircle his waist with a gold and red belt wrapped around him. He gestures to his partners, waving them to follow him as he arrogantly saunters down the aisle towards the ring.]

DA: And last but certainly not least, the arrival of Sonny Machado - a member of perhaps the most famous family in lucha libre. During the recent discussion of the greatest family in pro wrestling, many in Mexico were shocked and appalled at the lack of the Machados in that discussion and it certainly wouldn't surprise me to learn that Sonny has come to the States with a chip on his shoulder about that situation.

[Reaching the ring, Julio Infierno climbs up on the apron on a knee, ducking over the middle rope and rolling into the ring. Miseria steps through the ropes, pointing a threatening finger across the ring as Machado grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting into a somersault, rolling up to his feet with a sneer towards the opposition.]

DA: This is going to be a wild and thrilling encounter for the American fans who aren't familiar with the world of lucha libre. These athletes work fast and hard and are likely to do some things inside that squared circle that you've never seen before.

[Destro Star makes his way down the ranks, shaking hands with each man as Anastasia follows behind, planting kisses on their cheeks before the duo makes their exit and referee Ramon Sanchez steps forward, forcing both teams back to their corners.]

BW: Even the referee was imported for this one, Gordo.

GM: Well, my understanding is that SWLL operates under some different rules than the AWA does.

DA: That's true. But there will be some adapted rules for this one. We will not be seeing the signature two out of three falls from lucha libre nor the rules where you must defeat either the team captain or the other two members of the team. However, we will see some SWLL rules that I'll explain when and if they come into play.

[The two teams huddle up for some final pre-match discussions that end with Arminius in for his side and Julio Infierno in for his.]

GM: It looks like we're about ready to go in this one - a special treat for AWA fans. A sneak preview of what we might see over the next year as we build up to that big show that the AWA will be presenting in Mexico next year.

BW: A south of the border version of Rising Sun Showdown. Maybe Montezuma's Revenge?

GM: Bucky!

[The bell sounds, making the match official as the two luchadors come from their respective corners.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell rings and here we go in this special six man tag!

[Arminius and Infierno waste no time in locking up in the middle of the ring, jockeying for position as they walk around the ring...]

...and Infierno suddenly takes Arminius down with an armdrag. He kips up to his feet, smirking at Arminius who takes a knee on the mat, shaking out his arm.]

GM: Quick armdrag by Julio Infierno who you say is a nephew of Juvenil Infierno?

DA: That's right, Gordon. Juvenil, of course, suffered a career-ending injury towards the end of his run in Todd Michaelson's Pro Wrestling Revolution. He returned to Mexico after that, training the next generation of luchadors including this young man - his nephew.

[The two luchadors lock up again, again bouncing around the ring looking for an edge...]

...and again Infierno uses an armdrag to take Arminius down!]

GM: Down he goes a second time.

[Infierno shouts something in Spanish across the ring.]

GM: Care to translate, Dale?

DA: Hmm. I'm guessing the AWA front office wouldn't appreciate that... but it wasn't a nice statement for certain.

[Arminius charges across the ring, locking up a third time...]

...and promptly snatches Infierno down to the mat with an armdrag of his own. Both men scramble back up and Arminius uses the armdrag again, taking Infierno down a second time.]

GM: Pair of armdrags by the fantastic athlete they call Arminius...

[And as Infierno gets up again, Arminius tosses him overhead with a different variation of the armdrag.]

DA: Japanese-style armdrag by Arminius, putting Infierno back down to the mat and that one seems to have startled him.

[Julio Infierno backs into the ropes, taking a knee as he stares across at Arminius who beckons him forward.]

GM: Infierno climbing back to his feet... and I think he's rethinking his strategy in the early part of this one.

[Infierno suddenly dashes forward, throwing a dropkick at Arminius who sidesteps, swatting Infierno down to the mat. Arminius promptly spins, snapping off a standing moonsault that Infierno rolls to avoid...

...but Arminius lands on his feet, leaping forward with a somersault senton down across the back of Infierno!]

GM: Oh my!

[As Infierno rolls to his back, Arminius snaps off another standing moonsault, this time crashing down across Infierno's chest.]

GM: Moonsault connects! One! Two! Infierno slips out!

[And as he does, he slithers across the ring to the corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Mascara Miseria Jr.]

GM: Infierno wants no more of Arminius at this point, bringing in Mascara Miseria Jr... and Arminius slaps the hand of El Diablo Jr. as well.

DA: A pair of second generation competitors climbing in there now.

[The two men circle one another for a bit.]

DA: And these two are no strangers to one another, fans. They've had many encounters in recent months after Mascara Miseria made some horrible comments about the late El Diablo.

[EDJ darts in towards Miseria who buries a boot into the midsection. He grabs Diablo by the arm, twisting it around in an armcrank. He yanks the arm a couple of times before using his boot to push the back of EDJ's knee, forcing him down to his knee.]

GM: Miseria breaks him down, putting him down on a knee...

[Miseria steps over the arm, ending his movement with EDJ's arm up between his legs as Miseria's rear end is pressed against EDJ's masked face...

...and then suddenly Miseria swings his hips to his right, flipping Diablo over onto his back on the mat.]

DA: Smooth transition into a cross armbreaker attempt! EDJ saw it coming though and he's managed to block it so far!

[Rolling to a knee, EDJ puts the pressure on the shoulders of Miseria, getting a two count before Miseria shifts off a shoulder to slide out of the pinning predicament...

...which allows EDJ to yank his arm free, securing a half Crab. He uses it to flip Miseria onto his back but promptly spins out of it, sliding his feet under Miseria's armpits. He falls forward, flipping Miseria's shoulders back down to the mat, holding him down for a two count before Miseria slips out.]

GM: Nice exchange right there.

BW: They're so quick in there.

[El Diablo Jr. is back to his feet when Miseria comes off the mat, burying a headbutt into EDJ's midsection.]

DA: And right there, EDJ looked like he was going to have the advantage but the veteran Mascara Miseria Jr. took a shortcut to get the edge back.

[Grabbing EDJ by the back of the head, Misera rockets him towards the ropes but EDJ grabs the top and middle rope, flinging himself sideways where he hangs between the ropes.]

GM: Oh my!

[Miseria angrily rushes forward, throwing a dropkick but EDJ slides out to the ring apron, causing Miseria to miss the dropkick, his legs hitting the ropes and bouncing him back onto the canvas. Diablo Jr. grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes with a twisting splash!]

GM: OHHHHH!

DA: Slingshot corkscrew splash by Diablo! Hooks the leg!

[A two count follows before Mascara gets the shoulder off the mat. Diablo is quickly back up, racing across the ring to the far ropes. He bounces off towards the rising Mascara...

...who powers Diablo right up off the mat, twisting and twirling him around up onto his shoulder where he goes into a spin...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and finally DROPS Diablo down across a bent knee!]

DA: The legendary quebradora claims another victim! One of the signature moves in the world of lucha libre!

[And with Diablo laid out at his feet, Miseria leaps into the air, dropping his weight down on the chest with a senton!]

GM: Ohh! Backsplash by Mascara Miseria!

[He reaches back, snatching a leg.]

GM: Back press by Miseria, gets a two count before Diablo slips out again!

[Miseria climbs to his feet, turning to the corner to slap the outstretched hand of Sonny Machado. Machado slingshots over the ropes, charging across to where Diablo is crawling towards his own corner...

...and then slams on the brakes, backing off as Guerrero Azteca makes the tag.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Looks like the so-called Macho man wants no part of Guerrero Azteca, Adams.

DA: Few do, Bucky. Guerrero Azteca is one of the most successful luchadors in the business right now. Taking him on is a recipe for almost certain defeat in recent months.

[Azteca steps through the ropes, striding to the middle of the ring, staring across at Machado who huddles up with Julio Infierno, whispering to his partner.]

DA: And there you see Machado and Infierno discussing strategy. Those two are longtime friends and tag team partners as well. When Machado unmasked himself voluntarily and revealed to the world that he's a Machado, he called his friend Infierno and asked him to come back from Japan and stand by his side as he battled all of his family's enemies.

[Machado slaps his arms a few times, sizing up Azteca, and then dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Azteca...

...and gets flattened as he tries for a running shoulder block!]

GM: Well, that didn't work.

BW: Maybe they should discuss strategy again.

[Machado gets up off the mat, grabbing at his shoulder as Azteca stands unmoving in the middle of the ring. He nods his head at the masked man, shouting across the ring at him.]

GM: And from the tone of that, I'd imagine you don't want to translate that either, Dale.

DA: Might not be the best idea.

[Machado suddenly dashes to the ropes again, this time behind Azteca, hitting one set of ropes... then the next...]

GM: Machado building up speed!

[...and runs right into Azteca with another shoulderblock attempt, again ending up with Machado on his back on the mat, flailing his legs angrily as Azteca stares stoically down at him.]

GM: Sonny Machado goes 0 for 2 on the big tackles... perhaps it's time to try a new strategy.

[Slowly climbing off the mat, Machado glares at Azteca who still doesn't respond to him. "Macho" gets to his feet, barking at Azteca, obviously trying to get under his skin. He steps forward, getting up in the big man's face.]

GM: Well, at least he's not going for a tackle this time.

[Machado dives into a lockup with the powerful Azteca, struggling to budge him...

...for just a moment before he reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Machado!

[With Azteca momentarily blinded, Machado dashes to the ropes again, building up speed...

...and this time, Azteca lunges into the tackle, throwing his arms into the air as he sends Machado SAILING through the air before he crashes down to the canvas near the ropes!]

GM: OH MY! EXPLOSIVE TACKLE OUT OF GUERRERO AZTECA!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

DA: SHOOOOTAAAAAY!

[The running palm strike has Machado reeling as Arminius immediately back rolls out of the corner to his feet...

...and then charges back in, flipping forward to slam his heel into Machado’s face!]

DA: KOPPO KICK COMBO!

[With Machado dazed, Arminius snatches him around the waist, taking him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex...

...and then rolls right through it, lifting Machado back up into a vertical suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the strength! Look at the power!

[Arminius brings Machado down in a ring-shaking suplex, floating through it into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Machado’s shoulder pops up off the mat as the crowd roars with disappointment. Arminius climbs off the mat, signaling to the crowd as he walks across the ring, stepping out to the apron...]

DA: Arminius is looking to end this! He may be looking for the Victory Super Roll, one of the most impressive maneuvers in his arsenal.

[On the apron, Arminius grips the top rope with both hands, waiting for Machado to climb to his feet...

...which is when Julio Infierno dashes towards him on the apron, landing a right hand to the ear!]

GM: Oh! Infierno attacks out on the apron!

[A few more haymakers follow, leaving Arminius in a daze as Infierno backs off, measuring him...

...and then dashes back in towards him...]

GM: Infierno on the atta- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon Myers as Arminius leans over, backdropping Infierno HIGH into the air and sending him CRASHING backfirst down onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

BW: Sweet mother of mercy! That’s a one way trip to the chiropractor, daddy!

GM: It certainly is! Infierno took a chance and Arminius made him pay for it!

[With Arminius distracted, Sonny Machado dashes across the ring, leaving his feet with a low dropkick to the knee, knocking Arminius down to a knee on the apron. Machado dashes across the ring again, hitting the ropes for extra speed...]

GM: Machado moving quickly... ohh! Running dropkick sends Arminius off the apron to the floor!

[Machado scrambles back up again, dashing across the ring again, hitting the far ropes, building up momentum...]

GM: Arminius is on the floor and Machado's on the run!

[...and he throws himself between the ropes in a torpedo-like suicide dive, using his arms to drive Arminius back into the ringside barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DA: The tope dive connects on the floor and with both Machado and Arminius out... yes, here comes El Diablo Jr. and Miseria Mascara!

[The incoming El Diablo Jr. lands a big overhead chop, stunning Mascara. EDJ grabs him by the wrist, twisting the arm once and then rushing the ropes, running right up them...]

GM: What in the...?!

[...and then leaps off, twisting through the air to use a big armdrag down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: You can't fight that one, Gordo. It's either go with it or have your arm ripped off!

[Miseria comes off the mat, shaking out his arm in pain as Diablo rushes past him, bouncing off the ropes to build up speed...

...and as he rebounds, Miseria shoves him skyward, ducking out of the way as Diablo CRASHES chestfirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Diablo by the arm, Miseria twists it around, bringing him down in a La Majistral cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Diablo slips out JUST in time!]

DA: La Majistral is one of the toughest cradles to break in wrestling and El Diablo Jr. just BARELY got out of that one in time.

[Mascara Miseria comes to his feet, grabbing the rising Diablo by the eyeholes of the mask, dragging him across the ring to the corner. Miseria hops up on the middle rope, pulling Diablo into an inverted facelock...]

GM: Miseria setting up something here.

DA: This could be his finishing maneuver, Gordon - Espiral de Miseria!

[But as Miseria works to secure the inverted facelock, a wriggling Diablo manages to slip free...

...and then backflip through the air, scoring with a boot to the head of the surprised Miseria!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Backflip kick on the mark!

[And with Miseria sitting in a daze on the top rope, El Diablo Jr. scrambles up the ropes, sliding into a seated position on the shoulders of Miseria.]

GM: Diablo's trying to take advantage of Miseria's condition... can he get it done?

[Diablo spins around on the shoulders, snapping Miseria over in a hurricanrana, throwing him down to the mat! The masked man crawls across the ring towards his fellow second generation competitor.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Diablo gets yanked from the ring by Julio Infierno who grabs him by the torso once outside the ring...

...and HURLS him bodily into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DIABLO JR!

[Infierno climbs up on the apron, throwing a glance over his shoulder at Diablo as the crowd buzzes...

...and then leaps to the second rope outside the ring, springing off into a hiiiiiiiigh floating moonsault onto a dazed Diablo, Infierno actually landing in the crowd over the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INFIERNO GETS KING-SIZED AIR AND HE ENDS UP IN THE DAMN FRONT ROW! WHAT A DIVE!

[With Diablo out of the ring, Guerrero Azteca steps back into the ring, pulling the dazed Mascara Miseria Junior off his knees...

...and Miseria snaps off an overhand chop to the chest, landing right on the tattoo of a panther on his chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But Azteca does not acknowledge the chop, staring down at his chest...

...and then locking eyes with a surprised Miseria.]

GM: Uh oh!

[And then lashing out with an overhand chop of his own.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That sounded like a car backfired in the ring!

[Miseria crumples down to a knee but Azteca shakes his head, yanking him right back up, hooking him around the torso...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and HURLS him overhead and halfway across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: Guerrero Azteca is bringing the power here in Houston!

[Sonny Machado suddenly appears on the apron, shouting at Azteca who steps towards him. Machado is running his mouth the entire time as Azteca approaches him, reaching out as Machado drops off the apron to the floor, reaching under the ropes to snatch Azteca by the legs, yanking him off his feet...

...but as he tries to drag Azteca to the floor, the powerful Aztec warrior pulls his legs back, shoving off and kicking Machado across the ringside area into the barricade!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: The legs are just as strong as the rest of him! Goodness!

[Azteca climbs off the mat as Miseria rushes towards him...

...actually past him as he leaps to the middle rope, springing backwards into a moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[But the rising Azteca catches him across the broad shoulder, shaking his head defiantly as he turns back towards the middle of the ring...

...and PLANTS him with a thunderous running powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might be it!

[Azteca plants his palms on Miseria’s chest, pressing up to full extension as the referee dives down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Azteca gets yanked under the ropes to the floor...

...and then boo loudly when they realize that it was Destro Star who did it!]

GM: Destro Star yanks Azteca to the floor and-

DA: These two are no strangers to one another!

[Azteca glares at Destro Star, turning to face him. The rudo backs off, shaking his head as Azteca starts to advance on him...

...which is Anastasia’s cue to scramble up on the apron, running down the length of it as Azteca turns the corner...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The running boot to the mush stuns Azteca who stumbles back from the impact of it...

Meanwhile, back inside the ring, Arminius has rejoined the fray, laying into Miseria with a series of forearm smashes, backing him into the corner. He grabs Miseria by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip from one corner to the other... follows him in... one-legged dropkick in the corner, right on the jaw!

[As Miseria stumbles out, Arminius drops him with a back elbow up under the chin, leaving him prone on the canvas near the corner..]

...and as Arminius looks around at the crowd, those who are familiar with his offense go nuts!]

GM: Oh my! Listen to these fans! They certainly know this young man's reputation!

DA: And don't even blink for the next several seconds because you're not going to want to miss this!

[Arminius quickly scales the ropes, stepping to the top, looking out on the crowd as he raises his arms over his head straight up in a prayer to the Gods...]

...and snaps off a somersault, flipping over and over...]

DA: 630 SENTON! DRAW, NOTCH, LOOSE!

[...and SLAMS down at violent velocity into the chest of Miseria!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Arminius grabs his back, having rolled off of Miseria a bit. He crawls back towards him, diving across, snatching a leg in a deep cover.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What a spectacular win!

[Arminius rises to a knee, grabbing at his lower back as Rebecca Ortiz gleefully makes it official.]

RO: Here are your winners... GUERRERO AZTECA, EL DIABLO JR., annnnnnd ARRRRRRRRRMINIUSSSSSSSS!

[Arminius slides out, joining his banged-up partners out on the floor to celebrate their win as the crowd cheers.]

GM: And as SouthWest Lucha Libre steps foot into the AWA ring, they have announced their presence with authority here tonight! I look forward to seeing more of the tremendous stars of SWLL in the months to come as we look ahead to that big co-promoted show between the AWA and SWLL sometime in 2017! Dale, it was good to see you again.

DA: The feeling is likewise, Gordon.

GM: And I'm sure we'll see you again in the near future.

DA: It would be my honor.

[The tecnico trio makes their way down the aisle, celebrating their victory as Sonny Machado and Julio Infierno climb back inside the ring next to their fallen comrade.]

GM: Fans, we're in for one wild ride here tonight in Houston and-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in jeers as Machado helps Miseria to his feet before laying him out with a vicious standing lariat!]

GM: OHHH!

[Down on his knees from the impact of the clothesline, Machado flashes a smirk to the crowd as Infierno joins him, stomping and kicking the downed Miseria to even louder jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Mascara Miseria Jr. has been through enough in taking the pinfall in this one and-

BW: And apparently Machado and Infierno disagree!

[Machado climbs to his feet, joining his partner in the vicious stomping of Miseria. Machado gives his masked comrade a shout, causing Infierno to drag Miseria to his feet.]

GM: Infierno wrapping him up in a full nelson... looking to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DA: Dragon suplex! All impact on the neck of Miseria!

[A chuckling Machado ducks through the ropes to the apron, sauntering down towards the corner. He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before slowly climbing, looking down on the motionless masked man. Infierno drops to his knees, pointing up at Machado as he reaches the top...]

GM: Machado's up top... looking down on Miseria...

[...and then leaps from his perch, tucking his head and flipping rapidly forward...]

BW: 450 OFF THE TOP!

[...and CRASHES down on the ribcage with an impactful 450 splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DA: The Fire Bird Splash! Named after his legendary father!

[Machado pushes up to a knee, clutching his own ribs as Miseria coughs violently on the canvas.]

GM: And just like that, Machado and Infierno have made an impact that we didn't even see coming!

[Infierno pulls his friend to his feet, both men raising their arms in triumph as the crowd lets them have it all over the Toyota Center.]

GM: A savage assault on their own partner and... when I said this promised to be a wild night, I didn't even know the half of it, fans. We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we've got more AWA action so don't you dare go away!

[Machado and Infierno are still celebrating their beatdown of their partner as we fade to black.]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...]

...and then back up on a panning shot of the Toyota Center crowd before cutting to Rebecca Ortiz already inside the ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Catania, Sicily, Italy, and weighing 250 pounds, THE SICILIAN STUD!

[The Stud, a man with a stocky build and short brown hair, dressed in a green singlet with an Italian flag on the front, white kneepads and wrestling boots, waves to the crowd.]

Before Ortiz can make the next introduction, "The Professional" Dave Cooper steps between the ropes. Cooper, who wears a black, button-down shirt and tan slacks, motions to Ortiz, indicating he wants the microphone.]

GM: What in the world does Dave Cooper want?

BW: Just you wait, Gordo. He's got an important announcement.

[Ortiz shakes her head, but hands the microphone over to The Professional. He smirks at the booing crowd.]

DC: Ladies and gentlemen, I have told everyone that the Lion's Den is still looking for talent and that offers to join us stay on the table until I decide they no longer are. And it just so happens somebody has accepted an offer that remained on the table.

So without further adieu, allow me to introduce to you the newest member of the Lion's Den... I give you...

RENE ROUSSEAU!

["Bolero" by Maurice Revel starts up over the PA. Out from behind the curtain steps Rene Rousseau, who is dressed in a long, royal blue robe adorned with white fleur-de-lys and his name on the back in white. Rousseau also wears sunglasses and has an arrogant smirk on his face. Gone is his signature mullet -- his black hair is cut short on the back and sides.]

GM: Are you kidding me? Rene Rousseau was taken out of action by the Samoan Hit Squad months ago, and now, he's joined up with them in the Lion's Den?!

BW: Obviously things changed, Gordo! Remember, Cooper said the offer for Rousseau to join the Lion's Den was still on the table.

GM: Be that as it may, what on earth would possess Rousseau to join now?

BW: Have you been watching, Gordo? Chris Shawnoying has been screwing up so much that Rousseau clearly realized he'd be better off dumping him and accepting Cooper's offer!

[The French Canadian scoffs at the fans who are leaning over the railing, waving them off and mouthing the words "no class."

He reaches ringside, ascends the steps and ducks between the ropes. Cooper greets him in the middle of the ring and they shake hands.]

GM: I've been watching, Bucky, and it's clear now that Cooper instigated this whole affair!

BW: Oh, don't start with that! If it wasn't for Schwanay-nay, he and Rousseau might have won at Homecoming! Rousseau simply realized the Northern Lights were going nowhere and made the decision he should have made months ago!

[Cooper stands behind Rousseau, who undoes his robe. Cooper pulls it off to reveal Rousseau's wrestling attire, consisting of royal blue trunks with three white fluer-de-lys on the back, with matching wristbands, kneepads and boots.]

GM: A new look and a new attitude for Rene Rousseau, and I don't like it one bit.

BW: You just can't accept that Rousseau wised up and is under the tutelage of somebody who will take him to the top of the AWA! I mean, look at what Cooper

has done for the Samoans and how focused they are now! I know he'll do the same thing for Rousseau!

[Rousseau removes his shades and hands them over to Cooper. The manager exits the ring and the bell rings. Rousseau and Stud circle each other before locking up.]

GM: A collar and elbow tie-up and Rousseau has backed Stud into the corner.

[The referee calls for the break and Rousseau slowly pulls back.]

GM: Are we going to get a clean break here?

[Just as Rousseau steps away from the Stud, he reaches out and slaps him across the face.]

GM: Oooh! We're not going to get one!

[Stud rubs his face and Rousseau gestures toward him, mouthing "no class."]

BW: Rousseau's just making sure Stud understands his spot in the pecking order.

GM: I can't believe the arrogance we're seeing from the French Canadian, who I've known for a long time for being a gentlemen.

BW: He's still a gentlemen, Gordo. He just realized a lot of folks here need to learn what it means to be one.

[Rousseau and Stud lock up once again. This time, it's Stud who gains the advantage.]

GM: Now the referee wants Stud to back off.

BW: Watch him carefully, Rene!

[Stud pulls back and eyes Rousseau, who smirks at him...

...but when Rousseau unleashes a punch, Stud blocks it and fires back with a pair of his own.]

GM: The Stud saw it coming! And now he's got the advantage over Rousseau!

[The Stud fires off a quick kick to the midsection, then pulls Rousseau out of the corner and into a side headlock.]

GM: Stud with the headlock applied... Rousseau trying to break free.

[Rousseau manages to push Stud into the ropes, then shoves him off.]

GM: Stud sent to the ropes... he's coming back...

[Rousseau leapfrogs the Stud, then spreads his arms to the crowd and gloats.]

GM: Rousseau not keeping his eye on the Stud... here he comes...

[Stud charges at Rousseau and is about to catch him with a clothesline...

...but Rousseau ducks out of the way, runs into the ropes, then comes right back at the Stud.]

BW: Ha! He saw it coming, Gordo... and he gets his own clothesline!

GM: My goodness, he caught the Stud right around the throat!

[Rousseau's clothesline takes Stud down hard and the Italian is motionless on the mat. Rousseau smirks again and, this time, does a backflip.]

Outside the ring, Cooper applauds and motions to Rousseau to continue the assault.]

GM: Rousseau taking an awful lot of time to brag to the crowd. I've never seen him act so boisterous before.

BW: Hey, he's got the advantage, so why not?

GM: Rousseau pulling the Stud off the mat... he's got him up for a slam, perhaps?

[Rousseau holds Stud in bodyslam position, but steps forward, bends a knee and drops the Stud backfirst across it.]

GM: No, a backbreaker! Stud in a world of hurt!

[Rousseau shoves Stud to the canvas and wipes off his hands. He then rolls Stud onto his stomach, then drops an elbow across the back.]

BW: Notice how Rousseau keeps working over the back, Gordo. Clearly Cooper has him focused on working on a specific body part.

GM: And in this case, we know why he's working over the back.

[Cooper applauds once more and motions to Rousseau, shouting, "Stay on him, don't let up!" as Rousseau pulls the Stud to his feet once more, hooking him in a front chancery.]

GM: The French Canadian taking the Stud over with a vertical suplex!

BW: I wonder what Shawnshank is thinking now, Gordo!

GM: I can imagine he's none too pleased to see Rousseau joining up with Cooper.

BW: Hey, the kid had his chance, too! But I'm betting his offer to join has expired!

[Rousseau pulls Stud off the mat and drives a knee to the gut to double him over.]

GM: Rousseau setting the Stud up... what does he have in mind here?

[Rousseau grabs Stud around the waist and suplexes him over to the canvas.]

GM: Gutwrench suplex! Stud offering no resistance!

[Rousseau casts a glance over to Cooper, who nods and says, "Finish him off!" The French Canadian grabs Stud by the legs and hooks them over his shoulders.]

GM: He's going for the Quebec Crab... but look at this! Look at how high he's pulled up Stud's legs!

BW: He's turning him over... he's showing us a new variant of the Crab! That's gotta hurt!

[Rousseau has turned Stud over, having pulled up Stud's legs so they are almost parallel with his arms and Stud's head is alongside Rousseau's feet. Rousseau arches back a bit, bending Stud in an almost un-natural position.]

GM: My goodness! A more painful version of the Crab... Stud has nowhere to go!

BW: And he's tapping out, Gordo! That didn't take long!

[The bell rings and the referee motions for Rousseau to let go. He does so after several seconds, then wipes his hands off once more.]

RO: The winner of the match... RENE ROUSSEAU!

[Cooper applauds from the outside, then glances up the aisle and motions to the back.]

GM: Now what does Cooper want?

[That's when Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad, come walking down the aisle.]

GM: Oh no... I don't like this one bit. Can we get some help out here for the Stud?

BW: Hey now, Gordo, Rousseau is being a gentleman... he wants the Stud out of the ring!

[Back in the ring, Rousseau is being anything but a gentlemen. He's waving his arms at the referee, motioning to him, then to Stud, and saying "Get him out of my ring!"]

GM: I'd hardly call that arrogant attitude that of a gentleman.

BW: What, and beating up Stud some more is? At least he's showing Stud mercy, give him that!

[The referee helps Stud out of the ring just as Scola and Mafu arrive and step between the ropes. Cooper joins the others in the ring and smiles.

And as if on cue, Sweet Lou Blackwell makes his way down to the ringside area. He has a mic in his hand and he heads up the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and joins the Lion's Den.]

SLB: All right, Dave Cooper, you've been involved with a lot of machinations and manipulations since you've come to the AWA, but this may top them all. How on earth could you ever convince someone who was injured at the hands of your own men to join up with you just weeks after his return to the ring?

DC: It's not complicated, Blackwell. [Gestures to Mafu.] Mafu, repeat what you said to Rene earlier, so Blackwell understands.

[Mafu extends a hand toward Rousseau.]

M: Rene, I apologize for what I did to you months ago. I am glad you realized that you belong in the Lion's Den and I welcome you, just as my brother here does!

[Rousseau smiles and accepts Mafu's hand, shaking it firmly. Then Rousseau turns to Scola, who gives a slight smile and he reaches out to hug Rousseau.]

SLB: You have got to be kidding me... I've never known these Samoans to ever apologize for anything they've done before and...

[Blackwell stops in his track, because Scola is now glaring at him. Cooper then elbows Blackwell.]

DC: You would be wise to watch what you say around Scola. He's getting tired of you buying into all the stereotypes about his people.

SLB: Stereotypes... come on, Cooper, everybody saw what the Samoans did to Rousseau! How on earth would he ever decide to join up with you? I still don't understand...

[That's when Rousseau steps toward Blackwell and cuts him off.]

RR: Sweet Lou, how about you stop harassing my manager and let me answer the question!

[He takes the microphone away from Blackwell, then gestures at Mafu.]

RR: First, Mafu, I accept your apology and realize I was wrong to misjudge you. You showed you are a man of class... and your brother as well.

[He motions to Blackwell.]

RR: That's what men of class do... they apologize when they do something wrong, unlike my former partner!

Second, I've realized that I should have taken Cooper's offer a long time ago. Only I put my trust in Chris Choisnet, who said we didn't need him! So I stayed patient, thinking my partner and I might finally prove to be the team to beat in the AWA. And even after my injury, I still gave my partner the benefit of the doubt when he teamed with Cesar Hernandez.

But when we finally got the rematch, I watched Choisnet screw up, time and time again, and I realized that I had been dragging him along for too long! It made me realize that there was never a chance of me achieving glory in the AWA as long as I was teaming with him! So that's when I left him behind and thought about that offer Cooper made to me... join the Lion's Den.

And when I asked Cooper if the offer was still on the table... and he said it was... I accepted without hesitation.

Now that I am by the side of a man who stands by his word, and free of the dead weight I had to carry around for so long, I know that it's only a matter of time before I become a champion here in AWA and achieve the greatness that a man of class like me deserves!

[He chuckles arrogantly and hands the mic over to Cooper. Blackwell tries to reach for it, but Cooper pulls it away.]

DC: Blackwell, you've talked enough, you just let me handle things from here.

[He motions to Mafu and Scola.]

DC: First of all, I hear a lot of talk about who should be getting a World Tag Team Title shot... everybody knows that the only two men who deserve that shot are Scola and Mafu. So Taylor and Donovan, you better log off your Instagrams, put your smartphones away, stop doling out the money you swipe from your fathers' savings accounts to bribe those women to take pity upon you, and get that manager of yours to stop pacifying his cohorts and get that match signed. And then

you can wait for your Tag Team of the Year award, that'll be your consolation prize because the Samoan Hit Squad will be the new World Tag Team Champions!

Second, I keep hearing about how the Kings are fine. I keep hearing about how somebody wants to make the AWA great again. Let's make one thing clear -- if that somebody really wanted to make the AWA great again, he would have announced his retirement already!

[That generates an "oohh!" response from the crowd.]

DC: If you really want to know what's fine, it's not some organization that goes around sending mixed messages, letting one guy be the center of attention and calling what he does tough love. It's not somebody who's trying to make himself feel relevant again by getting everybody to kneel before him.

It's somebody who treats every man he works alongside as an equal.

The Samoans will be the first to tell you they didn't have direction until I came along -- and that's because I saw them not as somebody to order around, but somebody to lead to greatness. Rene Rousseau realized that I wasn't offering him to join me because I wanted an underling, but because I wanted him to be the best he could be.

There is no pecking order in the Lion's Den. All there is are men who want to become champions and rise to new heights -- and that they know I can deliver that.

So I am keeping my open invitation to those of you who might be -- let's say, having second thoughts -- about their current arrangements, whatever they may be. And I can promise you that you will be treated no different from me or anyone else in the Lion's Den.

You'll be treated how you should be treated -- as somebody who wants to be the best in the business.

[He glances back at Rousseau, then nods.]

DC: Well, there is one exception... Chris Choynet, your offer to join has officially expired! You blew it when you kept pushing your luck against me, and now, your former partner has made me realize you're no longer worthy! So do yourself a favor and get out of the AWA while you can, because no matter who you get by your side, you will never stand a chance against the might of the Lion's Den!

[He then tosses the mic back to Blackwell and motions for his men to follow him out of the ring. Blackwell watches them all leave and looks flabbergasted.]

SLB: A very outspoken Dave Cooper... I guess we've come to expect no less from that man, but I can imagine a lot of people will not take too kindly to what he said. Ladies and gentlemen, right now, let's go backstage to my broadcast colleague, Theresa Lynch!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside the interim Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet.]

TL: Thanks, Sweet Lou! Fans, I'm backstage with Jon Stegglet and, Mr. Stegglet, you asked me to join you here because you're going to address what Shadoe Rage did back at Homecoming.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: That's right, Theresa. In fact, I requested that Mr. Rage join us here at this time so we could discuss his actions and the appropriate response to them. But - as usual - Mr. Rage is about as predictable as a broken watch.

[Stegglet raises his wristwatch, taking a peek at it.]

JS: However, we have no time to waste this evening and-

[Stegglet pauses as Shadoe Rage enters the shot in his ring gear, eyes already ablaze.]

SR: Just the man I wanted to see! Yeah, now that Gellar's out you can fix this! You can fix what happened last Saturday Night Wrestling!

JS: Fix it?!

[Stegglet sounds incredulous.]

JS: As fractured as your grip on reality is, Mr. Rage, I would think even you would understand the ramifications of what you did at Homecoming. You DO understand that Sports Illustrated is considering NEVER working with the AWA again after that little stunt you pulled that night, right? They went through a lot of trouble to put that ceremony together to honor the greatest family in all of wrestling and you tried to ruin the whole thing!

[Rage waves a hand dismissively at his boss.]

SR: That was rigged! You know it, Stegglet, and I know it! The greatest wrestling family of all time is the Rages. Bar none! BAR NONE! And that old man went out there and he stole another piece of my legacy! And then he assaulted me with that Iron Claw, Stegglet! What are you going to do about that? Wasn't that hold banned? Ban it again! BAN IT AGAIN! I want revenge, Stegglet! I want revenge for what he did to me!

In fact...

[Rage strokes his chin in thought for a moment. Stegglet arches an eyebrow, waiting to see what comes next. Suddenly, Rage snaps his fingers, extending a muscular arm towards Stegglet with an accusing finger extended.]

SR: Let me take out the sins of the father on the son. Travis Lynch has embarrassed the AWA once again by losing the National Title belt! The AWA needs a champion it can respect! Who better to be the greatest National Champion ever than the greatest World Television champion ever?! Give him to me, Stegglet. Give him to me.

[Stegglet shakes his head in disbelief.]

JS: You've gotta be out of your damned mind.

SR: WHAT?!

[It's Stegglet's turn to get aggressive, pointing a finger back at Rage.]

JS: After the stunt you pulled, you think I'm going to give you a title shot?! You're lucky I don't fire your ass like I did the first time you were here.

[Rage fumes at the mention of his short-lived run in the AWA's early days.]

JS: Besides, you lost that cage match to Supernova so I think-

[Rage angrily interrupts.]

SR: He never beat me! HE KNOWS HE DIDN'T BEAT ME! HE ESCAPED! HE GOT LUCKY, STEGGLET!

[Stegglet shrugs in response.]

JS: That's not the way I saw it. The way I saw it is that you lost... and to me, that pushes you all the way to the back of the line of title contenders. It's going to be a while before you get another shot at a championship especially considering your actions at Homecoming. I guarantee that!

[Rage shakes his head wildly, grabbing at it with both hands.]

SR: Back of the line? Back of the line?!?! You can't do this to me, Stegglet! You can't do this to me!

[Stegglet smiles in response.]

JS: Oh, yes, I can. And I'm sure Emerson Gellar will agree with this decision. You want another title shot? You're going to have to prove to the Championship Committee that you deserve one.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: I came here tonight to suspend you. But I think putting you at the bottom of the list of people trying to earn a shot at the title... yeah, I think that's punishment enough. Good luck, Rage.

[The interim Director of Operations turns to exit but Rage grabs him roughly by the shoulder, swinging him around.]

SR: This is Blackjack's doing! He put you up to this! He put you up to this!

[Stegglet jerks his shoulder angrily out of Rage's grip, sticking a finger in his face.]

JS: Don't you ever put your hands on me again or I WILL fire you... again.

[Rage backs off a bit, slinking back a few steps, his tongue flicking out like a snake.]

JS: You just remember something, Rage. There's not a soul in this business who doesn't know the stories about your old man... and I'll be damned if I let you pull the same kind of garbage here. You hear me?

[And with that, Stegglet does exit, leaving Rage behind, pulling at his own hair in frustration.]

TL: Shadoe Rage, do you have anything-

[Rage abruptly pivots, slamming a fist into the locker room door behind him.]

SR: This is your father's fault, Lynch! Your whole damn family is gonna burn! They're going to pay for this! Blackjack, you'll pay for this! Your family will pay for this!

[Rage slams his fist into the door a second time, wheeling around, his eyes boring into Theresa Lynch who takes a step back, obviously concerned about what the unpredictable Rage might do...]

...when a voice rings out from off-camera.]

“Don’t even think about it.”

[Rage jerks his head towards the voice as someone else walks into view - “Cannonball” Lee Connors who slides almost unnoticed in front of Theresa in a protective gesture. Rage stiffens. He draws himself to his full height as his eyes slide backwards. A sneer curls across his lips.]

SR: What did you say to me?

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: You heard me, man. I don’t know what you were about to do there... but I’m going to advise you to think twice about it because I’m not going to stand by and watch you manhandle a woman.

[Rage grimaces.]

SR: Boy, I’m going to give you three seconds to walk away. Who do you think you are?

[Connors chuckles, shrugging.]

LC: I thought that much would be obvious. I’m the guy who beat your brother.

[An “ohhhhhh” rings out inside the arena as Theresa’s eyebrows raise. Rage pauses, licking his lips.]

SR: I’m not my brother.

[Connors nods.]

LC: Yeah, I guess that’s true. You still have a job...

[Connors shrugs, jerking a thumb towards where Stegglet exited.]

LC: ...for now at least.

[Another “ohhhhhh” rings out.]

LC: But look, I didn’t come here to cause a problem, Shadoe. In fact, I’m actually a big fan of yours. I’m a Canadian kid! I grew up thinking you and your brother were heroes! I’ve seen all the stuff you did in Portland and Los Angeles and...

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: In fact, I was just wondering... how come the Prophets of Rage never made a comeback?

[Connors barely gets the last word out of his mouth before Rage lunges at him, smashing a right hand into his jaw, knocking him down to the floor. The former World Television Champion stands over the downed Connors, glaring at him.]

SR: That’s why!

[Rage snarls and fumes as he turns angrily, stomping out of view. Theresa Lynch kneels down next to Connors.]

TL: Thanks for that. You okay?

[Connors gingerly rubs his jaw, watching Rage walk away.]

LC: Yeah. Great.

[He slowly gets up off the mat, still holding his jaw as his gaze follows Rage's exit.]

LC: You only get one. That was yours.

[And we fade to a shot back inside the Toyota Center arena bowl, panning down from the lights to a mid-distance shot of the ring. "Little Bones" by the Tragically Hip plays through the arena.]

GM: No surprise there as Shadoe Rage continues to cause trouble wherever he goes but right now, Bucky, we're about to see some tag team action!

BW: Ugh, it stinks like weak beer and round bacon in here already.

[The denim-clad Canadians that Bucky alludes to come jogging down the aisle.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... At a combined weight of 528 pounds... First, hailing from The Battlefords... CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very businesslike. Underneath his jean jacket are shiny indigo full-length tights with three gold slash marks up one leg and red detailing up the other. Both of his red boots are shinguarded, with knee pads to match.]

RO: ...And his partner, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... BLAKE... COLLLLLLTON! They are... the Colton CREW!

[Blake Colton's demeanor is a stark contrast. He grins with the energy of the crowd. Underneath his denim vest is a barrel-chest of muscle mass, and a shiny indigo singlet with the Colton logo (a stylized 'C' with a cowboy hat within a gold star) on one hip, red stripes running up the other, and short white wrestling boots.]

GM: Blake Colton and Curtis Kestrel... we saw a little bit of young Blake earlier this summer when he teamed with Melissa Cannon to take on the Rage family...

BW: And now he's tagging with the AWA's first entirely synthetic robot wrestler!

GM: Bucky... I will grant that the Bird of Prey is... stoic, yes. But when that bell rings, he is one of the most athletic specimens in this business.

[At ringside, Kestrel and Colton exchange a quick fist-bump, then both slide into the ring. With feline agility, Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd. Colton sprints to the opposite corner and raises both arms in the air, and brings them down into a classic flex.]

RO: Their opponents to my left, weigh in at a combined 461 pounds. First, from Flagstaff, Arizona... Vic Wiley! And from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada... "Concrete" John Yeates!

[Wiley is a skinny, pasty guy in obnoxious-looking full length tropical floral tights that would not look out of place in a Jane Fonda workout video. Yeates flexes his non-existent muscle.]

GM: AWA management is obviously very high on the potential of this team. You have to think with the logjam of tag teams starting to form in the AWA that this team is looking to make a mark on the leaderboard.

[Kestrel and Colton meet in the middle of the ring and exchange another fist bump and high-five. Kestrel discards his jean jacket and sunglasses as Blake Colton rolls to the outside, and heads for the front row. He takes off his trademark blue "rising sun" bandana and gives it to a shy-looking girl at ringside before heading back up the ring steps.]

GM: And what a great heart this young man Colton has.

BW: Yeah, that bandana ought to be enough to cover that ugly mug on that brat so we don't have to see her.

GM: BUCKY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it looks like it's going to Blake Colton starting us off against John Yeates... collar-and-elbow tie-up and Colton sends his opponent into the ropes.

[With his typical grunt, Yeates slams a bulky shoulder into Blake Colton, who doesn't budge.]

GM: Trying for shoulderblock, with no effect on big Blake Colton.

[Yeates hits the ropes again. This time on the rebound, Colton catches him.]

GM: He's going to try again... but Colton's got him with a... oh my, a beautifully-executed flapjack!

BW: Dolton just about sent him into the cheap seats!

GM: Tag is made, and here comes the Bird of Prey, Curtis Kestrel.

[Colton holds Yeates upright, leaving him open for a spinning heel kick from Kestrel.]

GM: Bucky, what exactly do you have against Colton Crew?

[Yeates scrambles to the corner and tags in Wiley.]

BW: I read that fawning fluff piece in Sports Illustrated - normally I don't make it a rule to read magazines with less circulation than James Lynch, but I had to see it from Joe Q. Wrestling Fan's perspective...

[Yates bumbles into a dropkick from Kestrel, then staggers upright into a jawbreaker.]

BW: ...And who do I see comments from? Not me, obviously. I see glowing praise from Jeremiah Dolton and his dopey sasquatch-child Blake Dolton...

[Kestrel effortlessly dives through the ropes to the apron and slingshots himself over the top rope onto his downed opponent.]

BW: ...Which says to me that the Doltons are an even more inferior Canadian knockoff of the Stenches that you'd find in one those Canadian supermarkets with the weird names, like Soblaws, or Lobeas, or whatever.

[Kestrel rolls to his corner and tags in Colton.]

GM: One can't deny that Blake Colton and family friend Curtis Kestrel have gelled as a unit. They are very quick on tagging in and out. Kestrel is a tag team specialist.

BW: Well, Jackson Hunter told me he carried this clown for years.

GM: Over dinner, I suppose.

BW: It was during a meal and I don't like what you're implying.

GM: Blake Colton with his opponent in a sort of Argentinian backbreaker, not really laying in to it, what's he...

...Oh my stars! Flipping his opponent over face-first into the mat!

BW: He's a sasquatch, Gordo. A big, dumb, blonde sasquatch.

GM: Colton manhandling his opponent here tonight, looking for another tag here.

[Kestrel stretches his leg to the top rope, where Colton rams Wiley's face into the Bird of Prey's boot.]

BW: And now in comes Mr. Spock.

[With a mighty heave, Colton HURLS Wiley two-thirds of the way across the ring, and Kestrel ascend the ropes behind him.]

GM: And now watch the Canucks: they are about to "give'r," as they're so fond of saying!

[Kestrel and Colton lock hands, and Colton boosts the somersaulting Kestrel onto their opponent.]

GM: Red Mile into a cover from Curtis Kestrel. One, two, three- you could count to ten.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kestrel and Colton extend hands and "high ten" each other before the referee raises their arms.]

GM: That's the power of Blake Colton and the speed of the "Bird of Prey" introducing themselves to the AWA from the Great White North.

BW: If we're talking "Great White North," I say, "take off, hosers."

GM: And we understand Theresa Lynch is standing by at ringside to talk with the winners.

[Cut back to ringside, where the stoic Kestrel stands stock upright with his arms folded, and Blake Colton slapping hands with the few fans he missed when the team first entered.]

TL: Thanks Gordon, and yes, the Colton Crew are winners of that match and in a pretty decisive fashion too. Curtis Kestrel, it's been a long journey through a series of tag team partners for you: how do you feel about you and Blake's chances in the tough AWA tag ranks?

CK: Theresa, the mark of a great tag team is largely psychological, and how well you know your partner. I've known Blake since he was a child.

[Awkward pause. Kestrel never finishes the anecdote, so Lynch moves on.]

TL: Blake, it's only been a few months since you've turned pro. What is it like having Curtis Kestrel as a mentor?

BL: Theresa, lemme tell ya, it feels like I was born to be here. Curtis, he's my bahd, he's my wingman. You gotta rely on your family. It's no different wrestling in Calgary than it is wrestling here in Houston, where your family rules, Theresa.

[Pause to soak in the locals cheering.]

BL: Ya know, bahds, my dad and I got interviewed for that SI article, and after being here, feeling the love that this state and these fans have for the entire Lynch family, I'm not surprised that they made the cover, and I don't care what Shadoe Rage has to say about that.

TL: Well, I can tell you we appreciate that, Blake. But on to the matter of the current tag team division - where do you see yourselves in the tag team ranks? Who stands out to you?

BL: Well, actually back in Canada this summer I got to hang out for a while with Howie and Daniel...

TL: Next Gen.

BL: ...Yeah, Next Gen, and we talked about wrestling families and stuff like that. I hope Howie gets back to 100% soon, 'cause I figure the four of us, if we just give'r we'd burn the house down.

TL: Curtis Kestrel, how about you? Who do you see facing?

CK: The Samoan Hit Squad. No discipline and no technique. The harder they hit, the more damage a counter will do.

BL: And y'know what? Maybe Curtis and I, we got a few old scores to settle with that scrawny toothpick running the Axis. Jackson Hunter tried to wreck our family, just like Shadoe Rage is tryin'ta wreck yours, Theresa. Hey Jax, maybe we'll try and take you, your goofball cousin Riley, and that sellout Derrick Williams down a peg or three too, bahds!

TL: Alright, there you have it: the Colton Crew is in for a shift in the AWA. The tag team division continues to heat up and in my opinion, anyone who thinks they've cleaned out that division is very mistaken. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be time for our first match on the Road To The Gold so stick around, won't you?

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up backstage to the AWA interview area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with Jordan Ohara. The Phoenix is dressed in his shiny Carolina blue tights.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans. Jordan Ohara, your meteoric rookie year continues. Unbelievably, you've been added to Road to the Gold. And even more unbelievably your first round opponent is a big one, the National Champion, Travis Lynch.

[Ohara nods and gives a big toothy grin.]

JO: I know, Sweet Lou. I'm blessed. And what a first round opponent.

[He looks earnestly into the camera.]

JO: Travis, we start our Road to the Gold tonight. I know a lot of people have been giving you a lot of grief lately about losing the National title belt. I know something happened behind that and somebody is trying to use that to bring you down because the truth is you are the National champion, belt or no belt. And not only are you the National champion, but Travis, you are the greatest and longest reigning National champion... champion period, in our sport. That means something. That means something to me and that means something to all the great fans out there who support you day after day. I mean, you have had a longer run than Ryan and that means a lot.

SLB: Well, Jordan, not only is he a great champion. He's a Lynch. Is that intimidating to you at all?

JO: Sweet Lou, I'm more starstruck than intimidated. Travis Lynch is not only a great champion, but he comes from Sports Illustrated's greatest wrestling family of all time.

My God, Travis, I envy being able to say that not only do you come from a great wrestling line, but you're making that line even greater with all your successes. You're doing everything that I want to do with my career, Travis. You even did something that I haven't been able to do.

You beat Juan Vasquez. Twice.

SLB: That is true. And how do you think that affects your mindset going into that match?

JO: Me? Juan Vasquez is kinda my white whale, Sweet Lou. I'm obsessed with beating him. I've given it everything I've got but so far he's been able to slip past me. And it eats at me. So I see this match on the Road to the Gold as a chance to prove to myself and all these fans that support me that I can be as great as the legends that walk these arenas every day. I want to be able to comfortably say my name with modern legends like Travis Lynch and Ryan Martinez. And some people say that makes me arrogant. Some people say I'm just a line jumper in shiny pants. They can say whatever they want. I'm trying to etch my name in history. I'm trying to become the greatest professional wrestler there ever was. And it is opportunities like this that will help me prove it. I know I come into this match a big underdog. The rookie upstart versus the greatest champion from the greatest wrestling family, but I need to get to Vasquez. I need to end his reign of terror. And I need to prove myself against the best. Men like Travis Lynch.

SLB : To have any chance you're going to have to avoid that Discus punch of his and the Iron Claw. Those two maneuvers are devastating!

JO: Either one can put me out of this tournament, Lou. But I have the Phoenix Flame. And I can put him down with that, too. Oh yes, I can! I look forward to this one, Travis.

[With that, Jordan shakes Sweet Lou Blackwell's hand and walks off camera.]

SLB: This kid is unbelievable. This one has instant classic written all over it...

[As Ohara exits, Blackwell turns to face the opposite side of the camera shot.]

SLB: And now, the man who young Ohara will be facing... come on in here, Travis.

[The cheers from the crowd can be heard all the way in the backstage area as the current reigning AWA National Champion enters from stage right dressed to fight. He flashes the camera his pearly whites for a split second as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell continues to speak.]

SLB: Travis, you're about to face off with Jordan Ohara in a qualifying match for the Road to the Gold tournament and based on your earlier comments, I have to say you seem ready.

[Travis runs his right hand through his dirty blonde, curly hair and nods his head.]

TL: Seem ready? I just seem ready, "Sweet" Lou?" Well, that's where you're wrong, cause I AM ready! I am ready to walk to that ring and remind everyone why I am the TRUE number one contender to the World Heavyweight Championship! I am ready to remind the world that in my one opportunity at the World Heavyweight Championship, Johnny Detson was taken to his limit and needed a low blow to retain that championship. Hell, if it wasn't for that low blow there's a chance you

would be standin' here askin' me who I want to defend the World Championship against at SuperClash, but instead, you're here askin' me if I'm ready.

[Travis pauses for a split second.]

TL: So yeah, you can say I'm ready, "Sweet" Lou.

SLB: I just finished speaking to Jordan Ohara and he is itching to earn a victory over you tonight.

[Travis nods his head and smirks slightly.]

TL: Who isn't, "Sweet" Lou? Since I won the National Championship they've been linin' up to take the title from around my waist and NO ONE has been able to do it!

[Blackwell raises the microphone but Travis places his hand on the top of it and pulls it back towards him.]

TL: Oh I know, "Sweet" Lou. I know what the doubters are sayin', I know what the experts are sayin' and I know what the boys in the back are sayin'...

[Travis exhales deeply.]

TL: The experts yip and yap claimin' Travis doesn't defend the National Championship. That he's an absentee champion... well, you know what "Sweet" Lou, that isn't true. If those experts got off their butts and traveled to Live Event after Live Event, they'd know the truth. They would know that I'm not Johnny Detson ducking all challengers, I'm not Juan Vasquez and just on Saturday Night Wrasslin'! I'm on that road night in and night out. If there's a live event, you can be damn sure I'm on it. And you can be damn sure I AM DEFENDING the National Championship!

And you know what, "Sweet" Lou? These experts and the boys in the back who wanna say Travis Lynch doesn't deserve the National Championship... how about this?

Jordan Ohara, the self-proclaimed Once in a Millennium talent, when you walk down to that ring not only will you have the opportunity to qualify for the Road to the Gold, you'll have the opportunity to become the AWA National Champion!

[The Houston crowd cheers loudly.]

TL: For well over a year now I've been doin' everythin' I can to prove that I deserve the championship belt I wear around my waist...

[Blackwell glances at Travis' waist, which is currently absent of the AWA National Championship but before he can question Travis about it, Travis continues to speak.]

TL: And if I have to defend it every single time I am on television, well... you can be damn sure I am ready to do just that!

But you know what I'm really ready for, "Sweet" Lou?

[Blackwell shakes his head no as Travis smirks.]

TL: I am absolutely ready to show the world one more time why Vasquez's smug smirk disappeared when he was reminded who's beaten him TWICE. In fact, one of those victories was here in Houston, Texas!

[The crowd again roars, obviously for Travis' victory over Juan Vasquez and the hometown mention.]

TL: That's what I'm ready for, "Sweet" Lou. I'm ready to walk that aisle at SuperClash, to stand across that ring from Juan Vasquez one more time, and to one more time walk out with a championship belt that he feels is his!

So Mister Once in a Millennium talent, I hope you're ready for what jumpin' the line gets ya.

[Lynch turns to exit when a stagehand walks up to him carrying a black velvet bag.]

"Mr. Lynch, Mr. Stegklet said you forgot this in his office."

[Lynch grimaces.]

TL: I didn't forget anything. Tell him that I'm not taking that piece of-

[The stagehand clears his throat.]

"He insists, sir."

[Lynch grimaces... and then snatches the black velvet bag away from the stagehand. He dips his hand into it, pulling a title belt into view. It's clearly marked with a similar logo to the AWA National Title belt that has been missing for several weeks... but it's also much different. The belt looks like it was hastily put together... and on a budget. It essentially looks like a cheaper version of the belt we've seen so many times before.]

TL: Happy?

[Lynch turns on his heel, stalking out of view of the camera as we fade back from the backstage area to a panning shot of the Toyota Center crowd.]

GM: Now I've been looking forward to this one since it was announced...

BW: You mean like twenty minutes ago? Good lord, Gordo, no wonder you had the flu last weekend.

GM: That's quite enough out of you. I can arrange for you to get the flu permanently, Buckthorn. Some people may have issues with my work but you better believe I've still got that much stroke around here.

[There's an awkward silence for a moment before Gordon is heard again.]

GM: But as I was saying, this promises to be one heck of a matchup and now with the National Title on the line, it takes on even greater importance. The winner of this one, of course, advances to the Final Four match next week with a SuperClash Main Event on the line... but winning this one also puts that National Title around your waist and there's only one greater prize than that for a singles wrestler in our sport, Bucky.

BW: Even if it is some knockoff piece of tin that Lynch got rushed onto his shoulder after he lost the real title to some trumpet in Amsterdam.

GM: Boy, you're really making some fans in the office tonight. Let's go to the ring for the introductions.

[We fade to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is the first match in the ROAD TO THE GOLD tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and the winner will advance to the Final Four two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City... and in a stipulation just added, the AWA National Title is also on the line!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The opening notes of Nas' "I Can" ring out through the PA system, bringing the fans to their feet.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRRDANNNNN OOOOOOHHAAAAARRRRRAAAA!

[Ohara pops through the curtain onto the entryway, hopping up and down, grinning at the Houston crowd's reaction.]

GM: Travis Lynch may be the hometown hero here in Texas tonight but Jordan Ohara's got more than his share of fans in the building for sure.

[With the chorus, Ohara is on his way down the aisle, slapping hands with every fan reaching out along the aisle.]

GM: In less than a year, Jordan Ohara has rocketed up the ranks here in the AWA and look at this, he finds himself two wins away from the Main Event of SuperClash - just one year after he debuted at last year's SuperClash!

[Ohara chants "I KNOW I CAN!" with some of the ringside kids before he climbs up on the apron, stepping onto the second rope, saluting the cheering crowd before he leaps over the ropes, landing on his feet with another hop. He goes into a karate flurry in mid-ring, dropping into a kata as the music starts to fade.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening chords to the rock and roll classic "Tom Sawyer" kick to life over the loudspeakers, sending the Texas crowd into a frenzy.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds...

He is the AWA NAAAAATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNN...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAVISSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The cheers intensify as Lynch comes through the curtain in his trademark super smedium t-shirt. He throws his hand up into the air, already twisted into the Lynch family Iron Claw shape. He smiles at the reaction of the fans, nodding his head as he continues to walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The longest reigning AWA National Champion of all time is headed down the aisle with two goals tonight - continue that title reign streak and to get one step closer to facing Juan Vasquez - a man he's beaten twice in the last year - for the World Title in the Main Event of SuperClash!

[Travis walks along the barricade, getting his arms and shoulders slapped by the fans as he stops for an occasional hug from the crowd. Breaking away from them, he pulls himself up on the apron, yanking off his t-shirt to squeals from the females in the crowd. In doing so, he also reveals the makeshift-looking title belt around his waist.]

GM: There it is, fans. The AWA National Title.

BW: You sure about that?

GM: Well, we know the original title belt has gone missing but that's-

BW: Please don't tell me that's the replacement for the belt worn by Broussard... by Houston... by Sudakov... by Dufresne... by Scott...

GM: Bucky, give me a break here, will ya?

[Lynch ducks through the ropes, pulling off the silver crucifix hanging around his neck. He plants a kiss on it before hanging it around the ringpost. He sheds his chaps as well, tossing them aside as the music fades and he gets ready for action.]

GM: One fall, thirty minute time limit, a spot in the Final Four and the National Title on the line.

[As the crowd buzzes with anticipation, Lynch and Ohara stride out to center ring, extending their hands towards one another. The handshake that follows is greeted with a big cheer from the Houston fans. There's a nod of respect exchanged as the two men back to their respective corners, awaiting the start of the matchup.]

GM: A good show of sportsmanship there between champion and challenger... also between two men who would love nothing more than to find themselves in the Main Event of SuperClash battling Juan Vasquez for the World Title.

BW: Ohara's had a thorn stuck in his side for months about getting Vasquez in the ring one on one and proving he belongs at that level... and Travis Lynch... well, I may not be the world's biggest Travis Lynch fan... and that's quite an understatement... but even I have to admit he's got two wins over Vasquez and you gotta wonder if he's got the World Champion's number.

GM: In my personal opinion, I'm betting that Juan Vasquez wants no part of EITHER of these men, Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running here in Houston - the site of last year's SuperClash - as these two men battle to see where they might end up on THIS year's SuperClash lineup.

BW: It's the biggest night of the year. Everyone wants to be a part of it and being in the Main Event is the kind of thing that can make a career.

[The two competitors circle one another for a few moments, looking for an early opening.]

GM: Travis Lynch has almost done it all here in the AWA, Bucky. He's a former World Tag Team Champion. He's the longest reigning National Champion of all time. But he hasn't been in the Main Event of SuperClash and he hasn't worn the World Title around his waist. Not yet at least. All that could start to change if he picks up the win here in this one.

BW: No Lynch has ever Main Evented SuperClash, Gordo. That's a pretty elite club.

GM: You're right. In fact, only nine competitors ever have stepped foot in the ring during the Main Event of SuperClash... a very elite club indeed.

BW: I hate to say it but both of these guys have the goods, Gordo... they could get there.

GM: Joining the likes of Stevie Scott, the first World Champion James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Supernova, Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, Dave Bryant...

BW: And at least one guy who I might get in even more trouble for mentioning.

[The youthful Ohara suddenly lunges forward, wrapping an arm around the leg of Lynch, trying to secure a takedown. Lynch slides his other foot back, planting it as he grabs a front facelock, wrenching the neck with his powerful arms.]

GM: A little bit of a stalemate at the outset of this one... Ohara grabbing the wrist, trying to spin out of it...

[Ohara manages to technique his way into an overhand wristlock by Lynch who tries to power him back down...]

GM: Ohara's a strong kid but I'm not sure he's strong enough to match muscles with the National Champion.

[Ohara struggles and strains, trying to push the arm up but Travis Lynch hangs on...

...and then powers him right back over, locking in a side headlock with a confident smile to the cheering Texas crowd.]

GM: Nope. Too much muscle for Ohara to get out of that one.

BW: And that's where Ohara makes his mistakes, Gordo. He wants to prove he's the best at everything so he's willing to fight the game of the other man. You don't want to try to overpower Travis Lynch. You want to attack his biggest weakness - his pea brain!

GM: Nice.

BW: And true.

[Ohara struggles against the headlock a bit, looking for an escape. He slowly backs Travis up against the ropes, throwing a pair of forearms at the ribs.]

GM: Ohara trying to fight his way out, shoots him off...

[But Travis hangs on, bringing them both to a screeching halt in mid-ring. Travis again grins, shaking his head this time as his bulging biceps ripple around the head and neck of Ohara.]

GM: Not so fast, young man. Travis Lynch is showing off his power game here tonight in Houston, where less than a year ago he defeated Juan Vasquez at SuperClash to retain that National Title. He's gotta be thinking about getting Vasquez inside that ring again this year in New Orleans and finishing what he started.

[Ohara sinks to a knee as Travis increases the pressure, squeezing the skull of the young AWA rookie.]

BW: And this is where Ohara's lack of a killer instinct hurts him, Gordo. If he was really wanted to be the best, he'd hook the trunks, he'd grab the hair... but nooooo, he's gotta play by the rules. We'll see where that gets him.

GM: It's gotten him pretty far so far less than a year into his rookie year here in the AWA, battling on the Road To The Gold.

BW: It's one thing to start climbing the mountain, Gordo... it's quite another to get to the top. Think about all the former champions and big stars who stepped foot in the door here and never got there. Men like Rick Marley... like Gibson Hayes... like William Craven... like Fujimoto...

[Ohara again fights to his feet, this time swiftly wrapping his arms around the torso of Lynch. He lifts him into the air, looking for a back suplex...

...but in mid-lift, Travis cranks up the pressure, causing Ohara to cry out as he sets Travis back down on his feet. The National Champion clenches his teeth, cranking the neck again as Ohara slips back to a knee.]

GM: Ohara thought he had a way out there but Travis Lynch had other ideas. And honestly, fans, this is an unusual way for both of these men to start their matchup. We're using to the high-paced offense of Ohara... and to some degree from Travis as well... but so far, the National Champion is playing it safe.

BW: If only he'd kept the title IN a safe, we wouldn't have to be looking at that dime store special on the table over there.

[Cut to a shot of the "dime store special" on the timekeeper's table. Yeah, it looks pretty bad. Quick cut back to the ring where Ohara rises to his feet and walks Travis across the ring, getting closer to the ropes.]

GM: Perhaps Ohara looking to the ropes for an escape here.

BW: He seems too proud for that, Gordo... like he'd consider it a failure if he had to get out that way. Another bone-headed decision though. There's no shame in taking the easy way out.

GM: Touching words, Bucky. You should write greeting cards in your next career.

[Nearing the ropes, Ohara reaches up, grabbing Travis by the wrist again, trying to spin away from the pressure.]

GM: Ohara looking to turn into that wristlock again.

BW: He already tried this. What's he hoping to do better this time?

[Twisting into the overhand wristlock, Ohara fights from underneath as Travis holds firm, pushing down on the arms.]

GM: Travis trying to muscle him right back into that headlock but Ohara is hanging tough here...

[And with Travis putting all his strength into the hold, Ohara slips one hand out, grabbing the top rope with one hand. He suddenly backflips with the aid of the ropes, landing on his feet...

...and uses an armdrag to take Travis off his feet, flinging him down to the canvas to some cheers from the Texas crowd!]

GM: Armdrag by Ohara! Nicely done!

[Ohara pops back up, ready as Travis comes up fast and comes at him even faster, throwing him down with a second armdrag.]

GM: Another armdrag puts the National Champion down!

[Ohara springs back up, striking a martial arts pose...

...and when Travis gets up, he slams on the brakes, stepping back towards the corner, eyes locked on Ohara.]

GM: And Travis says "hold up there a minute." He wants no part of those chops from Ohara which are quickly becoming the talk of the town.

[A grinning Ohara claps his hands together a few times, dropping into a short bow to Travis before backing off. The crowd cheers the exchange as Travis shakes out his muscular arm before sidestepping, circling Ohara again as they look to continue the battle.]

GM: Here we go again...

[And this time, when Ohara lunges in, Travis swings a knee up into his midsection to cut him off.]

BW: Veteran move by Stench, using the kid's enthusiasm against him.

[Travis pushes Ohara back across the ring, shoving him back against the turnbuckles where he shifts his feet into position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the National Champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: A second one, right across the pectorals of Ohara, giving the kid a taste of his own medicine.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Third time's a charm and Ohara is absolutely reeling at this stage of the contest as he looks for a way to win the National Title AND advance to the Final Four two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City.

[Lynch grabs Ohara by the arm, shooting him across the ring but the agile Ohara leaps to the middle rope on approach. He leaps off, twisting around to catch the incoming Travis with a crossbody!]

GM: Ohara takes him down! He gets one! He gets two! And Travis rolls him right off to break the pin.

[Ohara scrambles to his feet though, a hair quicker than Travis as the National Champion gets up and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oho! And now it's Ohara with the big chop!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The second one causes Travis to stumble backwards, staggering back towards the corner, falling into the buckles as Ohara stays on him.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: And Ohara returns the favor with three big chops on target, leaving Travis welted and weary from the heavy blows.

[Ohara grabs Travis by the arm, winging him across the ring where Travis smashes into the buckles.]

GM: Ohara puts him in the corner... charging in after him!

[Ohara leaps up onto Travis, planting his feet on Travis' upper thighs, looking for a monkey flip...

...and he does exactly that, flipping Lynch through the air and putting him down on his back in the middle of the ring!]

GM: The challenger puts Travis down... quick cover...

[The quick cover results in an equally-quick kickout as Travis slips out from under Ohara's weight.]

GM: Two count only there... and Ohara's going for the leg!

[Rolling down the body of Travis after the kickout, Ohara snatches Travis' ankle under his armpit, coming up to his feet and scissoring the leg as he drops down in a modified kneebar.]

GM: Ohara locking on a submission hold here... and Travis didn't see this coming, I don't think.

[Ohara yanks back on the leg, wrenching it hard.]

BW: This is a combination of a kneebar and a heel hook, Gordo. Really working over the leg of Lynch and I like this strategy. Staying on his feet and trying to match power with Lynch wasn't working but maybe this will pay off for the Carolina kid.

GM: The Phoenix attempting to rise up all the way to the Main Event of SuperClash... a huge way to celebrate his one year anniversary of his debut if he can manage to do it.

[Travis lifts his free leg, swinging the heel down into Ohara's abdomen a few times, trying to break free.]

GM: Lynch trying to get loose but Ohara's hanging on tight to that hold. The kid's got tremendous determination in there.

BW: You'd have to survive training under Takeshi Mifune.

GM: Jordan Ohara, of course, was trained in the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo under the guidance of Takeshi Mifune as Bucky just mentioned... and they train their students a little different over there, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Michaelson coddles his kids in the Combat Corner. In the TPP Dojo, it's survival of the fittest.

GM: Ohara often speaks fondly of his days in Japan, coming up alongside two of Tiger Paw Pro's hottest young superstars these days in Hachiro Kinoshita and Jun Maeda. But he was the first to come back to the States, looking to achieve championship-level success.

[Ohara slides to his feet, twisting the leg around in a spinning toehold quickly, and then dropping down to his knees to add more pressure to it. Travis sits up from the pain but Ohara pops him with a forearm to the temple, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! Nice shot there, keeping Travis flat on his back where Ohara wants him as he continues to work on the leg. Ohara already came into this match a step or so quicker than Travis but he's looking to increase that advantage right about now.

BW: Working the leg, taking his time. He's got a lot of time left in the time limit and a lot of time to take out that leg.

[Ohara grabs the foot and ankle, pulling up on it as Travis cries out, sitting up again and getting another forearm shot to put him back down.]

GM: Ohara staying right on top of Travis, making sure he's got him in the right position where he can really put on the pressure with this leglock.

[The referee checks the National Champion for a submission and then informs Ohara that Travis did not quit. With a nod, Ohara climbs to his feet, still holding the foot and ankle...]

GM: Ohara quickly back up and- OHH!

[...and does a front somersault, severely stretching out the hamstring of Lynch as he flips over him! Travis flails about a bit on the mat, reaching down for his leg as Ohara rolls to his knees, diving into North-South position for a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Again, Travis lifts the shoulder to escape as Ohara pushes up to his knees. A flash of uncertainty crosses his face as if he's not sure of his next move before he gets off the mat on his feet.]

GM: Ohara moving a little slowly there, almost as if he didn't know what comes next. Showing some signs of inexperience there.

[Leaning down, Ohara grabs the leg, twisting it around for another spinning toehold...]

...but Travis plants his boot on the butt of Ohara, shoving him off into the corner where he SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! And that time, it's Travis Lynch with a good counter!

[The National Champion rises off the mat, wincing as he puts full weight on his hurting left leg. He advances on Ohara who is still leaning against the buckles.]

GM: Big hooking right hand to the body... and a left to boot, pounding away at the ribs of Ohara...

[Hooking the back of Ohara's tights, Lynch pulls him from the corner into a back suplex position. He hoists Ohara into the air...]

...which is where Ohara backflips out of the lift, landing on his feet behind the National Champion to cheers!]

GM: Oho! Ohara goes up and over and out...

[A picture perfect standing dropkick follows, catching Lynch right in the back and sending him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Wow! And just like that, Jordan Ohara sends Lynch out to the floor with that dropkick... and I think he's not done yet, fans!

[Inside the ring, Ohara raises an arm to the crowd, drawing big cheers before he dashes to the far ropes, building up steam on the rebound as he tears across the ring and HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUICIDE DIVE WIPES OUT THE NATIONAL CHAMPION!

[The Phoenix rises off the floor, raising an arm to a big cheer again from the Texas crowd!]

GM: And the fans in Houston are starting to stir, Bucky... they're starting to believe that the National Title may in fact change hands here tonight in this very ring!

BW: They could be right. So far, Ohara's had an answer for just about everything Lynch is bringing to this fight. If the champ can't come up with something soon, Ohara might be on the verge of ending this record-setting title reign.

[Ohara drags Lynch to his feet off the floor, hurling him under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: The challenger puts him back in... and now he climbs up on the apron himself. Could this be it right here? Ohara's starting to climb the turnbuckles! Could he be thinking about that Phoenix Flame right here and right now? We're closing in on the ten minute mark of this match and we may be on the cusp of a new champion!

[As Lynch recovers on the mat, climbing to his feet, Ohara takes to the air, leaping high and hard...

...and as Lynch ducks down to avoid the crossbody, Ohara alters his attack in mid-flight, twisting his body into a flying sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OFF THE TOP! COULD THIS DO IT?!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT JUST IN TIME BY THE CHAMPION!

[Ohara claps his hands together in frustration as he comes up off the mat, grabbing the rising Lynch by the head, ducking under into a rear waistlock. He rushes forward, bouncing Lynch's chest into the ropes, and rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: REVERSE CRADLE! LYNCH DOWN AGAIN!

[The referee again dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WOW! ANOTHER NEARFALL FOR OHARA BUT ANOTHER KICKOUT BY LYNCH SAVES THE NATIONAL TITLE!

[Ohara looks pleadingly at the referee, holding up three fingers but gets a headshake and two fingers in response.]

GM: Just a two count but now’s not the time to hang your head, kid. Now’s the time to stay on your opponent and find a way to win!

BW: Why, Gordo... if I didn’t know better, I’d say you’re rooting for Jordan Ohara over one of your treasured Lynch boys!

GM: Not at all. I’m rooting for one heck of a match and that’s what we’re seeing right now.

[Ohara moves towards the rising Lynch...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Another big chop by the challenger! Lynch staggers backwards, falling into the corner again...

[Ohara steps up to the second rope, looking out on the crowd who cheer in response as he slams his hand down in overhead chops on the skull of the Texan!]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

[Ohara hops down, a smile on his face at the crowd’s response.]

GM: Texas may be Lynch Country but right now, these fans are rallying behind Jordan Ohara in his quest to win the National Title and cash his ticket to the Final Four matchup two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City!

[The Carolina kid grabs Lynch by the arm, firing him across the ring into the far turnbuckles.]

GM: Corner to corner whip by Ohara... he follows it in!

[Leaping up, Ohara plants his feet on the upper thighs, setting up for a monkey flip again...]

...but Lynch grabs the legs, lifting and turning to drop him in a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Tremendous counter by Lynch and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Lynch leaps up for a standing dropkick of his own, catching Ohara squarely in the chest and sending him toppling off the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! What a fall to the floor for Ohara!

[Lynch leans against the middle rope for a moment, throwing a glance down at Ohara who is grabbing at his left leg.]

BW: And don't look now if you're a fan of Jordan Ohara because he hit the floor hard and came up gimpy. He's grabbing that leg... near the knee area. He might've suffered some damage, Gordo.

GM: It certainly appears that way.

[Dropping to the mat, Lynch rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: The National Champion, Travis Lynch, heading outside the ring now, looking to finish off Ohara after that timely counter...

BW: What kind of a low down, dirty, son of a-

[But the champion grabs Ohara by the hair, pulling him off the floor and rolling him back under the ropes.]

GM: You were saying?

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah... friggin' Boy Scouts.

[Lynch pulls himself back up on the apron, looking in on Ohara who is down on the canvas. The National Champion ducks through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch back in...

[The champion pulls Ohara off the mat. The youthful challenger hops on the good leg, trying to keep the pressure off the bad limb. The Texan ducks down, scooping Ohara up...]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!

[...and rolls Lynch up onto his shoulders!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[The crowd is buzzing over the near fall as the Texan climbs off the canvas, looking frazzled. Ohara tries to quickly get up as well but his leg hinders his movement, allowing Lynch to smash a forearm into the jaw of the Phoenix.]

GM: Oh! Lynch drilled him!

[Holding onto Ohara's hair, Lynch throws a second forearm... and a third!]

GM: Lynch pounding away on Ohara, battering him back...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Ohh! Ohara fires off a chop in response!

[Lynch stumbles backwards from the shot across his chest. Ohara shoves him towards the ropes, bouncing him back towards the Phoenix who swings an arm for a standing clothesline...]

GM: Clothesline... ducked by Lynch!

[The Texan slams on the brakes, wheeling around as the off-balance Ohara stumbles forward...]

...and Lynch HURLS himself at Ohara’s back, DRIVING his shoulder into the back of Ohara’s leg!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LYNCH CLIPS HIM! HE CLIPS THE LEG!

[Ohara crumples backwards onto his knees, wincing in pain as the Texan drags him down onto his back, wrapping up both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT!

BW: But look at Ohara! Look at what Lynch did to that knee!

[The Phoenix is on his back, writhing in pain, holding onto his knee as Travis Lynch gets back up. The crowd is buzzing with concern for Ohara as Lynch looks down on him...]

...and then grabs the leg, twisting it around in a spinning toehold, dropping back down in a figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four! Lynch locks it in!

BW: Huh... I gotta admit, I’m a little surprised, Gordo. I didn’t think that Lynch had it in him to go for the kill like this.

GM: He’s the National Champion, Bucky. The longest-reigning National Champion in AWA history. Sometimes you have to get your hands a little dirty to keep it that way.

[Ohara cries out in pain, grabbing at his own hair as Lynch rocks back and forth.]

GM: Travis Lynch with the figure four leglock applied in the middle of the ring and Jordan Ohara is desperately trying to hang on! Desperately trying to avoid submitting and ending this match... his bid to be the National Champion... his quest for the SuperClash Main Event!

BW: Ohara’s screaming in pain! That knee got banged up on the fall to the floor... then Lynch clipped it... and now he’s trying to wrench a submission out of the kid!

GM: Lynch leaning back, the referee checking for a submission...

[Ohara's scream of "NOOOOOO!" fills the air as Lynch grimaces.]

GM: Ohara hanging on! He's fighting the pain! The kid refuses to give in!

[Lynch again shifts his hips, applying more pressure to seven individual points on the legs of the Texan's young challenger.]

GM: Ohara's gotta find a way out... gotta get to the ropes... gotta turn this over... whatever it takes...

BW: But Lynch has got this hold locked in in the middle of the ring. There may not BE a way out, Gordo.

GM: The National Champion's got victory within his grasp as Ohara struggles for an escape...

[Ohara again cries out but this time as he swings his body to the side, attempting to turn it over.]

BW: Here you go, Gordo - he's trying to turn it over!

GM: Jordan Ohara looking to flip the hold over, to send the pressure shooting right back the other direction into the legs of Travis Lynch instead!

[Lynch shakes his head, defiantly trying to keep Ohara on his back as the young man struggles to save himself from certain defeat.]

GM: Ohara's still trying, giving it everything he's got - look at the exertion on his face as he tries to flip Lynch to his stomach!

BW: Lynch is losing the battle here!

GM: Ohara's almost got him... he's almost there... he's-

[But Travis Lynch reaches back, snatching his hand around the bottom rope, pulling Ohara back down onto his back. The referee looks surprised, quickly calling for a break. Lynch does quickly oblige that, letting go of the hold.]

GM: I... did he just grab the ropes to stop the hold from being reversed?!

BW: Sure looked that way to me!

GM: Well, he immediately let go of the hold instead of using the ropes for leverage but-

[Lynch climbs off the mat, immediately launching into a series of stomps to the knee of Ohara before he can get off the canvas. A sprinkling of boos rings out from the Houston crowd as Lynch is forced back by the official.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Lynch to allow Ohara to get back to his feet... the champion's trying to push the pace, trying to wrap up his trip to the Final Four.

[Ohara grabs hold of the ropes, using them to drag himself to his feet as he bounces on one leg for balance. Lynch shoves past the official, moving in on Ohara.]

GM: Ohara's up, Lynch coming on strong and-

[The National Champion walks right into a thrust kick up under the chin!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: SUPERKICK!

[Lynch’s eyelids flutter, stumbling back as Ohara again grabs the ropes, trying to keep himself from falling back to the mat…]

…and suddenly, Lynch storms forward, connecting with a running clothesline that takes the challenger over the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He hung on! Ohara hung on!

[The athleticism of Ohara pays dividends as he hooks the rope with his arm, managing to land on the apron. A fuming Lynch argues briefly with the referee as he reaches over the ropes, looking to finish the Phoenix off.]

GM: Lynch trying to get his hands on Ohara…

[Grabbing the middle rope, the kneeling Ohara slingshots through to drive his shoulder into the midsection of the National Champion.]

GM: Ohara goes downstairs!

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Ohara pulls his torso out between the ropes, stepping to the side and BURYING a front kick into the face of the National Champion!]

GM: OHH! That one rocked the champion!

[Lynch pulls himself back inside the ring, straightening up as Ohara grabs him by the head again, pulling him into a front facelock. The crowd instantly starts buzzing with concern as Ohara looks for a suplex from inside the ring out to the floor!]

GM: Ohara’s trying to bring Lynch out the hard way! Can he get him up?!

BW: No way. No way the kid’s strong enough for that.

GM: He’s having difficulties getting him up. That bad knee might be part of the reason but he’s certainly having a hard time with it.

[With a loud roar of effort, Ohara lifts Lynch up off the canvas…]

GM: HE GOT HIM UP! HE GOT HIM UP!

[…but a desperate Lynch swings his knee down into the crown of Ohara’s skull, forcing the Carolina kid to put him back down, his feet safely on the ring apron!]

GM: But he couldn’t get him over! Both men out on the apron now and this is NOT a safe place for either of these men to be!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A knife edge chop bounces off the well-defined chest of Travis Lynch!]

GM: Hard chop by the challenger!

[He winds up again…]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: And another! Can the champion hang on?!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The third chop causes Lynch to stagger back against the ringpost, clutching his chest with one hand as he hangs on to the top rope with the other.]

GM: Ohara’s on the offensive out on the apron... looking to finish off Travis Lynch and to win this match!

[Ohara gives a shout, pumping his arms as he advances on Lynch again, charging down the apron...

...but the Texan leans back, swinging his leg up and causing Ohara to jack his jaw on Travis’ boot!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Ohara makes a costly error! He staggers back, hanging onto the ropes, barely able to stand!

[Pushing off the post, Lynch goes into a spin, barely able to keep his feet on the apron as he turns the full 360...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...but at the last moment, he loses his footing, causing him to misfire on the punch, sending it sailing over Ohara’s head!]

GM: Travis nearly falls, trying to-

[Ohara ducks under, lifting the off-balance Travis into the air, twisting him around in back suplex position...]

BW: What the-?!

[...and JUMPS off the apron, swinging Travis out into a sitout powerbomb on the barely-padded floor to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Houston crowd!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

BW: BOLT BUSTER ON THE FLOOR! HOLY...

[Many in the crowd fill in the rest for Bucky, absolutely roaring as Ohara and Travis are laid out on the floor motionless!]

GM: Both men are down! Both men aren’t moving a bit! What a tremendous move by Jordan Ohara and... wow! He just completely turned this match around on a dime, Bucky!

BW: The Bolt Buster to the floor... let’s look at that again...

[We cut to a split screen shot of Travis Lynch going into a full spin, ready to deliver his signature strike...]

BW: Alright, Lynch cueing up the Discus Punch, trying to get the footwork right on an area which is - quite frankly - too small to try it on. But he took the chance... and right here... there!

[Bucky's "there!" punctuates Travis making a misstep, slipping slightly as he goes to throw the punch. The punch goes sailing too high, missing Ohara easily. But as Travis goes to regain his footing, Ohara snatches him around the waist, lifting him into the air...]

BW: He gets Travis up, spins him around off the apron...

[...twisting off the apron, leaping into the air as he shifts Travis into powerbomb position...]

BW: ...and BOOOOOM!

[...and both men go crashing down on the floor, the back of Travis' head SLAMMING into the barely-padded floor on impact! We hold that freeze frame for a moment before the split screen wipes away, leaving both men still laid out on the ringside floor as the referee is counting.]

GM: And in the meantime, the official's count is up to four with both of these men laid out on the canvas... completely motionless...

[The referee standing above both men near the ropes shouts "FIVE!"]

GM: Now up to five.

BW: Hey Gordo, what happens if both of these guys get counted out? A Final Three match in Oklahoma City?

GM: I would imagine so. A double countout would eliminate both men by my understanding.

["SIX!"]

GM: Count is at six... neither man is moving yet. A devastating move for both men. Travis Lynch took the brunt of it on his back and even on the back of his head but Jordan Ohara also took a hard impact on his tailbone and lower back.

BW: So, you're saying Ohara might've cost himself the match in trying to beat Travis Lynch?

GM: It's certainly possible.

BW: Dumb kid.

["SEVEN!"]

GM: The fans here in Houston are cheering loudly for both men, begging their favorite to get back up and keep this match going... and don't look now, fans, but I believe Jordan Ohara is trying to oblige! Jordan Ohara is reaching up, trying to grab hold of the ring apron! He's trying to drag himself back inside the ring!

BW: Stench is still down though. He's barely moving at all!

GM: But he IS moving so there are signs of hope for the Travis Lynch fans in the building!

["EIGHT!"]

GM: The count is up to eight... Ohara struggling to get off the floor... struggling to get back inside the ring...

[Ohara loops his fingers around the top of the ring apron, pulling hard, dragging himself to a knee as the referee calls out "NINE!"]

GM: At nine! Ohara with a last minute surge! Ohara trying to-

[And just before the ten count comes down, Jordan Ohara flings himself under the ropes JUST in time!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

[The crowd roars with a mix of shock and happiness as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Travis Lynch has been COUNTED OUT! Therefore, your winner... moving on to the Final Four...

JORRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[Another big cheer goes up for Ohara who struggles to sit up on the canvas, trying to celebrate his win.]

RO: However, the National Title can NOT change hands on a countout. Therefore, still the National Champion... Travis Lynch!

[Another batch of cheers goes up for the Texas hero!]

GM: Ohara advances in the tournament but Lynch keeps the title!

[Ohara weakly raises an arm, celebrating his hard-fought victory.]

GM: What a big win for Ohara and he's one step closer to his goal of facing Juan Vasquez - one-on-one for the World Title at SuperClash!

BW: And Travis Lynch keeps the National Title... but a date with Juan Vasquez at SuperClash is NOT in the cards for him, daddy!

GM: Fans, we now know one of four competitors who will battle for that SuperClash Main Event slot in Oklahoma City... and in just a short while, we'll add a second name to that list. But right now, we're going to take a quick commercial break. Stick around because when we come back, we'll have more tag team action!

[Ohara is still seated on the mat, grinning at his victory as we fade to black...

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

“And the hottest wrestling in the West.”

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

“DEAD END” EVANS: “You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else.”

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: “You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you.”

“For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century.”

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH “THE SHERIFF” COLTON: “What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that.”

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: “We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!”

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: “What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever.”

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] “Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!”

“Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAsShop.com.”

[Fade to black...

...and then back on footage marked “MOMENTS AGO...” as we see the back side of the entrance curtain. Mark Stegglet is parked outside of it, watching.]

MS: He should be back through here any moment now...

[Stegglet waits... and waits... until Travis Lynch comes through the curtain, clutching at his back as he stumbles through.]

MS: Travis, can I get a few words?

[Lynch throws a glance at Stegglet... then at the camera... and keeps walking.]

MS: Travis, please... just a quick-

[Lynch brushes abruptly past Stegglet, knocking the interviewer back against a wall. Something falls out of Lynch's hand as he keeps on walking.]

MS: I guess not.

[Stegglet seems to notice the thing at his feet all of a sudden as he leans down, picking it up...

...and holding up the makeshift National Title belt for all to see.]

MS: Looks like you forgot something, champ.

[The pre-recorded footage fades away and out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra, as well as the South Philly Phighter and a man, with a short, dirty blond mullet, dressed in a white satin jacket, red trunks, black knee pads, and white boots. The Phighter is trying to get the crowd to cheer, but only gets booed, thanks in large part to the stained Phillies jersey he has on.]

RO: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, at a combined weight of 532 pounds...

THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER...

And...

RANDY B!!!

[The man now identified as Randy B unzips his jacket, shrugs it off and aggressively tosses it to the floor. Both men hold up their right fists and knock forearms, as the traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play to cheers from the Toyota Center audience.]

RO: And their opponents...

[Colin Hayden is out first, brandishing a black cane, tipped with silver and topped with a silver roaring lion's head, with a pair of red gemstones for its eyes. He has on a gray houndstooth suit over a black waistcoat, or vest, as you Americans call it, over a burgundy shirt.

Hayden is followed by the lean-built Robbie Storm, who has lightly tanned skin, light brown eyes and slicked back, short, wavy, brown hair, and the taller, more muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. Both men are wearing tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack design, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh and most of Storm's right thigh. Holding his cane aloft and pointing it towards the ring, Hayden leads his team down the aisle.]

RO: Coming down the aisle, weighing in at combined weight of 439 pounds, and being accompanied by "Prince" Colin Hayden, they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm...

THE BRITISH BASHERS!!!

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe and Storm each take a side, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands of fans as they can. Reaching

the ring, Hayden climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping the soles of his dress shoes on the canvas, before stepping through the ropes. Storm hops onto the apron and, like his manager, wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before entering the ring. Smythe follows Hayden, climbing the ring steps, onto the apron, and does as his mentor and his tag team partner have both done, before stepping through the ropes.

Hayden stands in the center of the ring, while Smythe and Storm head to the corners on either side of him and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air, while Hayden holds up his cane and points it at his charges. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and all three men go to the team's corner to huddle and discuss strategy.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it's the Phighter starting things off with the powerhouse Rory Smythe. The South Philly Phighter is just reading Smythe the riot act, Bucky.

[We see the Phighter running his mouth, pointing at Smythe, and flexing his arms mockingly. Smythe reaches out, perhaps going for the collar-and-elbow, but the Phighter grabs Smythe's arm and applies an arm wringer.]

GM: The Phighter trying to gain the early advantage...

[But the powerful Smythe shows there's more to him than muscles as he executes a pair of forward rolls before executing an armwringer of his own.]

GM: Oh ho! Nice counter by the big man... but the experienced Phighter pulls him right into a side headlock to counter the counter.

[Smythe uses his strength to shove the Phighter off into the ropes, sending him rebounding back, and running right into a shoulderblock.]

GM: No effect on the big man!

[The Phighter grabs at his shoulder as Smythe invites him to do it again. The Phighter obliges, rebounding back...

...but this time, Smythe shifts his footing, hooking the rebounding Phighter...]

GM: Smythe sends him up and over with a beautiful hiptoss!

[Smythe pulls the South Philly Phighter to his feet, wrings the arm and drags him to the Bashers' corner, tagging in Robbie Storm, who slingshots himself over the top rope and lands a double axehandle onto the Phighter's extended arm.]

GM: Doubleteam attack on the arm... and then Storm takes him right down with an armdrag.

[Holding on, Storm kneels on the canvas as he stretches out the limb of the long-time AWA enhancement talent.]

GM: Storm hanging on, continuing to stretch out that arm... but the Phighter manages to get his feet underneath him, forcing his way right back up to his feet.

[With a yank of the arm, Storm pulls the Phighter towards him, wrapping his arms around the Phighter's waist.]

GM: Storm with the Northern Li- No!

[The Pighter lands a pair of elbowstrikes down between the shoulderblades, breaking off the attack as he wobbles across the ring to his corner, tagging in Randy B as Storm slaps Smythe's offered hand.]

GM: Tags on both sides of the ring...

[The two men quickly tangle up, Randy B somehow slipping free and shooting Smythe towards the ropes...

...or so he thinks until Smythe reverses with ease, sending Randy into the ropes instead.]

GM: Nice reversal... and Smythe sends him sailing with a big back body drop!

[As Randy B gets to his feet, Smythe gives a big shout, barreling across the ring and using a powerful clothesline to send Randy tumbling over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! Smythe deposits Randy B out on the floor... and there's another quick tag to his partner.

[Storm drops down to the floor, hoisting Randy B off the ringside mats, and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: The Bashers not looking for a countout win in this one as Storm climbs back up on the apron...

[He waits there a few moments as Randy B struggles to regain his footing...

...and then leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: FOREARM RIGHT ON TARGET!

[The springboard forearm sends Randy B rolling backwards across the ring as Storm pops up, throwing his arms up with a loud "LET'S GO!" and a big cheer from the Houston crowd.]

GM: And the fans here in the Toyota Center are solidly behind these two young men from the United Kingdom.

[Storm pulls Randy B off the mat, hoisting him into the air, and dropping him down hard on the back of his head and neck with a back suplex!]

BW: Gordo, I think I figured out what the B stands for.

GM: Oh, what's that?

BW: Bludgeoned. 'Cause he's getting bludgeoned out there.

[Gordon chuckles as Storm pulls Randy B up yet again, dragging him towards the Bashers' corner where he signals his partner. Smythe lifts his leg, resting it on the top rope so that Storm can smash Randy's face into Smythe's boot!]

GM: Doubleteam in the corner... and then a tag to bring Smythe back in.

[The powerful Brit steps in, taking control of Randy B from his partner, and then hoists him across his body, holding him there as he walks to the center of the ring...

...and then - in an impressive show of strength - takes one arm away, holding Randy B with one arm in position as the fans cheer.]

GM: Now THAT'S pure power, Bucky.

[Smythe grins as he drops to a knee, smashing Randy B down across the other bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker by the young British powerhouse!

[Smythe attempts a lateral press, earning a two count before Randy B slips free.]

GM: Two count and an escape by Randy B... and Smythe slides right into a rear chinlock, slowing the pace down a little and trying to wear down Randy B a bit more.

BW: Look at the size of those arms being wrapped around the head and neck of Randy B, Gordo. This kid's got the stuff.

GM: Randy B's not going down without a fight though, struggling to get back up off the canvas.

[Smythe holds onto the chinlock, keeping Randy B down for a few more moments before B gets to his feet and buries a back elbow into the midsection.]

GM: Randy B goes downstairs, trying to break the hold... and another elbow to the midsection does the trick.

[But as soon as Randy B escapes and tries to break away, Smythe reaches out, snatching him by the shoulders and SMASHES his skull into Randy B's!]

GM: Ohh! That headbutt will put a stop to Randy B's escape plan!

BW: Like an overzealous security guard.

[Smythe pulls Randy B back to the corner, tagging Storm back in.]

GM: Robbie Storm back in off another quick exchange by the British Bashers... ohh! And he's got a headbutt of his own for Randy B.

[With Randy B reeling, Storm pops him across the chest with a reverse knife edge that sends him back down to the canvas. With a smirk, he pulls Randy B right back up, hoisting him up, and throwing him down in a ring-shaking bodyslam.]

GM: Robbie Storm's got such a crispness to his offensive attacks, Bucky... just really does a number on his opponent with every move he makes.

[Storm leaps up, dropping a knee down across the throat of Randy B, keeping him down on the mat as Storm makes another tag.]

GM: The tag is made again... and Smythe might be looking to finish this off, fans.

[Muscling Randy B off the mat, Smythe ducks down, lifting him up in a fireman's carry.]

GM: He lifts him up... staring right at the Phighter, almost daring him to do something...

[Smythe HURLS Randy B back down in a front slam, whipping him down to the canvas with tremendous impact!]

GM: And there it is, fans - the Hayden Hoist by Rory Smythe! Drops down for a cover...

BW: And the Phighter wants no part of Her Majesty's Might.

GM: One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Here are your winners, by pinfall, Rory Smythe... Robbie Storm...

THE BRITISH BASHERS!

[As "The British Grenadiers" starts to play, Smythe is joined in the ring by Robbie Storm and Colin Hayden, who, together with the official, raises the Bashers' arms in victory.]

GM: Folks, don't go away. When we come back, Sweet Lou Blackwell will try to get a few words from the British Bashers and "Prince" Colin Hayden.

[Fade to black...]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.']

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action with Sweet Lou Blackwell and the jubilant British Bashers. A smiling "Prince" Colin Hayden is standing next to Blackwell, ready to field questions.]

SLB: Congratulations, Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm on another victory in the AWA. Now, Colin, based on your remarks from the live show that we saw on the last Power Hour, it seems that the British Bashers are here to stay and they have got something to prove.

PCH: That's right, Sweet Lou.

SLB: You mentioned setting your sights on the World Tag Team titles, or even winning the Stampede Cup, if there happens to be another one of those. Know something I don't, Colin?

PCH: Less than you do, in all likelihood. No, all that was is a bit of goal-setting, Sweet Lou. When you've got a couple of hungry, motivated English young lions, you've got to set your eyes on some prize. But don't just take my word for it.

[Rory Smythe positions himself between Hayden and Blackwell, leaning in slightly towards the mic.]

RORY: You see, Mister Blackwell, too many teams here in the AWA treat the place like their own personal kingdom, like they make the rules, like they were the law. And, no, I am not just talking about the champions, the so-called Kings, Taylor and Donovan, although, if I were them, I wouldn't put it past the Bashers to deliver them their reckoning.

ROBBIE: And then there's the likes of Anton Layton and the Slaughterhouse. I am sure Howie and Daniel will get the payback that's due to them, but until then, we are not opposed to stepping in the ring with Crowley and the Lost Boy and showing them the pain and torture we can unleash.

RORY: Whether it's the Samoans...

ROBBIE: Or the Idols pitting what they've picked up in Japan against some British wrestling...

RORY: Or Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, it doesn't matter who you put us in the ring against, the "Thunder" Storm will strike...

ROBBIE: And they will feel Her Majesty's Might...

PCH: And, Sweet Lou, the Bashers will rule the ring.

[With the pointing of the cane, Hayden leads his charges off-camera.]

SLB: The British Bashers, making their intentions plain and clear to some of the other tag teams in the AWA. Maybe we'll see them clash with some of those teams soon enough. In the meantime, let's go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We fade backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside his uncle, Jon Stegglet, an AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations.]

MS: Thanks, Lou, and as you can see, I've been joined by the interim Director of Operations for the American Wrestling Alliance...

[The elder Stegglet interrupts playfully.]

JS: ...and your Uncle, young man!

[The younger Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: ...Jon Stegglet. And... umm... Mr... umm... well, sir...

[Mark exhales, having found a way to interact with his family member.]

MS: From what I understand, you're here to talk a little bit about SuperClash.

[The elder Stegglet nods.]

JS: I am, I am. But not this year's SuperClash, Mark... you'll get plenty of that tonight and in the weeks to come but I'm here to talk about NEXT year's SuperClash - SuperClash IX - and to narrow down the field of potential host cities just a little bit more.

MS: Ah, of course! Well, uh, can we get the graphic up please?

[The graphic comes up listing the five cities and their respective venues:

Toronto, Canada - Rogers Centre
Tokyo, Japan - Tokyo Dome
Chicago, Illinois - Wrigley Field
Los Angeles, California - Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
Atlanta, Georgia - Georgia Dome]

MS: There you see it, fans. Toronto, Tokyo, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Atlanta... the final five cities remaining to potentially host SuperClash in 2017 and... um, sir...

[Jon chuckles at his nephew's obvious discomfort.]

MS: Can you take us down to the Final Four?

[Jon nods.]

JS: That's what I'm here for, nephew. So, after much discussion this week in the AWA front office, we can now officially announce that the Windy City itself - Chicago, Illinois - has been removed from the list.

[Mark nods.]

MS: Alright, down to the Final Four. Toronto, Tokyo, Los Angeles, and Atlanta!

[The elder Stegglet nods.]

JS: Now, if you'll excuse me...

[But as Jon starts to leave, Mark puts a hand on his shoulder.]

MS: Uncle Jon... a quick question...

[The acting Director of Operations turns back towards his nephew, raising an eyebrow.]

JS: What is it?

MS: It's Jason. Jason Dane. He was hurt pretty badly and I just want to know if you know who-

[The elder Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: I'm sorry, Mark. I know he's your friend but-

MS: He's in the hospital, you know. Still.

[Jon grimaces, looking down.]

JS: If I could do something about it, I would. You know that.

[Mark slowly nods but the look on his face makes you question if he DOES know that.]

JS: It's just... not now, okay? We'll talk about this later.

[And with that, Jon Stegglet walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind as we fade from the backstage area...

...and back out to the ring where we find Melissa Cannon standing. Cannon is in street clothes as she walks the ring, mic in hand - a pair of royal blue workout pants and a white tanktop with the Combat Corner logo splashed across it. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail as she raises the mic.]

MC: I asked for time tonight to get a few things off my chest.

[Cannon paces some more.]

MC: Lauryn Rage...

[The crowd jeers in response to the name of the Women's World Champion.]

MC: The more I stand back and watch you do the things you do inside this ring and outside of it, the more I realize how badly I failed this Division when I didn't win the title in New York. I failed. Julie failed. Ayako failed. Even Charisma and Toughill failed.

Because this Women's Division deserved better. Some of the best women to ever compete were in the ring that night... and any of them would have been honorable champions, holding the title with dignity.

Any of them would've been a good choice as the first Women's World Champion. Any of them would've been someone that the AWA could have been proud of.

[Cannon pauses, shaking her head.]

MC: But instead we got you. And while you've got the talent to be the champion - there's no doubt about that - you prefer to let that talent go to waste while you cheat... and scheme... and manipulate.

Just like on Showdown when you weaseled your way out of that tag match and let Sonova and Toughill do your dirty work for you.

[Cannon leans on the top rope, staring into the camera.]

MC: Just like you did at Homecoming when you put my mentor in the hospital.

Look, I've said it before but since the only thing you listen to is the sound of your own voice, Rage, I'm going to say it again...

Lori Dane is like a mother to me.

[The crowd cheers for the Queen of Extreme.]

MC: And watching you beat her into a hospital bed stirred something inside of me, Rage... something that I never knew was there before...

Because when I went to the Tokyo Dome and stood face to face with arguably the greatest women's wrestler in a generation, I wasn't angry at her... I respected her... and I wanted to beat her.

When I fought to get on the SuperClash card last year, I wasn't angry at Julie... I respected her... and I wanted to beat her. Even Charisma Knight didn't make me feel the way you have, Rage.

This feeling in the pit of my stomach... deep down in my heart... in my soul...

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: It's anger, Rage. It's the feeling that beating you isn't enough. No, to get rid of this feeling, I've gotta take everything from you.

And just like your no account brother, the only thing you care about is that title around your waist.

[The crowd cheers as they anticipate where Melissa is going. She nods in agreement.]

MC: So, that's why I'm coming out here tonight... to make it clear as crystal... that I am challenging you to a match for the Women's World Title!

[Huge cheer!]

MC: I don't know when it's going to happen, Rage. It could be tonight... it could be two weeks from now... it could be two months from now in New Orleans...

[Another big cheer!]

MC: ...but I know it'll happen... and I know that when it does, nothing is going to stop me from getting that title off your waist... and around-

[Melissa is suddenly cut off by the sounds of "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki playing over the PA system, signaling the arrival of the former Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: Oho! It sounds like someone else might take issue with Melissa Cannon's belief that she deserves the next title shot at Lauryn Rage!

[The crowd roars, as Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains, dressed in a leather bomber jacket and a flowery sundress underneath. Her multi-colored ombré hair is held up in a messy bun, the muscular mistress of the ring looking very much like the picture of femininity. She makes her way to the ring, with microphone in hand.]

Ayako: Miss Melissa, I agree. Lauryn Rage's conduct has been disgraceful and between her and Juan Vasquez, the AWA desperately deserves a champion that we can actually respect and be proud of. And yes, you would very much be a champion we could all be proud of...

[There's a cheer from the crowd at Ayako's proclamation.]

Ayako: ...but I finished ahead of you in The Rumble and MY name is on top of the rankings. Putting emotions aside- and I am very sorry for what happened to your teacher - I am the one who should face Lauryn Rage for the Women's World Title!

[There's a mixed, but solidly positive reaction to that.]

Ayako: And when I have finished stretching, suplexing, conquering...

[A mischievous smirk.]

Ayako: ...TORTURING...

[Big pop!]

Ayako: ...and defeating Rage-san for the AWA Women's title...

[An uncharacteristically smug look forms on Ayako's face.]

Ayako: ...you can have what's left of her.

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: Ayako, as much as I - and everyone else in this building - would love to see you do those things to Lauryn Rage, the fact remains that I've had my sights set on her almost since the day she arrived here in the AWA.

The fans have been waiting for months for this to go down... and so have I.

So, no disrespect, Ayako... but I don't give a damn where you finished in the Rumble... and I don't give a damn what the rankings say...

[The fans cheer as Cannon gets fired up.]

MC: When Lauryn Rage puts that title on the line again, it's going to be ME who she's facing in that ring!

[Another big cheer rings out as Cannon steps closer to Ayako, almost daring her to argue the point...

...when suddenly, a voice rings out.]

"Hold on... everyone take a deep breath here..."

[The two women look down the aisle, locking eyes on an approaching Jon Stegglet. Stegglet walks a few feet down the aisle and stops, raising the house mic in his hand.]

JS: No wonder Emerson looks so tired all the time.

[Chuckles from the crowd as Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Look... you both have a valid claim to the next shot at Lauryn Rage - that much is clear. And I think everyone has seen tonight that my management style is very much "let's settle this in the ring." So... let's settle this in the ring.

Later tonight, I'm putting together a match that will see the Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara, go one-on-one with Melissa Cannon...

[Big cheers!]

JS: ...and the winner will face Lauryn Rage at SuperClash for the Women's World Title!

[HUGE CHEER! Stegglet grins at the reaction.]

MC: Mr. Stegglet, you and I have known each other a long time... and you know that when I put my mind to something, nothing's going to get in my way to get it...

[Cannon pivots, sticking a finger in Fujiwara's face.]

MC: ...and that... includes... you.

[Cannon turns away, dropping the mic as she exits the ring, leaving Fujiwara with her hands on her hips as the crowd buzzes with anticipation of that forthcoming match.]

GM: Wow! Another big match locked in for tonight! Melissa Cannon versus Ayako Fujiwara with the winner facing Lauryn Rage at SuperClash! Sweet Lou, this night keeps getting better and better... take it away, old friend!

[We fade up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell has managed to corral a pacing Brian Lau who is red-faced and agitated.]

SLB: Fans, as you can see- would you stop pacing?!

[Lau comes to an abrupt halt.]

BL: Better?! Is this better for you, Blackwell, you insignificant fleck of a man?! I oughta put these custom-made Italian leather loafers upside your balding skull and show your fat COW of a wife what a real man looks like!

SLB: That's about enough out of you!

[Blackwell squares up on Lau, looking like he might have finally crossed the line...

...when Shane Taylor ambles into the shot, flanked by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Taylor is in his usual cut-off denim frayed and dirty denim shorts with a formerly white tanktop that has seen better days. Fawcett is in a black suit with a blood red silk shirt underneath.]

"D"HF: Tsk, tsk, Mr. Blackwell. You know better than that.

[Blackwell, still fuming, turns towards Blackwell and Taylor.]

"D"HF: In certain cultures, it is custom that if a man lays a hand on his better...

[Fawcett gestures towards a still agitated Lau.]

"D"HF: ...that that hand is removed... by force.

[Shane Taylor steps closer to Blackwell, looking down on him.]

SLB: Hey now... I've got no problem with you, Shane Taylor. This piece of trash on the other hand-

[Taylor lifts his hand, placing it firmly on Blackwell's shoulder.]

ST: But there's the problem, Lou. Because if you've got a problem with Mr. Lau... then you have a problem with the Kings of Wrestling.

And if you've got a problem with the Kings of Wrestling...

[Taylor smirks.]

ST: ...then you have a problem with me.

[Blackwell stares up at Taylor as Fawcett chuckles.]

BL: Is that right?

[Taylor turns slightly towards Lau, keeping his hand on Blackwell's shoulder.]

BL: If someone has a problem with me, then they've got a problem with you... is that right?

[Taylor nods.]

ST: Of course, Mr. Lau. I'm your bodyguard.

[Lau is steaming mad now, shoving Taylor away from Blackwell.]

BL: My bodyguard?! MY BODYGUARD?! THEN WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU WHEN CODY MERTZ PUT HIS HANDS ON ME?!

[Lau turns quickly, squaring up on Fawcett.]

BL: AND YOU! WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU WHEN MERTZ PUT HIS HANDS ON ME?!

NEITHER OF YOU WERE THERE! NEITHER OF YOU WERE WHERE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!

You BOTH let the Kings of Wrestling down!

[Lau glares at them both.]

BL: You BOTH let ME down!

[Lau sticks his finger in Fawcett's chest.]

BL: And that's something that just won't fly. The Kings of Wrestling don't have the time or inclination to deal with people who can't get the job done... and right now, NEITHER of you are getting the job done!

But tonight, I'm giving you both a chance to change that.

[Lau nods.]

BL: Because I went to Jon Steggle and I set up a match. Tonight, it'll be Shane Taylor with "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett in his corner...

...against Cody Mertz!

[Lau smirks as Taylor looks concerned.]

BL: And I'm going to be right out there... right out there at ringside to watch... and if you fail me again...

[He points at Taylor.]

BL: ...we're done.

[The Hall of Fame manager turns to look at Fawcett.]

BL: Understood?

[Fawcett slowly nods, a grimace on his face like he's holding back.]

"D"HF: Understood.

[Lau nods.]

BL: Good.

[And the Kings of Wrestling's manager makes his exit, leaving his allies behind. As soon as everyone vacates the premises, Sweet Lou looks into the camera.]

SLB: I coulda taken him.

[Blackwell drops into a sloppy boxing stance, throwing a few punches at the air as we fade to black...

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' SOB says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Docter CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then comes back on a scene we've never been a part of before. It is Anton Layton standing on a beach. Twilight has fallen and the sun - a dazzling blood orange - is starting to dip down for the evening. Layton is still in his usual cloak, staring up at the sun.]

AL: Fire is the most basic of all human needs, young Somers.

We use fire to cook. We use fire for warmth.

In modern times, we use fire to build and to destroy.

All that we see... touch... taste... has links to the flames.

[Layton lets loose a dark chuckle.]

AL: As now... do you.

How did it feel, young Somers? How did it feel when the flames of my being scorched your flesh? Was it harsh like the lash of a whip? Or was it soft and warm like a mother's kiss?

How did it feel?

[Layton flips back his hood, whipping his arms apart, shouting into the setting sun.]

AL: HOW DID IT FEEL, YOUNG SOMERS?!

As fire burns, fire cleans.

Every year, hundreds of thousands of acres of life is blackened by the flames... torn down to nothing only to begin anew. The flames bring death... and then everlasting life once more.

And so it will be with you, young Somers.

You lived... and through my fire, you will be born anew.

[Layton nods solemnly.]

AL: It is the choice that stands before you, young Somers. You can stay on your present course, standing alongside Harper, nipping at the heels of your betters as they blissfully ignore you.

Or you can be reborn in my flames...

...and you can stand with Gods and monsters.

[The camera pulls back to reveal Layton is flanked by Porter Crowley, The Lost Boy, and the Hangman.]

AL: Stand with us, young Somers. Stand with those who need not beg for attention but command it!

[His arm slides from the hooded robe, revealing the Eye of Tyr which glistens in the sun as he holds it aloft.]

AL: Stand before the Eye.

The Eye is always looking for those who can serve, young Somers. It sees those who have the strength to do so... the will.

And it has spoken to me. The Eye told me that only through fire can you see light.

The flames came for you, young Somers.

[Layton holds the crystal closer to his face, his image refracting into pieces in it.]

AL: And now, you must come for the Eye.

In two weeks, young Somers, the Eye - and my Slaughterhouse - awaits you. And only through your penitence can you save those you treasure.

Your friend.

Your uncle.

Your... sister.

[Layton's face twists into an unholy smile.]

AL: Come to us, young Somers. Feel the gaze of the Eye upon you.

Feel the warmth of our embrace.

The flames call to you, young Somers.

[And as Layton's trademark laughter fills the air, we pan over to the burning sun... and fade to black...]

...and then back out to the ring where Shane Taylor is standing in his cut-off denim shorts, white tanktop that has seen better days, and looking particularly uneasy. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is by his side, muttering into his ear as Brian Lau holds the mic mid-ring.]

BL: Cody Mertz...

[The crowd cheers to Lau's dismay.]

BL: Cody Mertz, since the day you came back to the AWA, you've been telling everyone who will listen how badly you want a crack at the Kings of Wrestling. You say you want to get your hands on Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor.

How you want to get your hands on me!

[Another big cheer! Lau looks incredulous, shaking his head as he continues.]

BL: You would cheer that, you rabid animals. You know, every time I step into the state of Texas, I think there's nothing that wouldn't make this state better than it is... nothing but an earthquake that sinks this rotten, stinking cesspool straight to the bottom of the ocean!

[The boos pour down now. Lau seems pleased with that.]

BL: Now, where was I? Oh, yes... Cody Mertz. You see, Mertz... you DID get your hands on me recently... but unfortunately for you, my bodyguard - Shane Taylor - was nowhere to be seen that night. Because if he was... well, I can imagine that things might've gone very different for you. Right, Shane?

[Taylor nods enthusiastically. Fawcett arches an eyebrow nearby.]

BL: I hope so, Shane. For your sake. Because the Kings of Wrestling do NOT tolerate incompetence... something you both would do well to remember.

[Fawcett yanks his blood red handkerchief into view, sweeping it up over his mouth as he stares at Lau. Shane Taylor nods again, balling up his fists with a "I'm ready, boss!"]

BL: You better be. Now, Mr. Mertz... you get yourself out here and find out what REALLY happens when you tangle with the Kings of Wrestling.

[Lau lowers the mic, staring down the aisle...]

...and when the opening notes to "Can't Hold Us" kick in, the Houston crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Ask and you shall receive, Brian Lau! Because here comes Cody Mertz!

[Cody Mertz appears a moment later through the curtain, shouting to the fans as he locks his eyes down on the ring where his opposition for the night awaits. He grins, slapping the hands of the fans alongside the barricade as he makes his way towards the ring.]

GM: Cody Mertz has made it his personal mission since returning to the AWA to get his hands on Taylor, Donovan, and Lau. He wants the Kings of Wrestling to pay for their assault on he and his tag team partner, Michael Aarons, at the start of 2016. Tonight, he just might get one step closer.

[Mertz reaches the ring, pointing a threatening finger at Lau who departs the ring, standing in the corner near Harrison Fawcett as Shane Taylor tugs on the ropes, trying to stay loose.]

GM: The referee's speaking to Cody Mertz... now to Shane Taylor... this one is just about set to get started here in Houston.

[The official walks over to the timekeeper, giving a wave.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Cody Mertz rushes across the ring, throwing a dropkick at the back of Shane Taylor who still is tugging on the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Dropkick in the corner!

[Mertz pulls Taylor off the mat, shoving him back against the turnbuckles.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Overhead chop in the corner!

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Two big chops and Shane Taylor is reeling already!

[Mertz grabs Taylor by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner.]

GM: Taylor hits the other corner hard... and here comes Mertz!

[Approaching swiftly, Mertz turns to throw a back elbow but Taylor lunges clear, causing Mertz to slam into the turnbuckles!]

BW: Nice move by Taylor! And now he's got his chance, Gordo.

[Whipping around, Taylor buries a boot into the midsection of Mertz... and another... and another... and another...]

...and then plants his boot on the throat of Mertz, hanging off the ropes for leverage as he strangles the air from the former Air Strike member!]

GM: A blatant choke in the corner, doing nothing at all to hide it.

[Taylor breaks at the count of four, pulling Mertz into a side headlock before driving his clenched fist up between the eyes.]

GM: Mertz made an early mistake and Taylor's taking advantage of it, fans.

[Taylor grabs the wobbly Mertz, lifting him up into the air, and dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Right down on the back of the head and neck... Taylor rolls into a cover...

[The referee gets down quickly, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: Two count only... and Brian Lau isn't saying a word out there. He's just watching silently. No strategy. No encouragement to his charge.

BW: Let's get something straight here, Gordo. Brian Lau doesn't MANAGE Shane Taylor. Shane Taylor is Mr. Lau's employee.

GM: Listen to you... "Mr. Lau"... where did you guys go to dinner this week?

BW: That hardly seems relevant.

[Taylor pulls Mertz off the mat by the hair, looking to strike again. He reaches down, grabbing Mertz by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... Mertz off the far side...

[But on the rebound, Mertz goes up for a satellite headscissors... spinning around... and around... and around...]

GM: BROUSSARD SPECIAL!

[...and drags Taylor down to the mat with the Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! TAYLOR'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[And within a few moments, Taylor is tapping like crazy.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[Mertz lets go of the hold, spinning to a knee, locking eyes with Brian Lau who is fuming mad out on the floor. He's not visibly showing his anger but it's there if you look hard enough. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is looking at Lau, waiting to see what his next move will be.]

GM: Cody Mertz locking eyes with Brian Lau... almost daring him to get inside the ring with him.

BW: I don't expect that to happen.

GM: Nor do I... and as Cody Mertz gets his hand raised, continuing his winning ways since returning to the AWA, you've gotta think he just got a step closer to getting his hands on Taylor and Donovan, Bucky.

BW: Ehh, maybe... but the champs are pretty busy guys, Gordo.

GM: Busy?! Doing what?!

BW: They're the tag team champions! They've got matches! They've got personal appearances! Autograph signings! I think they're visiting some sick kids this week! Who knows what else?! I don't have their schedule in front of me, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break. If those two ever visited any sick children, it's because they took a wrong turn on their way to the plastic surgery post-op.

BW: Those ladies need some support as well.

GM: Cody Mertz making his exit, fans, heading back up the aisle your winner...

[With Mertz cleared out, Brian Lau climbs in the ring, glaring at him as he makes his exit...

...and then turning his attention to Shane Taylor who is struggling to get off the mat, holding his arm in pain.]

GM: Uh oh. This looks like a pretty tense situation, fans.

[Lau shouts something off-mic at Taylor.]

BW: I think he just called Taylor an embarrassment to his family... pretty strong words there for-

[And then suddenly, Lau spins around and buries a martial arts style kick into the throat of Taylor, knocking him down to the canvas.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Boot to the throat! A kick right to the throat and-

[The crowd explodes in a reaction as Lau surges forward, repeatedly kicking Shane Taylor in the head with his custom leather loafers!]

GM: Lau's putting the boots to him!

BW: Boots?! Those are custom Italian shoes! You know how badly human sweat damages those?!

GM: I haven't the slightest idea but Lau doesn't seem to care as he stomps and kicks Shane Taylor - his own bodyguard - into the mat!

[After a minute of stomping and kicking, Lau drops back, slumping back against the ropes, breathing heavily. He throws a dismissive gesture towards Taylor, ducking through the ropes and making his exit, leaving Taylor and Fawcett behind as the crowd jeers the manager's exit.]

GM: Well, it appears as though things in the Kings of Wrestling are not at all fine... not at any level. You've got the conflict between James and Detson and now this? Still want to tell me that-

BW: The Kings are fine!

GM: Of course you do. But I think the fans can see otherwise... and I'm sure our own Sweet Lou Blackwell can see the same thing. Lou?

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop, a big grin on his face.]

SLB: Trouble in paradise for the Kings of Wrestling indeed, Gordon. Fans, for the past couple of months, there have been a number of tag teams trying to leverage their position into a title shot against the reigning AWA World tag team champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Two of those teams, Next Gen and The Slaughterhouse, crossed paths and it was back at Homecoming where things really came to a head. It all took place as Eric Somers was announcing his retirement and... well, fans, it was a scary moment for his nephew Howie Somers. Let's go back and take a look at what went down.

[We cut to the footage from Homecoming, picking up as Eric Somers is about to wrap up his retirement speech.]

ES: All right, I've probably exceeded my time allotted, so I'll close by saying-

[Before we can find out what Somers was going to close by saying, we hear the screams that can only mean the arrival of Slaughterhouse.]

GM: Now what in the world is THIS about?

BW: I don't know but if Eric Somers has a single firing brain cell left, he'll get the heck out of there before-

[The curtain parts as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley lead the way, walking with purpose down the aisle in their ring gear. Anton Layton comes behind them, walking in his black velvet robe with the crescent moon on the back, gripping the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr in his hand, holding it over his head as The Hangman trails behind him, noose around his own neck, the end of the rope dangling down towards the floor.]

BW: Too late.

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all, Bucky.

[Eric Somers walks over towards the timekeeper's table, gesturing towards them. The timekeeper gets up and seems about to hand off his chair but Crowley arrives, putting his foot down on the table with a loud "NO!" Crowley puts his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand as smiles up at the hulking Somers.]

GM: The Lost Boy and Crowley out here on the floor... The Hangman as well...

[Anton Layton makes his way over to Rebecca Ortiz, a sickening smile on his face as he rubs the back of his hand on her cheek...]

GM: Ew. I need to shower just seeing that.

[...and then snatches the house mic from her, smirking as he scales the ringsteps, dropping the hood on his robe to reveal his pasty white flesh and bleached blonde hair.]

AL: Ohhhh, mighty Somers.

It has been too long, my friend. Too long indeed.

[Somers' eyes are floating back and forth, keeping his gaze moving from the Slaughterhouse members, barely even acknowledging that Layton is in the ring talking to him.]

AL: Your words are strong, mighty Somers... they even manage to warm the heart of a monster like the Prince of Darkness... the one chosen to bear the Eye... the one who sees all because of it...

[Somers finally looks at Layton with a "what the hell are you talking about" expression.]

AL: And I DO see, mighty Somers... I see the truth in your words... and the pain in your heart. I see how you grieve for your bond with Cooper. I see the regret for the things you've done to sully your legacy.

And I see the love for your family. For young Julie. For young Howie.

[Somers arches an eyebrow, perhaps finally understanding the reason for this intrusion.]

ES: Look, I've got nothing to say to you, Layton.

[Layton chuckles.]

AL: Ehehehehehe. Ehehehehehehehe. EHEHEHEHEHHE!

I do NOT doubt that, mighty Somers! But I have something to say to you... rather a message for you to deliver...

[Layton suddenly lashes out, swinging a stiff-fingered blow up into the throat of Somers! Somers sinks to his knees, coughing violently as Porter Crowley and the Lost Boy slide into the ring, swarming him!]

GM: What in the-?! What is going on here?!

[The Lost Boy, Porter Crowley, and Anton Layton are putting the boots to Eric Somers to the jeers of the Texas crowd...]

...who suddenly break into cheers!]

GM: NEXT GEN! NEXT GEN!

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper come tearing down the aisle, having obviously been ready for this fight. Harper dives under the bottom rope...

...and finds the Hangman waiting for him, reaching out and grabbing Harper by the throat!]

GM: Oh no! The Hangman's got Harper! The Hangman's got!

[But the Hangman simply spins Harper around, holding his arms as Howie Somers comes under the ropes, ready to fight as Anton Layton stands at the wait...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[...and HURLS a fireball at the face and torso of the incoming Howie Somers!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The fireball strikes Somers flush, sending him down to the mat, rolling over to his stomach, trying to soothe the burns as Layton stands over him, cackling madly. Eric Somers manages to crawl away from the Slaughterhouse, throwing his battered body over his nephew!]

GM: This was... that was a trap, Bucky! That had to be a trap! Layton was waiting for him!

BW: It sure looked that way, Gordo. Layton was waiting with that fireball as soon as Somers got in the ring... and they were making Harper watch! The Hangman held Harper and made him watch!

[Harper wriggles free from the Hangman's grip, diving to his knees as he tries to tend to his screaming partner. Layton is still cackling loudly as he gestures to his men, coordinating their exit from the ring as Harper and Eric Somers tend to the burnt Howie Somers as AWA medical team members come steaming down the aisle to the ring.

We cut back to Blackwell, who is now joined by Daniel Harper. The black-haired wrestler wears a San Antonio Spurs jersey -- No. 21 for Tim Duncan -- over a black T-shirt and blue jeans.]

SLB: Daniel Harper, thank you for joining me. We just saw the footage of what happened to your tag team partner. First, could you give us an update on the medical condition of Howie Somers.

[Harper bows his head, sighs and speaks in a somewhat hushed tone.]

DH: Lou, Howie caught that fireball on the right side of his face -- he got blisters on his cheek and chin, a few around the side of his face. He couldn't see out of his right eye for about a day or so, but thank god there was no permanent damage. Still, he doesn't have his vision fully back and the doctors aren't going to clear him to wrestle any time soon -- not until he can see well again and his skin heals up. Don't know how long that's gonna be.

SLB: [nodding] I know fans out there are hoping for a quick recovery for Howie Somers. But the question remains, what are you going to do now that your tag team partner is out of the picture for the time being? Where do you go from here?

[Harper sighs again and still speaks in that hushed tone, his head still lowered.]

DH: You know, I've been in the AWA for nearly two years now -- in wrestling itself for two years. Though I've learned a lot from my tag team partner -- my best friend -- I know I've got more to learn. I mean, yeah, I managed to beat Anton Layton, but a lot of people would say that's not enough. They'd say I'm not prepared to go out there on my own. That I'm too inexperienced -- especially when you're talking about the likes of Layton and his men. Well, to all those people who say such things...

[He lifts his head and his eyes widen, the anger evident on his face. And that's when he raises his voice.]

DH: You don't know me at all!

If anybody thinks for one minute that I'm going to tuck my tail between my legs and go into hiding while I don't have my tag team partner watching my back, they are full of it! There's not a chance that I'm going to run and hide from Layton, Crowley, the Lost Boy, the Hangman -- anybody!

I'm still going into that ring, proving that, yes, I am more than ready to go out there on my own! That I am more than ready for whatever lies ahead of me! And that, if it means I have to go in to that ring against any of Layton's men -- or if I have to take on all four men at the same time -- I am more than ready to do that!

Because there is no way that I'm going to sit on the sidelines while my partner is out of action! There is no way I'm going to be content with watching at home while people like Layton, the Axis and the Kings of Wrestling are still causing problems around here! And there is certainly no way I'm going to let Layton and those he surrounds himself with get away with what happened to not just my partner, but my best friend in this business!

I will be in that ring next week, and Layton better be watching closely, because he will find out quickly just why there is no way things are settled!

[He takes a deep breath and folds his arms.]

DH: No way! No damn way!

[With that, Harper walks off the set.]

SLB: Whoa... Daniel Harper still wants to take the fight to Layton, the Slaughterhouse, even the Hangman? I admire his guts, but those are odds I'm not sure I like. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but hang right here with us because we'll be right back with more action in the tag team division!

[Fade to black...

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners

and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to live action inside the Toyota Center. We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. There are two men currently in the ring, and the larger of the two men is strutting in front of Rebecca Ortiz. Ortiz, however, doesn't look too impressed and ignores him. The man, noticing that he's not impressing her, throws his hands up in the air and shouts out to the crowd.]

RO: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, at a total combined weight of four hundred and eighty six pounds.. first, from Lake Charles, Louisiana, here is GEORGE BISHOP!

[George Bishop raises his right arm to the crowd, who gives very little crowd creation. Bishop is a short, balding man in generic black trunks, black boots, and no kneepads.]

RO: His partner, from Friendswood, Texas.. here is.. BRAXTON BUTLER!

[Braxton Butler, the man who tried to win Rebecca Ortiz' affections, steps in front of her, with his back to the camera. He's wearing an orange jacket with a black monogrammed BB on the back. He wears trunks of the same shade of orange as his jacket, and a pair of black boots. He raises his arms over his head, and then jerks his thumbs down, pointing to the initials on his jacket. The crowd gives Butler a bit more of a reaction than they did for Bishop, booing this display of arrogance. Hearing the boos, Butler turns and sneers at the crowd. Ortiz chuckles, and suddenly a familiar snare drum starts up. The fans cheer as they recognize the first few notes of "The Armed Forces' Hymn" played by a marching band.]

RO: And their opponents, on their way to the ring, at a total combined weight of five-hundred and sixteen pounds...

..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

...CHARLIE STEPHENS....

...AMERICAN PRIDE!

[The first few bars of the Marine's Hymn play through to the approval of the fans, before a trio of Marine reserve members march out, serving as a color guard. They fly the Stars And Stripes, the Marine flag, and the flag of Texas, leading the way for the popular duo known as American Pride!]

GM: Alright, Americans! Look at this presentation of the Stars and Stripes!

[Flint appears first, stepping onto the entryway. Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm which is emblazoned in American red, white, and blue.

Stephens steps out behind him, staring towards the ring. Stephens is wearing a white T-Shirt with "USA" on it in red, white, and blue lettering. The physique can be seen through the shirt, as it's a pretty tight fit. Stephens' hair, normally in a military buzz-cut, is getting a little bit longer. His jaw is nice and square, much like his partner, a solid symbol of American pride. Stephens wears simple camouflage wrestling trunks, with black knee pads and black boots. His right hand's fingers are taped in red, white, and blue tape.]

GM: "Captain" Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens heading down that aisle, showing their pride in our country for all to see!

[Flint slaps hands all the way down the aisle, passing out small American flags as he goes. Stephens is more business like as he makes his way to the ring, but he does make sure to slap hands with his fellow patriots in the crowd as well as well. Flint surveys the crowd, making sure to make stops for children and anyone with any emblem that indicates that they are a veteran. He shakes hands with them before moving on. Stephens gives a salute to the veterans as he passes by as well. The Marine's Hymn cycles in the background as Flint takes his time, moving down the aisle and all the way around the ring. Stephens is a bit more business-like, hopping on the apron and waiting for his partner to finish, making sure to keep an eye on the opponents, as Butler is running his mouth.]

GM: Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens getting ready for action here tonight!

BW: Eventually. Flint's probably lost. All that heavy ordinance has rattled his brain!

GM: Bucky! Show some respect, for goodness sake!

[Bucky snorts.]

GM: Let's get on to business here. Bucky, what did you think about American Pride's post-match comments on Power Hour? We were expecting to hear about their plans, but the tone of their interview went kind of dark all of a sudden.

BW: Gordo, look, have you noticed all this tension in the air over these last few months. Not just here in the AWA between the Axis and the Kings of Wrestling, but you know, just in general?

[Despite the growing tension that Bucky's talking about, it seems that Flint is not looking tense at all. Flint's got a big ol' country wide smile on his face as he looks out over the Houston crowd.]

GM: Bucky, I've definitely noticed it, we are a little under seven weeks away from the election after all. It really hasn't been a pleasant thing to experience, that's for sure.

BW: Differences of political opinion lately have ruined a lot of families. We got Thanksgiving coming up here, so I wouldn't be surprised if some of these arguments at the dinner table turn into hardcore fights. Can you imagine a wishbone to the eye?

GM: Good grief, Bucky.

BW: But I can tell ya this, that's not gonna happen at the Wilde dinner table this year, no sir! The Wilde household is all on the same page!

GM: Well..

BW: I know what you're about to say. I've already sent out the invitations, and you-know-who are NOT invited!

[Gordon chuckles, realizing that Bucky knew he was about to bring up the black sheep of the Wilde family. Finally, the former (don't dare call him "ex-") Marine and Army Private climbs the ring steps and enter the ring. Flint pumps a fist to the crowd as Stephens gives a salute. The crowd roars their approval, and the extra enthusiastic chant from the Texan crowd begins...]

Crowd: "U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A!"

[The Marine's Hymn dies out, but the chant keeps going as Flint goes to the ropes, cupping his ear and encouraging the chant. Stephens stretches against the ropes, waiting for the match to start. Flint approaches Stephens, and whispers in his ear. Stephens nods his head, and steps in between the ropes.]

GM: Flint's gonna start off the match for American Pride, and it looks like Butler is going to start off for his team.

[The bell sounds, and Butler quickly walks up to Flint. Showing that he's not impressed with Flint in the least, Butler starts mouthing off. Some of what he's saying can be picked up at ringside.]

BB: ...hit the showers, Captain Crunch! Why don't you take you and Private Benjamin over there and scrub out the latrines with Sergeant Snorkel!

BW: This kid's got a mouth on him, I like him!

GM: I'm sure Flint's heard it all before in his illustrious career. This young man, Butler, is making his first appearance on AWA television. He's only a rookie with a few matches under his belt so far on Central and West Texas independent promotions. What he lacks in experience, he more than makes up for in confidence.

[Flint grins, letting Butler get everything out of his system. Flint then points down towards the mat. Flint starts jawing back at Butler in response, and this time we can hear what he's saying.]

JF: Ya talk a good game, maggot. Drop and give me twenty!

[Butler's eyes go wide, and he tries to catch Flint off guard with a kick to the midsection.]

BW: Nice try, kiddo.

GM: That's the inexperience of a first year pro. He telegraphed that kick badly, and Flint, with his experience, is about to make him pay!

[Flint spins around Butler, who does a complete 360. When Butler faces Flint again, Flint clocks him on the jaw with an uppercut, sending Butler flying to the mat. Butler rolls away towards the ropes, and pulls himself to his feet. Butler cocks back his fist, and angrily charges at Flint. However, when Butler throws his punch, Flint blocks it with an open palm.]

GM: Flint catches the punch! Butler's regretting mouthing off right now, and Flint twists the arm.

[Butler yelps out, begging for Flint to let go. Flint shows no mercy and hammers the arm a couple of times, and yanks him towards Stephens. Flint then tags in Stephens, who climbs the ropes.]

GM: Stephens is going up top here, and down on the arm of Butler with a double axehandle!

[Butler shakes his arm, but Stephens doesn't let him breathe for a second, yanking Butler's arm and pinning it behind his back. Stephens then scoops up Butler and slams him to the mat, right on the pinned arm!]

GM: Not letting up on Butler's arm for a second, OOH!

[Stephens gives Butler's arm and shoulder a couple of solid stomps, before jumping in the air and driving a knee into the shoulder of Butler.]

BW: I guess we know now that Private Benjamin triggers Stephens, eh?

GM: Stephens is all business tonight, you can tell with that intense look on his face. Stephens is continuing to work on the arm of the two hundred and fifty five pounder. He yanks Butler to his feet by that arm!

[Stephens yanks Butler towards him, driving his shoulder into Butler's upper arm and shoulder. He once again takes the arm and pins it behind his back, and charges towards the American Pride corner, crushing the arm between Butler's back and the turnbuckle!]

GM: Good grief! Stephens keeping up the aggression in the early going here!

BW: Every time this kid steps into the ring, Gordo, we've been saying that he needs to be more aggressive! This is what he needs. For a former soldier, he's been soft when in a serious fight. Every so often he shows flashes of what he needs to do to take it to the next level, and he's showing that right now.

GM: Indeed.

BW: Teaming with guys like Zack Kelly ain't gonna do it. He's not gonna learn from a guy with such a wretched win-loss record.

GM: Now that American Pride is back, maybe Stephens will finally find more consistent success. Stephens working over Butler in the corner, Flint wanting to get tagged back in but Stephens is looking to stay in the match a little bit longer.

[Stephens pins Butler's arm underneath the ropes, and lets loose with a couple of chops to Butler's chest. He finally tags in Flint after lighting up Butler's chest.]

GM: I think Butler may be relieved that Flint's tagged back in.. whoa!

[Before Stephens steps through the ropes, he has a couple of parting shots for Butler's arm, giving it a couple of kicks before stepping through the ropes.]

BW: That was ridiculous! You tagged out, stop with the cheap shots!

GM: Hey, you said this is what he needs to do. Be aggressive, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but not like that! These two are supposed to be by the book heroes!

[Flint picks up Butler, and marches a few steps before giving him a gutbuster.]

GM: There's that Bunker Buster that Flint has used to polish off opponents in the past! He could do get the win right now as he rolls him over and makes the cover.

[The referee drops down to make the count, but Flint can only get a two count. Disappointed, Flint rolls off of Butler, and makes his way to his feet. As he pulls Butler off the mat, Butler reaches up with his good arm and thumbs Flint in the eyes.]

BW: Butler showing off some All American moves of his own!

GM: Since when is America about poking someone in the eye?

[Butler gets on his feet, and shakes his bad arm, looking to get some feeling back in it after Stephens' attack. Flint stumbles, holding his eye and dropping to a knee. as he reaches a neutral corner. Butler charges in, and the crowd groans as Butler hits Flint on the side of the head with a running knee. He then shouts at the crowd that he's about to finish off Colonel Sanders. The riled up crowd boos in response as Butler laughs.]

BW: This kid's got a military rank pun for every situation!

GM: I hope he doesn't hit the few that gets us a talking to by Fox execs.

[Bucky, knowing what Gordon might mean, is laughing as Butler throws a couple of punches that catch Flint in the back of the head. He then grabs Flint by the back of the head and rams the head into the top turnbuckle, then follows it up with a basic back rake. He then pulls grabs Flint by the back of his fatigues and pulls over to his corner. He shouts at Bishop, and turns away from him, locking Flint in an abdominal stretch.]

GM: Butler going for the abdominal area, after working on his head for a little bit in the neutral corner. Butler's lack of experience is showing as he's done nothing to soften up Flint's midsection so far.

BW: Don't be so sure, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean.. HEY!

[Gordon starts to notice what Bucky is pointing out. While the referee was checking for a submission on Butler's haphazardly applied submission hold, Butler is able to reach back and lock hands with Bishop. Flint cries out in pain as Stephens barks out a protest to the referee in the opposite corner.]

BW: Butler may be new to the game, but his partner certainly isn't.

GM: From what I understand, Bishop's been wrestling for as long as Joe Flint has, but this is the biggest stage he's ever been on. Still, Bishop's definitely picked up a few cheap tricks like this over the years. Check the corner, ref!

[The referee, not getting a submission out of Flint, is suspecting something. He quickly peers around behind Butler to investigate. Bishop, seeing the ref moving, releases his grip on Butler's hand just in time. However, it doesn't seem like Butler was aware. Butler, turns his head towards Bishop and isn't aware that he loosened his grip on the abdominal stretch. Flint, realizing that he has an escape, throws him over and gets free!]

BW: This was a really smart strategy to wear the big man down, but a more in tune team would have never let this happen.

GM: I don't even think Butler had the abdominal stretch in all that well in the first place.

BW: He's shaped like a barrel, so of course Butler wouldn't have had it locked in all the way.

[Butler pulls himself to his feet, and rushes at Flint, who nails him with a solid punch to the bread basket, followed by a second punch, and a third. The crowd cheers on Flint as he rocks Butler with a fourth punch to the gut.]

GM: Rapid fire lefts and rights by Flint, kinda coming out like a machine gun here as Flint's working his way out of trouble!

[The punches drop Butler to a knee, as Flint rises to his feet. Suddenly, to the surprise of the crowd, he leaps over Butler, grabbing him on his way down.]

BW: Uh, am I seeing what I think I'm seeing?

GM: Indeed! A sunset flip from Joe Flint! I don't remember the last time he's ever used one! A very unique way to escape trouble!

[The referee drops down to make the count, but only gets two as the crowd groans in disapproval. Butler breaks free from the sunset flip by kicking Flint in the side of the head. It stuns Flint for a moment as Butler gets to his feet.]

GM: Butler to his feet first, that kick to free himself from the sunset flip did catch Flint pretty good. Butler grabbing Flint by the hair.. OH MY!

[The crowd groans again, as Butler is able to connect with a headbutt. However, Butler did feel the effects of the headbutt as well, seemingly unaware of the hard head of the Marine.]

BW: Not the smartest of moves, I'm pretty sure they make helmets out of what Flint's got going on in that head of his.

[Butler shakes off the headbutt, then winds up and throws a punch. Flint, however, ducks the wild blow. Spinning Butler around, he picks him up and takes him down with his signature atomic drop, drawing cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Flint's famous atomic drop sends Butler flying, but it sent him to his own corner, where he tags in the fresh George Bishop!

[Bishop steps through the ropes, hoping to catch Flint by charging at him. However, Flint has other plans, ducking his head and taking Bishop up and over with a huge backdrop!]

GM: Flint launched Bishop into the lights like he loaded him up in a trebuchet!

BW: Gordo, I don't think the Army ever used a trebuchet, ever.

[Gordon chuckles as the crowd roars to the sight of Flint winding up his right arm.]

GM: Flint going for the windup punch, Bishop is up, and turns around.. right into that devastating right uppercut!

[Bishop is on dream street on the mat as Stephens is wanting the tag, badly. Flint nods his head and effortlessly makes his way to the corner, tagging Stephens in.]

GM: Stephens through the ropes as Bishop gets back on his feet. Not for long, Bishop is yanked back to the mat with authority!

BW: Russian Leg Sweep!

GM: We all know that it's called the Side American Leg Sweep in this case, Bucky.

BW: Gosh, it gets cornier the first time I hear it!

[Stephens picks Bishop back up, and grabs him around the waist. He marches over towards the American Pride corner, and drives Bishop down on his knee with a side backbreaker. Stephens then measures Bishop, and drives his forearm into the side of Bishop's head. He then covers, but can only get a two count.]

GM: Bishop's still relatively fresh, it's gonna take a bit more than that to get the three count. Stephens has Bishop back on his feet, front facelock.. up for a suplex.. no, a slingshot!

[Instead of completing the slingshot suplex, Stephens still has Bishop in a vertical position.]

GM: Stephens is.. OOOHH.

[Stephens doesn't get the chance to finish the move that he was attempting to do, as Butler comes in and makes the save with a right hand to Stephens' gut. Stephens drops Bishop and doubles over as Butler runs his mouth as the ref steps in to escort him back to the corner.]

BW: Stephens looked like he was trying out a brand new move that coulda ended things in a hurry, Braxton saved him just in the nick of time.. look out!

[The crowd cheers as Flint re-enters the ring, and bulldozes Butler with a clothesline to the back of the head as he was walking back to his corner.]

GM: Howitzer! He got all of it on Butler, Butler's out of the match!

[Stephens is recovering after Butler's cheap shot, as Bishop staggers to his feet. With a determined look on his face, Stephens goes behind and grabs Bishop around the waist, rushing him towards the ropes.]

GM: A rollup coming up here..

[Stephens hits the ropes with Bishop, and yanks him back to do a rollup, only he rolls through instead of stopping to get a count.]

GM: OH MY! He rolled right through! OH MY STARS AND STRIPES!

[The crowd roars as Stephens ends the roll through with a high angle German Suplex.]

GM: Rolling American Suplex! He dropped Bishop right on the back of his head! The referee slides in position to make the count!

[The crowd chants along to the three count, which is academic at this point.]

GM: American Pride wins it! Let's let Rebecca Ortiz make it official!

RO: Here are your winners, Charlie Stephens, Joe Flint.. AMERICAN PRIDE!

[Bucky scoffs.]

BW: Side American Leg Sweep? American Suplex? These two are laying the whole patriotic schtick in thick, huh?

GM: That's because those two men right there are true American patriots! Their name says it all. Sweet Lou Blackwell's on his way to the ring, and hopefully we're gonna find out a little more about what they were referring to back on Power Hour!

[While Blackwell makes his way to the ring, Butler rolls back into the ring, and picks up Butler by what's left of his hair. With a loud shout of "Let's get outta here!", Butler throws his unlucky partner out of the ring, then follows him out. Sweet Lou passes by the duo, shaking his head as Butler scolds Bishop on the way back. He then enters the ring and makes his way over to the victorious duo. Flint's there to greet him as Stephens looks on.]

SLB: A pretty decisive victory for American Pride this week! Guys, you two have been building up some momentum lately! Any quick words about your win?

JF: Sweet Lou, before we talk about our win and what we got planned fer the future, I'd like to personally apologize to you and the rest of this great country of ours for makin' y'all worry so much after what we said on Power Hour. It came across like we were fearful about somethin'. Since then, I've had to do a little soul searchin'. I've had to recall the wonderful words of our legendary 32nd President of the United States..

"The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself."

[Stephens nods his head in approval.]

SLB: A good quote, for sure, Joe. One we can all live by!

JF: As far as I'm concerned, what we said is nothin' but water under the bridge. The ill wind was more like a bad case of gas, if ya ask me.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

JF: Now then, as everyone all across America saw here tonight, we've picked up another win! You even said we've been buildin' momentum, and yer dang right, pilgrim. We're on a roll, pickin' up victories here on national cable television, on Power Hour, and at live events all across this land that we love! American Pride, both the team, and the concept are alive and well, an' I sincerely hope the AWA championship committee can finally start seein' it!

SLB: Even with your streak lately, you two just haven't been able to crack the rankings.

[Stephens looks on, furrowing his brow.]

JF: I understand this takes time, but, man, bein' so far down the rankings is a bit depressin'. I understand this sorta thing takes time, but we got a couple of undisciplined punks runnin' around backstage holdin' the tag team gold an' braggin' about it every time they can. It's pretty obvious that their daddies, legends of the sport that they are, never taught them how to respect anyone. Where we're at right now, in order to get their attention, we just need to work our way up the rankings and beat everyone the AWA puts in front of us. It ain't America without hard work.

[Stephens steps forward.]

CS: There comes a time in our lives, you want to be bigger.

[Flint slaps Stephens on the shoulder and grins.]

JF: Ain't that the truth, soldier. So over these last few days, me and Charlie here, we've been puttin' our heads together to come up with somethin', and we came up with a solution to our problems. Somethin' I think y'all would like!

Ya see, there's been a lot of buzz lately about promotions like Tiger Paw Pro and SouthWest Lucha Libre. The AWA even just got off of tour from Europe and as everyone saw, there's plenty of great talent to draw from there, so we have a little proposition.

SLB: Are you about to say what I think you're going to say?

[Flint nods his head, grinning in excitement.]

JF: Ya know me way too well, old friend. We're gonna issue an open challenge! We're gonna have a little friendly exhibition. In two weeks, Oklahoma City, it's gonna be USA vs. The World!

[The crowd cheers, as Flint pumps his fist in excitement.]

SLB: That's a great idea, Joe, this...

[Suddenly, Sweet Lou's microphone goes silent. He taps on the microphone, and looks around in confusion. Flint and Stephens also are wondering what's going on. Suddenly, the video screen over the entrance way comes to life as a loud buzz is heard throughout the arena.]

GM: Gah! What is that buzzing sound?

[Various images flash across the screen, they're relatively hard to make out, as they look like photo negatives. Suddenly, the buzzing is interrupted by static and crackling noises. There's a brief pause, and something that sounds like a piano playing Muzio Clementi's Symphony No. 3 is heard. It sounds really warped, kind of like it's playing at a G-Major key. Flint, Stephens, and Blackwell sound bewildered at this odd music playing throughout the arena. Suddenly, a voice breaks through, as what's being shown on the video screen starts to look much clearer. It appears to be a targeting system from an aircraft. The voice starts humming, and singing. The voice also sounds like it's in a G-Major key.]

My country... *crackling* 'tis.. *buzz* of thee..

[The screen shows a convoy of vehicles, and suddenly a small explosion envelops those cars. The video then switches over to a bunch of cop cars. Various people are around the cop cars, looking to be in hysterics about something.]

Sweet land of *crack*bert..*fzzzt* of thee I sing..

[The video fades to an image of a homeless family sleeping on the streets, the mother holding a young toddler. Various affluent looking people walk quickly past them, ignoring them.]

Land where my *bzzzt*thers died..

[A fat, sweaty man is sitting at what looks like a news desk. The man's face looks like it's a weird shade of reddish purple, and it looks like he's shouting at the camera. What he's shouting, we don't know.]

Land*crackle*the pilgrim's pride..

[The video fades to what looks like a very fancy dinner. A bunch of men and women are dressed to the nines, and this looks like the kind of dinner that costs thousands of dollars a plate. There is a sign in the background. Not much of the sign is made out, but we can see the "PAC". Several older men exchange handshakes and hugs at a table. A briefcase is seen on the table.]

From ev'ry moun*snap*tinside..

[The video fades to what looks like a Punisher symbol, decked out in an American flag motif. Suddenly, the music in the background is no longer playing in G-Minor, now it's normal, and the symbol disappears.]

Let freedom ring!

[The words "Soldiers of Fortune" appear on the screen, also in a red, white, and blue color scheme. In the ring, Flint appears to have seen a ghost.]

SLB: Wow.. I, uh, am confused at what I just saw here. Guys?

[Blackwell turns towards Flint.]

JF: No..

I took care of this... I thought I took care of this..

[Stephens turns his head towards Flint, and seems to be confused as to what's going on. Any questions Stephens may be asking Flint is falling on deaf ears. Flint is sweating bullets, as he walks towards the ropes. He then steps through the ropes and starts to slowly make his way towards the back. Stephens looks at Sweet Lou in confusion. Blackwell tries to say something, but he's as confused as Stephens is and shrugs. Stephens looks on, then decides to follow his partner. He steps through the ropes as Flint disappears to the back.]

GM: I don't... fans, I'm not quite sure what to say about what we just saw. Uhh... well, maybe now's a good time for a quick break.

[Fade to black as Charlie Stephens follows his partner down the aisle...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then to black.

We fade back up to the locker room area where a cameraman is following Charlie Stephens. A door swings open at Stephens' hands, revealing a room where a dejected Joe Flint sits, his head in his hands. His partner, Charlie Stephens, has been trying to get some answers.]

CS: Joe? Joe?

[Flint doesn't say anything. Stephens looks one part confused and the other part frustrated.]

CS: C'mon, Joe. What was all that about? Look, you always tell me we gotta focus, we can't let things like this distract us! We got two weeks, are we still doing this or not? You're not in the right frame of mind, Joe.

[Flint raises his head out of his hands, and sighs. He slaps his his hands against his thighs in frustration.]

JF: Charlie..

[Stephens pauses, rubbing his square jaw. Suddenly, his eyes light up.]

CS: Remember what you just said to all these people out there. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

[Flint pauses, then chuckles, remembering the words he said earlier in the show.]

JF: Ya know how to get to me, soldier.

[Flint slowly turns his head to the camera, noticing the cameraman for the first time.]

JF: Charlie's right.

Ya know... Soldiers of Fortune, somethin' from my past that I thought I had finally put to bed once and for all. Ya thought you owned my name.. you thought that you could own my entire LIFE.

Ya were proven WRONG, and ya can't take that. Out there in that ring tonight, ya really did me.. ya did us.. ya did OUR COUNTRY dirty. It ain't goin' down like that...

[Flint starts laughing, then narrows his eyes and starts looking serious.]

JF: Ya slimes...

Ya pukes...

Ya filthy maggots!

[For the first time, possibly ever, Stephens is showing excitement, knowing that his partner snapped out of the funk that Flint's old group had put him in.]

JF: No sir, USA vs. the World ain't off. We're gonna go in there, and show the world what American Pride is truly all about. When we're through with whoever answers the call...

We're gonna take care of the Soldiers of Fortune, before they even get started.

If ya got the guts, ya cowards, ya man up and meet us face to face.

AT... EASE.

[We fade away from the locker room area out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Well, whatever it was that got Joe Flint so rattled, apparently he's shaken it off and reiterated the challenge that American Pride has laid down. USA vs the World... two weeks from tonight. Now, shifting gears for a moment, let's talk about the recent events surrounding Kerry Kendrick, Flex Ferrigno, and baseball superstar, David Ortiz. As we witnessed during the All-Star Showdown, Kerry Kendrick had Boston Red Sox player David Ortiz as a guest, but clearly only so he could set up Ortiz for a confrontation with Flex Ferrigno. But before things got out of hand, Supernova interjected himself.

BW: And by doing that, he put a target on his back, Gordo!

GM: He may have, Bucky, but we know Supernova well enough that he was less concerned about that and more concerned about standing up for Ortiz. And after that incident, Ortiz himself invited Supernova to be his guest at a recent Boston Red Sox game.

BW: Oh, now we know why Supernova got involved -- he saw it as his excuse to get free tickets to a ball game! What a freeloader!

GM: Bucky, that's enough! Supernova was asked to be there and he was more than happy to represent AWA. Let's go to some of the highlights from his appearance at the September 12 game at Fenway Park, where it just so happened that Ortiz made history.

[We cut to footage of Supernova, who wears sunglasses but not his face paint, and wears a Boston Red Sox jersey and ball cap, plus blue jeans. He's in the batting cage, taking a few practice swings. Observing him are David Ortiz and Red Sox second baseman Dustin Pedroia.]

Supernova makes contact with one ball and steps back, admiring his shot.]

DO: You're a natural at this, you know!

S: Haven't done this since high school, but it's like riding a bicycle -- once you learn how to do it, you never forget.

DP: Think maybe they'll sign you to a minor league contract?

[As if on cue, that's when Supernova swings at another ball and fouls it out of play. Supernova shakes his head and cracks a grin.]

S: Maybe you better hold off on that idea.

[Ortiz and Pedroia laugh.]

Cut to footage of Supernova in the bullpen, standing behind Red Sox pitcher David Price, who is warming up for the game against the Baltimore Orioles. Price throws a pitch, then glances back at Supernova.]

DP: So how's that arm of yours?

S: I can land a pretty good punch once in a while.

DP: [grinning] I'm thinking more about whether you can hit the strike zone.

S: [laughing] Well, it's been a long time since I took the mound.

DP: Well, you better get warmed up, too -- you know what they want you to do, right?

[Price slaps Supernova on the shoulder and they share a laugh.]

We cut to later footage of Supernova walking out to the mound and acknowledging the cheering crowd. He accepts a baseball from a Fenway Park grounds crew member and takes the mound.

The footage cuts to a shot behind Supernova, where we seem him deliver a pitch that gets to home plate but is a bit outside the strike zone -- still fielded by Red Sox catcher Sandy Leon, who flashes a grin at the AWA wrestler. They jog toward each other and exchange a handshake.

Cut to footage of Supernova in the Red Sox dugout, where he is talking to a couple other players.]

S: My high school coaches always told me I needed to work on my control. That's why I always got stuck in middle relief.

[He and the players share a laugh.

We then cut to footage in the bottom of the sixth inning, with David Ortiz up to bat. He takes a swing and hustles to first base. We hear commentary from the Red Sox announce crew.]

"Shot hit deep to right field... and it's gone! David Ortiz has hit his 536th home run! He's tied with the legendary Mickey Mantle for 17th all time on Major League Baseball's career home run list!"

[Ortiz rounds the bases and is greeted by teammates at home plate.

Cut to footage after the game, in which Supernova approaches David Ortiz in the locker room. They share a handshake, then a hug.]

S: Congratulations -- I'm really happy for you.

DO: Thank you for being here -- and thank you for being there at All-Star Showdown.

S: Hey, I know you've got a playoff race to worry about now, but just remember -- if you ever do come back to AWA, you know I'll have your back.

DO: I appreciate that, my friend. Best of luck to you.

[We then cut to footage of Supernova outside the locker room.]

S: I'm gonna make one thing clear -- Flex Ferrigno thinks he can run his mouth off at anybody he pleases, but he learned the hard way that David Ortiz doesn't care much for bullies -- and neither do I! As for Kerry Kendrick, I have unfinished business with him, but if he wants to throw himself in with Ferrigno, he'll find out the hard way what it means to feel the heat -- and it might be from more than just the franchise of the AWA!

[We cut back to the announcers.]

GM: A great night for Supernova in Boston... and for David Ortiz as well. Of course, the AWA wants to send their congratulations to Mr. Ortiz for making baseball history yet again.

BW: Yeah, but you only wanted to show Supernova be a big gloryhog. Where is Flex? Where is Kerry?

GM: Unfortunately, that clip we just saw wouldn't be the only footage involving the Red Sox we'd see this week. We've got more footage for you that we'll be airing in just a little bit but right now, let's head down to the ring for action in the AWA's Women Division!

[The arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a putting iron slung over her shoulder. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAA TOUGHILL!!!

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes. She wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder.]

GM: Look out... Look out!

[Toughill charges to the opposing corner until her opponent cowers back. Like a schoolyard bully satisfied that she already put a sense of fear into her opponent, she backs off, dropping the golf club to the apron.]

RO: Her opponent, hailing from Richmond, Virginia... weighing 123 pounds... Maci Layne!

[Layne, a young woman in her mid-20s with shoulder-length chestnut hair, already looks intimidated.]

BW: And here's the meat they've thrown into the tiger cage tonight, Gordo.

GM: I'll say. Erica Toughill, the Queen of Clubs... she has earned a reputation as one of the most daunting opponents for any competitor attempting to make headway in the Women's Division.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And I have to say that I am very proud of Julie Somers' poise and guts while competing against this vicious tigress, at both Homecoming and in tag action at All Star Showdown.

[Layne approaches Toughill cautiously. Her caution nets her Toughill's fist in her hair, pulling her into a lariat.]

ET: "eee-YAAAH!"

GM: My goodness.

BW: She can smell fear, Gordo

[Toughill pulls her opponent up to knee-height by the hair and begins laying in knee-strikes to the skull.]

BW: You know, you can hype Julie Somers up all you want Gordo, but the fact remains that at both All-Star Showdown and Homecoming, she had to be saved from a world-class beating from the royal fists of the Queen of Clubs.

[Toughill snakes an arm under the chin of her opponent and squeezes maliciously.]

GM: I don't know that you were watching the same match I was, Bucky, because if you recall, Erica Toughill got herself disqualified in their first meeting. And last week at All-Star Showdown, her accomplice Lauryn Rage and her partner Xenia Sonova turned the ring into a melee. The referee had no choice but to throw the match out.

BW: Trivia, Gordo. Julie Somers had someone to step in and protect her when things weren't going her way.

GM: Some have speculated that while Erica Toughill dominated the lion's share of her match with Julie Somers at Homecoming, Somers kicked out of everything Toughill could throw at her.

[Layne cries out as Toughill begins gouging her eyes with her free hand, and the referee forces a break.]

GM: I don't know what this harridan hopes to accomplish by constantly pressing her luck and inviting disqualification. We're normally used to seeing Erica Toughill in the corner of Kerry Kendrick, but... we'll get to that a little later.

[Toughill looms over her huddled opponent.]

ET: "GET UP!"

GM: ...What I find surprising is that Toughill seems to want the kind of match that... the AWA has frankly evolved beyond, I would hope.

[Toughill decides that if her opponent won't follow her barking command, she'll take matters into her own hands. She yanks Maci Layne upright by the hair.]

BW: And Julie Somers, she's may be a lot of things, but she's not a dummy. I've seen the footage of the matches Erica Toughill had with the likes of Poet Wright and Kurayami in Japan and I-

GM: [interrupting] ...And I would not encourage anyone of a squeamish nature to do likewise. Oh my! Brutal Backdrop Driver on the head and neck of this poor young woman. We're less than two minutes into this match and the referee should really consider stopping this.

BW: Oh yeah, Ricki would LOVE it if her match was cut short again. Look, she's had a stressful summer and poor Ricki needs matches like this to blow off some steam.

[Layne is still curled up on the mat, holding her neck.]

ET: "GET UP!"

GM: Nothing but disrespect from the schoolyard bully of the AWA!

[Toughill again takes charge of her opponent, yanking her off the mat into a standing head scissors.]

GM: And we've seen Erica Toughill use this before to great effect. Hoists her opponent up...

ET: "unnn-GGGAH!"

GM: ...Into a powerbomb!

BW: Look at that! Folded that little girl like a lawn chair!

GM: Keeps the waistlock held and the referee into position. And this match is mercifully...

[Toughill releases the cover at two-and-a-half.]

GM: ...Oh for love of... What is she trying to prove?

[Toughill drags her opponent by the wrist to the ropes, draping her across the middle. She gets a run at the ropes...]

BW: Oh Gordo, you can say that Julie Somers took everything Ricki Toughill had to throw at her. I say she's been holding back a lot of weapons in her arsenal.

GM: Toughill with a head of steam and... oh my goodness... a big vertical splash across the back of her hapless opponent. Bucky, Erica Toughill fights like an alley cat.

BW: She made a promise, Gordo... she said if she can't get Julie Somers in her match, she's going to decimate her competition.

GM: That's a very dangerous threat to make, because you and I both know that the AWA will never sanction such an exhibition... And stop with the hairpulling, for goodness' sake!

[Toughill pulls Layne to the center of the ring with a handful of hair. She scowls hatefully into Layne's wide-eyed, panic-stricken face.]

GM: Oh my!

ET: "whhh-AH!"

[Toughill twists Maci Layne's neck over her shoulder, dropping to the canvas with a fist full of brunette hair. Layne emits a sickening, guttural yelp and curls into the fetal position again, hands clasped behind her neck. Toughill just sits upright and blows a satisfied pink bubble.]

BW: She's a Tigress; she's toying with her. You ever see a cat when it gets hold of a mouse?

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky, but Toughill picks her spots; that wasn't the case when she was in the ring with an athlete the calibre of the Spitfire.

BW: And look at this girl stuck in the ring with her; she's like a mouse or rabbit that shuts down mentally in self-defense.

[Toughill stands over her opponent, who has been bullied beyond the point of fighting back. She raises her boot...]

GM: Oh, not this again...

BW: I'm just gonna look away if that's okay with you, Gordo. I'll listen for the scream so I know when to turn back.

[...And drives the heel down forcefully onto Layne's calf.]

"IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: There it is.

[The referee rushes to check on Layne, and quickly calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And thank goodness that is over! Finally the referee stepped in to make the right call there, and to stop this screeching hellion from doing even more damage.

[Toughill isn't finished, evidently. She rolls to the outside and begins ripping at the padding on the floor.]

BW: She's rearranging the rug, Gordo.

GM: What has gotten into the Queen of Clubs! She's gone berserk!

[With a section of floor bared, Toughill reaches into the ring and drags Layne away from the official by the wrist and out of the ring.]

"DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This match has been stopped, but Erica Toughill isn't done brutalizing her opponent.

[Toughill pushes past the referee, and loads Maci Layne into a fireman's carry. She jogs the short distance to the bared section of floor...]

GM: We need some help out here!

[...And Toughill dives backward with a Samoan Drop, planting Layne into the bare floor with a sickening...]

"SPLAAAAAAAAAAAAAT!"

BW: She said she'd do this, Gordo. She's going to be the monster the wrestling world made her.

[Toughill stands up and gets in the face of the troika of officials now trying to get here to vacate the ringside area. She shoves one and shouts back into his face.]

ET: "Give me my fight then!"

[The ringside area scatters when she grabs the golf club she brought out earlier. She smacks it on the ring steps to punctuate her argument.]

ET: "Give..."

"THUNK."

ET: "Me..."

"THUNK."

ET: "My..."

"THUNK."

ET: "FIGHT!"

"THUNK."

[She begins to walk back to the locker room, pausing only to bend over Maci Layne and mash her bubble gum into Layne's hair.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: You talk about adding insult to injury... oh brother.

GM: Erica Toughill has gone too far tonight, Bucky. Too far! And while they get some help out here for Maci Layne, let's go to a break. This is ridiculous.

[A sneering Toughill walks back up the aisle as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on Gordon and Bucky standing ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and I have to say that I'm not at all pleased by what we're about to show you. Honestly, I have no idea why anyone in production would okay the release of this... I don't know why we're putting a spotlight on it. It's embarrassing. It's distasteful. It's the kind of thing that lowers the public's opinion of our great sport.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: That having been said... it's not my decision to make so take a look at this footage we received earlier today.

[We fade from our announce duo to a shot from outside Fenway Park. From the massive crowd walking by, it appears to be yet another game day. But judging by the number of Yankees jersey that are visible, it's not the same game we saw footage of earlier.

We cut inside Fenway into a corridor with Boston Red Sox paraphernalia lining the walls. And there's Kerry Kendrick in a Philadelphia Phillies t-shirt, a phone to his ear. Beside him is Flex Ferrigno, hands clasped, working his magnificently oiled biceps; even in the middle of the afternoon, he has his chainmail draped over his head.]

KK: [on phone] And it'll air on The X tomorrow night?

[He smugly chuckles.]

KK: [on phone] I knew I could count on you, gorgeous. Love you, babe.

[He hangs up the phone.]

FLEX: Talkin' to your old lady?

KK: You could say that.

[They turn to the camera.]

KK: But all you people need to know is that I have all the say in the content of "Kerry Kendrick's Think Tank." And this week, after hearing that Supernova decided

to invite himself to join the Red Sox a few days ago, I decided that we needed to do a Part Two of my interview with David Ortiz.

FLEX: Ya knooooow... All day today we've been dealing with Chowds. You know Chowds, Kerry?

KK: You mean Bostonians, right Flex?

FLEX: They're Chowds. Ya know... "Wicked Hahhd!" All these "townies" going to the "pahlah" for their "CHOWDAH!" I been tryin' to teach these Chowds how to talk, but I can't get nowhere!

KK: Well, we're not waiting for "express written consent." We're cutting to the point and going straight into the Red Sox clubhouse. Maybe we'll stop in, sit in their leather recliners, smoke their cigars... Hey, it's already the sixth inning, they probably won't mind the company in there...

[Flex pushes the bar of the door and throws it open. The camera follows Ferrigno and Kendrick into the Red Sox clubhouse.]

KK: Hey boys, you like apples?

FLEX: `Cause I got the biggest apple of all just waitin' for ya.

[Of course, the room is empty at this point in the game. Ferrigno struts around like he owns the place, smirking at the scene.]

FLEX: Looks like no one's home.

KK: That's a shame. Maybe we should leave a note?

[Ferrigno chuckles, snatching up a baseball bat out of a nearby locker.]

FLEX: Sounds good to me.

[Ferrigno sets in a batting stance, taking a few practice swings...]

KK: Ferrigno at the bat. Two balls, two strikes... here's the pitch...

[Ferrigno races forward, taking a full force swing with the bat at a large television in the clubhouse. The glass shatters on impact, a burst of sparks as Ferrigno cackles.]

KK: BACK, BACK, BACK, BACK... SHE IS OUTTA HERE!

[Ferrigno kicks the television over, slinging the bat over his shoulder as Kerry Kendrick walks alongside the row of lockers, annoyingly just pulling things out of them, spilling their contents on the floor. There goes a few batting gloves... a bottle of cologne... a baseball jersey or two. He comes to a stop.]

KK: Hey Flex... check it out.

[Ferrigno is in the middle of dumping a giant jug of Gatorade out on the floor when he turns towards Kendrick who is standing in front of David Ortiz' locker.]

FLEX: Well, lookie here... the fat man's locker.

[Ferrigno reaches in, pulling out a jersey marked ORTIZ across the back.]

FLEX: No, no... this'll never fit Big Fatty.

KK: Maybe it just needs stretched out a little bit.

FLEX: Good idea.

[Ferrigno grabs each side of the collar and gives a yank, ripping the jersey in two.]

FLEX: Oops.

[He throws the shredded jersey over his shoulder as Kendrick digs in a little deeper.]

KK: Aww, how cute.

[Kendrick holds up a framed family photo of Ortiz with his wife and kids...

...and then whips it across the room like a frisbee, cackling as it hits a wall and shatters.]

FLEX: What else is in-

[A voice cries out from behind them.]

"HEY! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING IN HERE?!"

[The shaky cell phone footage turns towards the sound of the voice, revealing a scrawny looking clubhouse attendant who realizes he's now got some very large people staring at him.]

"You... uhh... you can't be in here. It's restricted."

KK: Restricted, huh? Well, we'd hate to be breaking any rules... right, Ricki?

[The cell phone "nods" up and down.]

KK: Don't worry, young man. We'll go peacefully.

[Kendrick steps closer to the camera, whispering something to the holder of it. He takes it, holding it in his hand.]

KK: I'll hold this for a moment. Don't want to keep you out of all the fun.

[And as he holds the cell phone, we see Erica Toughill dash across the ring, burying a right hand in the gut of the clubhouse attendant. A boot to the ribs follows... and another... and another...]

KK: Ooh! Ugh! Ow! Jeez, Ricki... take it easy.

[Kendrick suddenly flips the camera towards him.]

KK: Well, uhh... I think we've seen enough of that. Hey, AWA fans... miss ya, love ya, buh bye!

[Another loud crash is heard. Kendrick grimaces as he turns the camera to show Ferrigno having just thrown a chair through a window. The loud noise seems to have alerted security as several more loud voices are en route.]

KK: Yeah, I think our work here is done. Flex, Ricki... let's get out of-

[And the footage cuts to black.]

It stays that way for a moment before we fade to Mark Stegglet standing alongside former AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, who is dressed for action.]

MS: We are just moments away from our second match in the Road To The Gold tournament which will see Supernova take on this man, Johnny Detson. Mr. Detson, your thoughts?

[Detson throws a glare at Stegglet.]

JD: You know, I'm so sick of you so-called interviewers asking me for my thoughts. It's the most generic question out there and I'm not answering it any more! You want an answer from me? Ask a real question.

[Stegglet looks agitated.]

MS: Fine. At the Battle of Boston, you lost to Supernova, the man you're facing tonight. What makes you think anything will be different tonight?

JD: At the Battle of Boston, the whole world knew I didn't want to be there. I was FORCED to be there by Emerson Gellar... and look where that got him.

MS: Are you saying you had something to do with-

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: I can't even get my "brother" Brian James to listen to me. You think his old man is going to take orders from me? Relax, Stegglet... I had nothing to do with Gellar getting dropped like a bad habit. Sure, I've racked up more streams of it on my phone since that day the rumor about the Theresa Lynch video went viral but...

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Oh, and before you ask... I had nothing to do with your buddy Dane getting taken out either. Nor did I kill Colonel Mustard in the Billiard Room.

Supernova faced a man at the Battle of Boston who had nothing to gain by winning that match... and so I lost. I'm man enough to admit it. Supernova cared that night and I didn't. Tonight will be very, very different.

Next question!

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: Alright, let's talk about Supernova's history. Supernova is one of only nine men to compete in the Main Event of a SuperClash - the very prize you all are fighting for here tonight and in two weeks in Oklahoma City.

JD: Your point?

MS: He's been in the Main Event... and you haven't.

[Detson snorts incredulously.]

JD: That's the best you've got, Stegglet? The whole world knows that Johnny Detson got robbed last year. I should have been in the Main Event right here in Houston, fighting Ryan Martinez for the World Title. That spot belonged to me.

But nooooo... the fans of the AWA got a cheap thrill by seeing a drunk guy pander to them for a few months before he took the first opportunity to sell out and go beat up people for Mooselips somewhere else.

So, he got that spot. He got MY spot.

This year is different, Stegglet. This year, no one is being GIVEN that Main Event spot... this year, someone's gotta earn it.

And you're looking at him.

Now, are we done here?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: One more question...

JD: Make it a good one. I'm getting bored over here.

MS: Oh, I'll try. If you win this match tonight... and if your "brother" Brian James does the same later on... you will find yourself face-to-face against the Engine of Destruction in two weeks in Oklahoma City with a trip to SuperClash on the line.

[Detson grumbles, glaring at Stegglet.]

JD: I didn't hear a question in there.

MS: Oh... my mistake... my question is simple...

[Stegglet smirks.]

MS: How long do you think your hospital stay will be after Brian James finally gets his hands on you?

[Detson's jaw drops... and Stegglet walks away, leaving the former World Champion staring wordlessly into the camera...]

...and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a part of the Road To The Gold tournament!

Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin are heard over the speakers.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNN!

[The guitar riffs on for about twenty seconds and then out comes Johnny Detson. Wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with the Fox logo embroidered over his left breast and long gold tights with black boots, he looks over the crowd for a moment as the song continues to play.]

GM: Johnny Detson heading to the ring to do battle in this Road To The Gold tournament... and we know, Bucky, that Johnny Detson has had a personal vendetta against Juan Vasquez for many years.

BW: That's true, Gordo. Years before Detson ever signed with the AWA, he tried to negotiate appearances JUST to get his hands on Vasquez but it never happened. Tonight, he might take his first step towards making that match happen on the biggest stage of them all.

[Detson stands right before the walkway and throws his hood back behind his head. He gives a quick glance to the crowd to show them his disgust before walking down the ramp towards the ring. He steps through the ropes and throws his arms up in the air to the disgust of the crowd. Smirking, he begins to take off his jacket.]

GM: Detson in the ring... now we wait for his opponent who is standing by with Sweet Lou!

[We fade to another part of the locker room where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the face-painted fan favorite, Supernova, who is dressed for action.]

SLB: Supernova, you are just moments away from tangling once again with the former World Champion - Johnny Detson - who you defeated back in July at the Battle of Boston. You've been in the Main Event of SuperClash before and you've gotta like your chances of advancing to the Final Four and winning a spot in the SuperClash Main Event again.

[Supernova nods, a big grin on his face.]

S: You got that right, Lou! Because when I heard Jon Stegklet talking about this Road To The Gold, I starting thinking about Dave Bryant - the last guy to win the Road To The Gold. Dave Bryant who everyone counted out. Dave Bryant who everyone thought was washed up. Dave Bryant who was clinging to the World Television Title with every bit of his being.

He proved the world wrong... and in this Final Four, I plan on...

[Supernova trails off as someone walks into view.]

SLB: Kerry Kendrick, what are you doing here?!

[Kendrick ignores Blackwell.]

KK: The AWA is looking for the guy who can take the strap off Vasquez' entitled waist... and they call on you?

[Kendrick snorts derisively.]

KK: I'd ask if anyone was paying attention to when I BEAT you to become the World Television Champion but I think we all know the brass here doesn't pay any attention to anything not named Vasquez, Martinez, or Lynch.

Sort of like you, Supernova. Because if you paid attention to anything at all...

[Kendrick lets his words hang there as a loud grunt is heard off-camera. Blackwell's eyes go wide, ducking back as Supernova turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets waffled across the ribcage with a steel chair swung by Flex Ferrigno!]

KK: ...you'd have seen that coming a mile away!

[With Supernova down on the floor, Kendrick starts putting the boots to the face-painted fan favorite. A moment later, Ferrigno tosses the steel chair aside and joins in, kicking the ribs as Blackwell shouts for help.]

FF: You wanna beat Detson?! You wanna go to SuperClash?!

[Ferrigno punctuates his questions with a kick.]

FF: That's MY spot, you little punk!

KK: OUR spot.

FF: Sure, whatever. OUR spot.

[A bubble gum-blowing Erica Toughill saunters into view, holding a baseball bat over her shoulder as she gestures at the downed Supernova.]

KK: You want a piece of this trash too? You got it!

[Kendrick and Ferrigno drag a struggling Supernova off the ground, each holding an arm as Toughill winds up...

...and SLAMS the end of the baseball bat into the ribcage, leaving Supernova coughing and gasping down on the floor! As the three stand over him, a sea of AWA officials come pouring into view, trying to get between them and Supernova as we abruptly cut out to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: What in the...?! Supernova just got assaulted just... just moments before he's scheduled to come out here, Bucky!

BW: Oh, I saw it! Kerry Kendrick and Flex Ferrigno have had enough of guys like Supernova holding them back!

GM: Holding them back?! Those two have been busy screwing around with David Ortiz for the past month or two! If they'd focused on winning matches, maybe they'd be in this tournament! But Kendrick went straight from losing the Television Title to trading verbal shots with a baseball player! Ferrigno hasn't been able to focus on anything but Ortiz since July! These two have no one to blame for not being at SuperClash but themselves!

BW: Forget about all that for a minute, Gordo... what just happened to this match? Is Johnny Detson getting a bye to the Final Four?!

[Inside the ring, a smirking Detson is speaking to the official.]

GM: From the look upon his face, I'd have to imagine that he thinks he is! That's terrible if it happens, Bucky. Absolutely terrible. These men are fighting for a shot to Main Event the biggest night in our industry. They're fighting for a shot to compete for the biggest PRIZE in our industry! No one should get to walk in the back door of that Final Four! No one should-

[Detson snatches the mic right out of Rebecca Ortiz' hand and starts speaking.]

JD: You all saw it! You saw it!

[He points to the official who nods.]

JD: It's clear as crystal that Supernova's night is DONE! He's not coming out here! He's not going to be in this match!

[The crowd jeers Detson's statements.]

JD: Don't listen to these idiots! Their opinions don't matter! All you need to do is ring the bell... declare a forfeit... and send me to Oklahoma City to compete in the Final Four!

[The official shakes his head, pointing down the aisle.]

JD: He's not coming, you moron! Just-

[But before Detson can finish speaking, the sounds of Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Comin'" goes ripping through the loudspeakers!]

GM: Not so fast, Johnny Detson!

[Detson's jaw drops as he stares down the aisle, the Houston crowd on their feet looking down the aisle with him...]

GM: All eyes are on the entranceway here in Houston, waiting to see if-

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH YEAH! THERE HE IS, BUCKY! HERE HE COMES!

[The face-painted fan favorite emerges from the curtain, moving slowly and gingerly down the aisle towards the ring. He's visibly holding onto his ribcage as he walks towards the ring, a determined expression on his face.]

GM: Supernova isn't about to let the likes of Kendrick and Ferrigno keep him from battling in this match! He's been in the SuperClash Main Event and he wants 2016 to be the year that he goes back, fans!

BW: It's a long, hard road to the top... and once you're there, it's even harder to stay up there. Supernova hasn't been in the Main Event of SuperClash since SuperClash III, Gordo. Let's not act like he's a stone's throw from being there tonight.

GM: If he can repeat what he did at the Battle of Boston, he just might be!

[Upon reaching the ring, Supernova grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. Detson turns towards him, wiggling his fingers with anticipation as Supernova steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and the former World Champion rushes across the ring, looking to assault 'Nova with a running kneelift to the head as he ducks through the ropes!]

GM: Ohh! Detson with a cheap shot before the bell!

[Supernova stumbles along the ropes as Detson follows after him, shouting at the referee to ring the bell.]

GM: Detson gets him in the corner... right hand to the body... and another... and another...

[The crowd is jeering Detson as he hammers away at the ribcage of Supernova, leaving him gasping for air. Detson switches to knees, grabbing the top rope as he drives his knee up into the midsection over and over. The referee steps in, shouting at Detson.]

GM: The match hasn't even started yet!

BW: Whose fault is that?! Tell that idiot referee to ring the bell!

GM: He's trying to get the match started on equal footing but Detson wants no part of that!

BW: Can you blame him?!

[Detson turns away from the referee back towards Supernova who throws a right hand that bounces off the jaw...]

GM: Big right!

[A second one connects as well, sending Detson stumbling two steps back. Supernova steps forward, throwing a backhand blow to the skull, causing Detson to spin away from him towards the opposite corner.]

GM: Supernova's fighting back, driving him across the ring!

[As they get to the far corner, Supernova switches to forearm smashes... one after another... faster and faster as the crowd gets louder and louder, driving Detson off his feet and down to his knees in the corner!]

GM: He's pounding Detson into the dust here in Houston!

[Spinning out of the corner, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, letting loose a howl that the AWA faithful echo in kind. He shouts at the referee who finally does signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Oh, NOW you do it?! When that face-painted freak tells you to do it?!

[Turning back towards Detson, Supernova grabs him by the arm, rocketing him from corner to corner. Detson slams into the buckles, staggering out towards his opponent who hoists him high into the air, throwing him down.]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY SUPERNOVA!

[Through the facepaint, we catch an obvious grimace as Supernova grabs at his ribcage, wincing as he watches Detson crawl on his hands and knees across the ring, looking for a breather...]

GM: Supernova's in one corner! Detson's crawling towards the other!

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks out into jeers!]

BW: Brian Lau!

GM: What is HE doing out here?!

BW: The better question is why wasn't he here all along! I think Brian Lau just realized how close Johnny Detson is to earning himself a spot in the Final Four!

[Supernova spots the incoming Lau, shouting at him from a distance as the referee walks over to confront Lau...]

GM: The referee's talking to Lau. Supernova's been distracted by Lau! And look at Johnny Detson, desperately trying to get to his feet!

[The former World Champion is in the opposite corner, dragging himself up off the canvas...]

GM: Supernova's ready!

[And as Detson gets to his feet, Supernova dashes across the ring, leaping high into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!!

[All of Supernova's weight crashes into the chest of Johnny Detson, smashing him into the turnbuckles. The fan favorite wobbles out, clutching his injured ribs again as he flings Detson from the corner, throwing him down to the mat.]

GM: Detson's down... and Supernova's looking to finish the job!

[Leaning down, Supernova grabs Detson by the legs, folding them over...

...and flips Detson over onto his stomach!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! HE LOCKS IT ON!

[The former World Champion instantly cries out in pain, screaming in agony as Supernova applies the pressure to his signature hold.]

GM: Detson's locked in the middle of the ring! Supernova's got it on! This is it! Supernova is going to the Final Four!

[Detson eagerly and wildly slaps the canvas, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd but no response from the official who is still arguing with Brian Lau who is up on the apron!]

GM: He tapped out! Detson tapped out!

BW: Yeah, but the referee didn't see it! He's tied up with Lau and-

[Supernova abruptly lets go of the hold, stalking across the ring to the ropes where Lau and the official are arguing. The Venice Beach native reaches out, grabbing Lau by the hair to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: He's got Lau! Supernova's gonna make Lau pay for it!

[A big right hand follows, knocking Lau off the apron and down to the floor. Supernova points to Detson who is down on his knees, shouting at the official who nods.]

GM: Supernova should put the hold back on, Bucky. He should go right back to that Solar Flare!

BW: Maybe he should but right now, he's pulling Detson off the mat and-

[Detson suddenly wheels around, swinging a right hand into the ribcage of Supernova!]

GM: OH! He goes downstairs!

[Supernova slumps to his knees, clutching his already-injured ribs.]

GM: Wow. I didn't expect Supernova to go down like that. I didn't expect- HEY!

BW: What?!

GM: He's wearing that damned glove! He slipped Black Beauty on his hand and-

[Detson swiftly pulls Supernova into a standing headscissors, the latter still reeling from the (allegedly) loaded glove being driven into his injured ribs...

...and then leaps up, driving 'Nova's face into the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Supernova's out! The blow to the ribs with the glove! The Wilde Driver! He's out cold!

[Detson dives across the fan favorite, hooking a leg with a smirk as his studded black leather glove is plainly evident as the official delivers the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[Detson swiftly removes the glove, tucking it into his boot as he climbs off the mat, demanding the official raise his hand.]

GM: I can't believe this!

BW: Johnny Detson's in the Final Four, daddy!

GM: Yeah, but how many guys did it take to get him there?! Kendrick, Ferrigno, Lau, that damn glove!

BW: You do what it takes when you want to be the best in the world and Johnny Detson knows it!

GM: Supernova came out here when he had no business trying to compete after that assault backstage... and he STILL almost won this thing, Bucky. He STILL almost won this match!

BW: Almost don't matter one bit, Gordo. The fact is that Supernova lost and Johnny Detson's moving on to the Final Four alongside Jordan Ohara in Oklahoma City! You gotta love it!

GM: I most certainly do not. In fact, it makes me sick to my stomach! Absolutely sick! Detson and Lau are in there celebrating like... like... ugh, I can't even do this. Let's go to commercial for crying out loud. Disgusting.

[And as Detson and Lau parade around the ring, their arms raised in victory...

...we fade to black.

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners

and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...]

...and we fade back up backstage to the Women's World champion marching around backstage in a fury. Lauryn Rage's face is set up in a snarl until she spots her quarry, Jon Stegklet. She stops and composes herself, putting on a fake smile.]

LR: Excuse me, Mr. Stegklet, may I have a word with you?

[Stegglet turns towards the champion with resignation.]

JS: Let me just cut you off right now. What I said out there was final. Whoever wins that match will face you for the Women's World Title at SuperClash.

[Lauryn puts her hand on her chest and laughs heartily.]

LR: Oh come come now, Mr. Stegklet. Do you really think I am concerned about either of those two as my competition at SuperClash? I'm fine either way. I just thought, maybe you might want a better match for your Women's World championship.

[Stegglet rolls his eyes at this comment.]

LR: I mean, the people have already seen me beat both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara in New York. They know I can beat them with my eyes closed. I think... I think the public wants a fresh matchup. A match up they've never seen. Picture this... at SuperClash... for the Women's World championship... the undefeated champion, Lauryn Rage...

JS: Is that even true?

LR: Pretty sure. But who cares?

Follow me... the undefeated champion, Lauryn Rage, versus... a rising star, a fresh face, a fresh name... ready?

[Stegglet is ready... to leave.]

LR: Cause this will blow your mind...

[Still ready... to go.]

LR: JUSTINE DAVIS!

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow in confusion.]

JS: I'm sorry. I don't recognize the name.

LR: Justine Davis. She's an indy darling. Amazing talent. What she does with one leg is something special.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

JS: Did you say one leg?

LR: Think of the promotional campaign. The AWA is the place where everybody is treated the same and anybody's dream can come true! It writes itself.

JS: Where...?

LR: Where did I find out about Justine Davis? Her Instagram page, of course. She's got loads of pics of her tumbling on a trampoline.

JS: When...?

LR: When did I know she'd be the perfect opponent for me at SuperClash? I've always known.

JS: How...?

LR: How am I going to beat her? I don't know. That's the drama. I've never faced a one-legged opponent before.

JS: Why...?

LR: Why would I ever take such a risk? Because I am a World Champion and that is what World Champions do.

[Stegglet raises his hand, shaking his head.]

JS: No, what I wanted to ask is... why in the world did you ever think this cockamamie idea would fly?

[Lauryn drops out of her fake happiness as her expression freezes into a snarl.]

LR: Cockamamie? COCKAMAMIE?

[She jabs her finger into his face, head rolling on her neck.]

LR: I'll tell you what's cockamamie. This idea that Melissa Cannon or Ayako Fujiwara can lace my boots! That's cockamamie. You know what else is cockamamie?

JS: Get your finger out of my face!

LR: You listen to me while I drag you for filth, you little stuffed suit. Neither of those irrelevant heffas have done anything to warrant a title shot at Da Kid, ya dig? But because they're politically protected around here you're gonna give them the chance to get lucky against me. Guess what, it ain't gonna happen. You know what, you're sorry. I hoped you'd be better than Gellar and his wack Boo Boo Kitty behind, but you're even worse. You're full Stegglet.

JS: Excuse me?

LR: Ya heard me. Full Stegglet. Means incompetent. Ask Mark what it means. See, all y'all just some salty haters. None a y'all want to see the Rages shine. Wanna protect all your little wrestling families, but don't wanna acknowledge the one that really matters. The one that's international. The one that means something.

[Lauryn jabs her finger in Stegglet's forehead.]

LR: You know what, forget you. You want the winner of Irrelevant Trick number one and Irrelevant Trick number two to face me at SuperClash? Cool. Cool. Cool. Cool.

[Lauryn looks Stegglet up and down like he short. She kisses her tooth at him and spins on her heel, waving her hand dismissively at him.]

LR: Boy bye, Da Kid is out.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: That family... sheesh.

[A shake of the head.]

JS: I can't wait for Emerson to get better.

[And with a disbelieving Stegglet watching after the departing Women's World Champion, we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito springs to life over the PA system to cheers from the Houston crowd.]

RO: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

"CANNONBALL"
LEEEEEEEEEEEEE
CONNNNNNNORRRRRRRS!

[Connors comes running out through the curtain, jumping up and down a few times in his bleached white karate gi. He throws his arms up in the air shouting, "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!"]

GM: 22 year old Lee Connors heading down the aisle for this one-on-one matchup with Shadoe Rage.

BW: He's about to get aged about a decade in one match if Rage gets his way.

[Connors walks alongside the barricade, slapping the offered hands, a big grin on his face.]

GM: Of course, this young man first came onto the AWA scene by knocking off Derek Rage in an impromptu match back in Toronto earlier this year. Now he's got a chance to do the same thing to Shadoe Rage.

[The young man climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes where he quickly sheds his gi to reveal long black full-length tights with blue "slash" marks on the legs. He throws a few shadow punches, wrapping it up with a big roundhouse kick to the air as he awaits the opposition.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The PA system lights up with the drum, guitar and clap of the infamous "God's Gonna Cut You Down"]

RO: Weighing in at 244 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The Houston crowd reacts as Shadoe Rage bursts through the curtains. The dreadlocked warrior stands tall on the ramp, his hazel eyes burning through the cameras as he glares intently at the AWA faithful. Dressed in his black leather robes and ragged cotton scarf, Rage seems even more intense than usual as he sweeps down to the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage wasting no time in getting to that ring... and of course, he's looking to make an impact after failing to win the Television Title from Kerry Kendrick... after failing to beat Supernova in the cage... and after trying to ruin that Sports Illustrated ceremony. He needs something to get back on the right track.

BW: Especially after Steglet told him he's gone all the way to the back of the line.

[Rage climbs the ringsteps, sweeping down the apron as he points a threatening finger at Lee Connors who seems unconcerned. Rage leaps through the ropes, marching across the ring towards Connors as the referee tries to keep him at bay.]

GM: The official trying to keep Rage back... the unpredictable Shadoe Rage is always ready to start a fight when he's not supposed to.

BW: If he's always ready, doesn't that make him predictable?

GM: You know what I mean.

[Bucky chuckles as Rage is still screaming and shouting at Connors as the referee walks him across the ring...

...and then Rage spinmoves around the referee, running across the ring towards Connors!]

GM: Look out!

[But Connors is ready for him, lashing out with a front kick to the chest of the incoming Rage, a blow that sends him rolling backwards, all the way back up to his feet where Connors charges him, leaping up to snap an enzuigiri off the back of Rage's head, causing him to front flip over onto his back!]

GM: Oh my!

[Connors dives across Rage's prone form, waving for the referee to count.]

BW: The ref can't count! He hasn't even started the match yet!

[The official is explaining this to Lee Connors who insists that he count. The referee spins, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Now he has! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage shoves the much-smaller Connors off him, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only... Connors right back to his feet...

[As Rage rises, Connors throws two roundhouse kicks to the body, causing Rage to stumble back near the ropes. A dazed Rage throws a right cross that Connors ducks under and a left as well that Connors avoids before throwing a lightning-quick flurry of strikes to the midsection.]

GM: Left, right, left, right! He's battering the body of Shadoe Rage!

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Connors goes to shoot him across the ring but the former World Television Champion reverses the whip, sending Connors across instead.]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Connors!

[The young Canadian leaps forward in a front handspring, his legs hitting the ropes and rebounding him back as he twists through the air, landing another kick to the chest of Rage, knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! This kid is a whirlwind of motion in there, non-stop offense from so many different angles!

[Connors pops up to his feet, snapping around a roundhouse at the rising Rage who bails out, falling backwards through the ropes, tumbling out to the floor to the laughter of the crowd.]

GM: Ohhh... and Connors JUST missed that big roundhouse kick aimed at the skull of Shadoe Rage!

[Rage scrambles off the floor, shouting and screaming at Connors. He angrily gets up on the apron...

...and Connors rushes him, throwing a dropkick that knocks him right back down to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: Connors sends him down again... and look out here!

[The crowd is buzzing as Lee Connors pops to his feet, spinning his arms around before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding at top speed as Rage regains his footing on the floor...

...and Rage scampers away, leaving Connors to grab the top rope, spinning between the top and middle rope to land on his feet in the ring where he front rolls to mid-ring, pops up into a kata and stares down the former World Television Champion as the Houston crowd roars their approval!]

GM: How about THAT, Bucky?!

BW: The kid's got the moves... he's got the skills... we'll see if he has what it takes to actually win here in the AWA though.

[Connors has a big grin on his face as he climbs back to his feet, beckoning Shadoe Rage back inside the ring. Rage paces the floor, letting the referee's count build as he angrily circles the ring, talking to himself the whole while.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage certainly seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown these days, Bucky.

[At the count of eight, Rage slides under the bottom rope, taking a knee as he stares at Connors who doesn't budge an inch towards him. Rage points a threatening finger, slowly getting to his feet as the referee waves the two combatants together.]

GM: Rage moving slowly towards Connors...

BW: Can you blame him? The kid is a blur in there. And unpredictable. You just don't know what he might do next.

[Rage edges closer and closer, arms extended towards him...]

GM: And heeeeeere weeeeeee goooooo...

[The former Television Champion lunges into a collar and elbow tieup, quickly muscling Connors back against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and Rage drops back, fist clenched.]

GM: Right hand!

[But Connors ducks down, going under the fist and swinging his leg up behind him, his heel catching Rage on the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OH! WHAT WAS THAT?!

[Rage stumbles backwards, clutching at his nose as Connors straightens up. He leans back into the ropes, swinging his feet up into the jaw of Rage, knocking him back again as Connors flips over the ropes, landing safely on the apron.]

GM: Connors with the innovative offense here in Houston tonight!

[Rage rushes towards him but Connors uses the ropes to swing his legs up, catching him in the temple with another kick!]

GM: Good grief!

[Connors grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping to the top rope...

...and Rage rushes forward, pushing the legs of Connors, sending him crashing down off the ropes where he lands gutfirst over the top rope, slipping off and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A devastating counter by the former champion! Goodness!

[With Connors laid out on the floor, Rage angrily shouts at him as he stomps to the corner, quickly scaling the turnbuckles. He stands up top, arms raised over his head, measuring Connors as the young Canadian struggles to get up off the floor... and when he finally does, Rage takes flight!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The double axehandle comes crashing down on the skull of Connors, putting him down once more as Rage stands over him at ringside, menacing his young opponent as the Houston crowd jeers.]

GM: These Texas fans haven't forgotten what Rage did to their native sons at Homecoming in Dallas and they're letting him have it for each and every thing he does out here tonight.

[Rage turns his attention to one of the ringside fans holding a sign with a glittering red heart that reads "TEXAS LOVES THE LYNCHES!" He approaches her, shouting at her from a distance as she waves the sign in his direction.]

BW: That lady is dumber than she looks, Gordo... and that's saying something.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Rage approaches the barricade, reading the fan the riot act as AWA security slowly drifts over towards them.]

GM: And as you can see, the AWA front office has increased all security during Shadoe Rage matches and appearances to ensure safety for all of our employees as well as our fans.

BW: That guard might need to move a little quicker!

GM: Even Rage isn't out of control enough to go after a fan.

BW: You sure about that? His old man used to do it and they say bad blood runs in families.

[There's an uncomfortable silence as Rage trades words with the Lynch supporter in the crowd, finally being pushed back by the security personnel. An irate Rage whips around angrily, glaring at the recovering Lee Connors. He rushes towards him, landing a running double axehandle behind the ear, sending Connors flopping over the apron.]

GM: Ohh! Rage continues the assault on the floor!

[Grabbing Connors by the hair, Rage SLAMS his face down into the ring apron once... twice... three times... and then uses his double handful of Connors' messy black hair to fling the young man backwards down to the floor where his head hits the padding with a loud "SPLAT!"]

GM: Goodness! A vicious attack by Shadoe Rage... obviously with a lot of anger bubbling under here tonight.

BW: He's mad at Supernova, at Emerson Gellar, at Jon Steglet, at Connors, at the Lynchs... at the whole world!

[Rage peels Connors off the floor by the hair, chucking him back under the ropes inside the ring. The former Television Champion pulls himself up on the apron, turning to look at the jeering Texas crowd.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is finding no love here in the Lone Star State to the surprise of no one, Bucky.

BW: I feel like Shadoe Rage would have trouble finding love in his own house. He's so unpredictable.

[A few choice words are fired into the crowd before Rage ducks back inside the ring, circling the rising Connors. He crowns him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Connors staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Rage has got Connors on the ropes now...

[His eyes bearing down on Connors, Rage snaps off a series of alternating jabs to the jaw of Connors.]

GM: Irish whips him across...

[Rage ducks down early, setting for a backdrop...

...but the rebounding Connors spins around, using Rage's own back as a platform to backflip over him, landing on his feet behind Rage. The former champion wheels around on him, fist drawn back...]

GM: Connors with the counter... legsweep!

[The crowd cheers the spinning back legsweep, taking Rage's legs out from under him as Connors straightens up and uncorks a picture perfect Shooting Star Press, reaching back for both legs in a tight pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Rage kicks out in time!

[Connors scrambles up off the mat, throwing a right hand towards Rage who blocks it, swinging a knee up into the midsection. A downward elbow to the back of Connors' neck knocks him facedown to the canvas.]

GM: And just like that with those deadly elbows, Shadoe Rage switches the advantage once more.

[Rage stomps Connors a few times as he circles around him, leaning down to pull him up by the hair.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Rage...

[With Connors laid out on the canvas, Rage drops an elbow down into the chest... and again... and again... and again... and again...]

...and with Connors barely moving, he leaps high into the air, bringing his knee and shin down HARD across the young man's sternum!]

GM: Kneedrop on target! Rage with the pin attempt!

[Connors kicks out at two as well, breaking the pin.]

GM: Just a two count there and... what's Rage doing now?

[Sliding over Connors, Rage slips his shin across Connors' throat, looking up and arguing the count with the referee for a few moments before the official even realizes there's a choke going on.]

GM: Come on, referee! He's being choked!

[And then the count starts, quickly getting to four until Rage rises off a gasping Connors.]

GM: Shadoc Rage circling Lee Connors, looking for the kill here in Houston tonight.

BW: Rage really could use a big win tonight, Gordo. He needs something to get back in his game.

[Rage pulls Connors off the mat again, holding him by the hair. He circles an arm around in the air, dashing across the ring, leaping over the top rope, and SNAPPING Connors' throat down on the top rope, sending him bouncing back into the middle of the ring!]

GM: Good grief! A dangerous move by Shadoc Rage has put Lee Connors in a bad, bad way in this one, fans!

BW: That might be enough to keep him down.

[The former Television Champion dives back through the ropes, crawling across the ring, diving into a lateral press as he hooks a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[And just as Rage did to him moments ago, Connors kicks out at two, leaving Rage to glare at the official coldly. The referee insists it was a two count as Rage shakes his head, climbing back to his feet.]

GM: Rage slowly getting up off the canvas... and slowly making his way over to the corner...

[A frustrated Rage hops through the ropes to the apron, stepping to the second rope fearlessly...]

GM: And as Rage climbs the turnbuckles here in Houston, you have to wonder if that flying elbow off the top of the cage at Homecoming is crossing his mind. One shot to win it all came up empty that night. Could history repeat here tonight in Houston?

[Rage holds his arms high over his head, posing as he waits for the opponent to rise...

...and then leaps from the top, bringing another double axehandle down across the skull of rising Connors!]

GM: Death From Above finds the mark again... and now you REALLY have to wonder if that was enough!

[Rage again attempts a lateral press, this time not even bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- KICKOUT!

[The Houston crowd is roaring for young Lee Connors as he kicks out of another Rage assault. A furious Rage snatches a handful of hair, smashing his fist down

between the eyes once... twice... three times and then climbs to his feet, looking around wildly.]

GM: Shadoe Rage fails to get the three again and he looks almost puzzled as to what to do next.

BW: He's hit the axehandle. Now it's time for the elbowdrop or maybe even the Eclipse, Gordo.

GM: Let's hope it's not the Eclipse. This young man has a bright future ahead of him here in the AWA and I don't want to see him missing ring time before of that brutal running kneestrike to the head!

[Rage pulls at his own hair a few times before circling back to the rising Connors, smashing an elbow down between the eyes. He shoves Connors back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip again... ohh! Back elbow up under the chin!

[Rage again drops into a cover and again gets a two count. This time, he responds by angrily pounding the canvas before getting to his feet...]

GM: Rage is up and... oh brother, I think you're right, Bucky... I think he IS looking for the Eclipse!

[The former Television Champion backs up, his back pressed against the turnbuckles as he waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: Connors up to a knee... RAGE CHARGES!

[But as the 6'3" Rage comes barreling down on Lee Connors, the 5'8" Canadian leaps high into the air, high enough for Rage to run right underneath him as Connors tucks his legs, putting his knees into Rage's chest...

...and riding him straight down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER BY CONNORS!

BW: But does he have enough in him to finish off Shadoe Rage, the longest reigning AWA World Television Champion ever?!

[Connors rolls off Rage, sitting on the canvas for a few moments, breathing heavily.]

GM: And we have to remember that "Cannonball" Lee Connors is just a rookie in this business. As we approach the ten minute mark in this matchup, you have to understand that this is uncharted waters for the young man from Winnipeg.

[A weary Connors rolls back onto his back for a moment...

...and then kips up to his feet to a big reaction!]

GM: Oh yeah! Perhaps he has a little bit left in the tank, fans! Perhaps he's got enough to beat Shadoe Rage and shock the world here tonight in Houston, Texas!

[Connors is still breathing heavily on his feet as he leans down, hauling Shadoe Rage to his feet. He throws a knife edge chop to the chest, sending Rage wobbling back into the corner.]

GM: Connors puts him in the corner...

[Connors winds up, throwing a right kick to the ribs... then a left... then a right... then a left... and as the kicks continue, they come quicker until Connors is jumping back and forth, a blur of motion as he lands kick after kick to the ribcage of the trapped Shadoe Rage!]

BW: LET HIM OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Connors abruptly cuts off the kicks, leaping up to the second rope where he snaps a kick off the back of Rage's head to a big cheer!]

GM: OHHH! HEAD KICK!

[Rage stumbles forward, dropping facefirst to the canvas. Connors grins, pumping a fist in triumph. He ducks through the ropes, moving to the corner..]

GM: And "Cannonball" Lee Connors may be about to show us how he earned that nickname, fans! He climbs to the second rope...

BW: He's taking too long.

GM: Connors breathing extremely hard, his mouth hanging open as he tries to catch his breath... finally making his way to the top rope.

[He takes several deep breaths before straightening up, standing tall on the top rope, looking down as Rage pushes up to all fours...]

GM: ATOMIC CANNONBALL!

[...and leaps into the air, flipping around so that his back is aimed at Rage's!]

GM: DOWN HE...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Connors' somersault senton comes up empty when Rage gives a powerful shove off the canvas, propelling him out of Connors' range!]

BW: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

GM: Lee Connors' 177 pounds SLAMMED violently into the canvas... backfirst into the mat as Shadoe Rage rolls out of the way just in time! And that'll completely turn the momentum around in this one.

BW: Rage is going up, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is... and despite the age difference, Shadoe Rage obviously has better conditioning in the ring at this point. All those years of experience as he steps to the middle rope... now to the top... taking aim...

[And as Rage launches himself off the top rope, he BURIES the point of his elbow down into the heart of young Connors!]

GM: OHHH! He got all of that!

[Rage rolls over, staring the official in the eyes as he counts one... two...]

GM: He got him!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Rage sits up, glaring at the camera as the fans jeer his victory.]

GM: Shadoc Rage scores the win here tonight in Houston with that devastating elbowdrop off the top and while it was a valiant effort by Lee Connors, he is unable to continue his streak of knocking off the Rage brothers.

[The former World Television Champion climbs to his feet, sneering at the booing crowd. He looks out at them, walking across the ring to step onto the second rope...]

“YOU WANT MORE?!”

GM: Shadoc Rage asking the crowd if they want more... he’s obviously out of control here tonight...

BW: As opposed to other nights when he’s reserved and gentlemanly?

[Rage again shouts his question to the crowd and then steps to the top rope, twisting around, and leaping from his perch to drop a second elbow down across the chest of Connors!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A SECOND ANGEL OF DEATH DROP OFF THE TOP! COME ON!

[Rage takes a knee on the mat, placing his hand on the chest of Connors who is flopping about on the mat.]

GM: Lee Connors has taken two of those elbows... two of those damn elbows off the top and-

BW: Rage isn’t done, Gordo. He’s out to finish the job tonight.

[Rage angrily drags Connors off the mat by his messy black hair, pulling him to his knees. The rookie flops over but Rage shakes his head defiantly, pulling him back to a kneeling position.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: Oh, I think you know, Gordo.

[Rage stalks away from the downed Connors, slapping his bare knee once... twice... three times...]

GM: Oh my stars, no. He’s calling for that Eclipse, fans! We’ve seen Rage put people in the hospital with this move!

BW: More than that, we’ve seen people’s careers ended with this move! How ya doin’, Tony Sunn?

[The volatile Rage backs into the ropes, leaning against them, muttering angrily to himself as the fans boo louder... and louder...]

GM: Somebody’s gotta stop this! This kid doesn’t deserve this! He doesn’t-

[And the boos abruptly change to cheers as a figure comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: That's Blake Colton! Blake Colton's heading to the ring!

BW: What?! Why?!

[The muscular Colton dives headfirst under the bottom rope on the run, sliding to his feet and standing right in front of Connors in a protective stance.]

GM: Look at this! Blake Colton's not going to let Rage do this! Not tonight! Not to his friend!

BW: His friend?!

GM: Of course! Lee Connors trained with the Colton family and he and Blake have been buddies for years, Bucky. And tonight, when Connors was in trouble, it was Blake Colton who came to his rescue!

[Rage is spitting and frothing at Colton's arrival on the scene, shouting wild-eyed warnings from across the ring but Colton does not back down, shaking his head and beckoning Rage forward defiantly.]

GM: Blake Colton says that if Rage wants to get at Connors, he's gotta go through him!

[The standoff has the crowd roaring for a bit but after a few more moments, Rage drops back through the ropes, grousing the entire time as AWA security is instantly by his sides, escorting him back up the aisle towards the locker room as Colton takes a knee to check on his friend.]

GM: And as Shadoe Rage retreats to the back, we have Blake Colton to thank for preventing a potentially ugly and dangerous scene here in Houston. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be the World Television Title on the line so don't you dare miss it!

[Colton helps Connors off the mat, raising his hand to cheers from the crowd as we fade to black...]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...]

...and as we fade back up to a panning shot of the Toyota Center crowd, a male voice, sounding a lot like the voiceover at the top of the show, can be heard over the Toyota Center speakers.]

"AWA Galaxy, those in attendance, and the millions watching at home, you are about to be graced by the global face of AWA television..."

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with jeering mixed in with some cheers from the fans in attendance. Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over his wrestling attire, which consists of a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and black boots, strides through the entranceway. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television title.]

"For it is time, once again, to put the AWA World Television championship on the line!"

[Mahoney grabs the belt by the strap and holds it up, to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

“Who will walk out of this match the AWA World Television champion?”

[Some of the fans can be heard yelling “MA-HO-NEY!” As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney, who would normally regard the AWA faithful with disdain, actually has a smile on his face.]

“Who will, in ten minutes or less, make his opponent submit to any number of holds, or lay him out with the Pogue Mahone?”

[Again, the distinct shout of “MA-HO-NEY!” can be heard. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes.]

“He is the Armbar Assassin. He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!”

[Standing in the center of the ring, Mahoney holds the belt aloft once more. He then motions for the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, who hands it over, as the music fades.]

CM: Now, I have no idea who I am scheduled to face, but it does not matter, because whoever it is will have NO CHOICE, but. To. Tap. Out!

[Large parts of the crowd join in shouting “TO! TAP! OUT!”]

CM: So, whoever you are, you poor soul, HURRY UP and...

[The crowd finishes the sentence for him.]

“GET! IN! HERE!”

[Mahoney hands the mic back to Ortiz, who can now make the actual ring announcement.]

RO: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, is for the AWA World Television championship! Introducing first, the champion, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

And the challenger...

[There’s a dramatic pause as Ortiz waits to see who it’ll be.]

GM: Callum Mahoney seems to be gaining a handful more fans every time we see him, Bucky.

BW: Well, I’m told that some footage of some of his matches and pre-match antics as of late have gone viral. This “singalong with the champ” seems to be popular with the fans who think they’re part of the show.

GM: The fans did pay their hard-earned money, Bucky.

BW: To WATCH the show, I agree. No one sent them a paycheck.

[Mahoney shouts "WHO IS IT?!" down the aisle, waiting to see who his challenger will be...

And then...

Static.]

GM: Oh my!

[As "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev begins to play over the PA system, Terry Shane walks into view to a solid reaction from the Houston crowd.]

GM: Terry Shane III, former winner of the Rumble... former leader of the Shane Gang... is heading to the ring and hoping to add CURRENT World Television Champion to that resume!

[Rebecca Ortiz, take it away.]

RO: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds...

TERRRRRYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAANE!

[Shane raises a hand to the cheering crowd, walking down the aisle towards the ring. On this night, he's forsaken his usual ring robe for just plain green trunks with white trim and his "TS3" in white print on his left hip. Upon reaching the ring, Shane scales the ringsteps, wiping the bottom of his boots on the mat before ducking through the ropes. Mahoney nods approvingly as he hands the title belt over to the referee, sliding to the corner to do a few quick stretches to get ready for the title defense to come.]

GM: One fall, ten minute time limit and Terry Shane looking to make a major impact by striking gold here in Houston as we drive the road to SuperClash in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night!

BW: Shane doesn't have a whole lot to be thankful for this year, Gordo. It's been a pretty miserable year for him... two years really.

GM: I don't know about that. He's fallen back into the loving embrace of his family... his entire family... his brother has an AWA contract as well and they've enjoyed success together as a tag team. Maybe he doesn't have the best win-loss record in 2016 but...

BW: But in the world of pro wrestling, that's all that really matters, isn't it?

[The referee steps to the middle, a few words being delivered to both champion and challenger before he signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there we go... we're off and running in this one!

[Shane immediately strides from his corner, wasting no time in pursuing Mahoney who sidesteps away, circling the incoming Shane who changes direction and keeps on coming.]

GM: Mahoney taking his time - of course, time is his ally in these Television Title defenses.

[Shane lunges at Mahoney, pushing him back into the ropes with a collar and elbow tieup. The referee steps right in, calling for a break. Shane quickly obliges, backing off with his arms raised.]

BW: See, the old Terry Shane would've suckerpunched him there.

GM: The old Terry Shane wasn't a very nice person, Bucky.

BW: No, but he was a lot more successful. Tell me something, Gordo. The old Terry Shane once battled for the AWA World Title on a major event. Can you even imagine this Terry Shane getting the same opportunity?

GM: He has the skill, he has the talent, he just needs everything to come together for him.

[A few moments later, a second tieup occurs... and this time, Shane secures a side headlock, taking Mahoney up and over with a headlock takedown.]

GM: Nice takedown by the challenger, immediately rolling Mahoney onto his back... one... two... Mahoney pushes up, shoving his shoulder off the mat.

[Wrapping his arms around the midsection of Shane, Mahoney rolls him back onto his own shoulders...]

GM: One! Two! No! This time, it's Shane who avoids the early pinfall.

[Sitting on the canvas, Shane grits his teeth, cinching the headlock in a little deeper as Mahoney struggles for an exit.]

GM: Terry Shane was once considered one of the best mat technicians in the sport but he went away from that path during a very violent feud with one of the toughest men in the business... and never quite got back to that place.

[Mahoney pushes up to a knee, forcing Shane back up onto his feet. The Fighting Irishman lays in a forearm to the ribs... and another as he pushes himself to a standing position as well.]

GM: Mahoney backs him to the ropes, shoots him off...

[Shane rebounds off the far ropes, hurdling over Mahoney as he drops down.]

GM: Up and over goes Shane, off the far side...

[Mahoney sets for a hiptoss but Shane goes with it, reversing it and taking Mahoney over instead. The crowd cheers as Mahoney gets right back up and Shane snatches the headlock again, flipping Mahoney over in another headlock takedown!]

GM: And right back to that headlock. A nice exchange there by both champion and challenger.

[Mahoney again is flattened out onto his shoulders, another two count following as Shane tries to snatch a quick victory.]

GM: Mahoney's always thinking in there, always looking for ways to keep his shoulders off the mat at all times.

[The champion wraps up Shane again, rolling him back onto his shoulders...]

GM: One... two... TH-

[The crowd "oooohs" as Shane is forced to let go of the headlock to break the pin. He scrambles up off the mat, getting to his feet just as Mahoney does. Shane reaches out, looking for another headlock...

...but Mahoney grabs the grasping arm, twisting it into a hammerlock.]

GM: Oh! Nice counter by Mahoney!

BW: And you know the arm will always be the target of Mahoney, looking to find ways to soften it up and weaken it in anticipation of the cross armbreaker.

[Mahoney tucks his chin low, avoiding a pair of back elbow attempts by Shane...

...and as Shane goes for one more elbow, Mahoney catches the arm in a half nelson. He releases the hammerlock, stepping forward to use the half nelson to flip Shane over into a seated position where he drops to a knee, jamming his other knee between the shoulderblades as he snatches a chinlock.]

BW: See, this is a punishing hold but I think he should stick to the arm. That's his bread and butter.

[Shane grimaces as Mahoney locks his fingers under the chin, pulling back on it to wrench the neck...

...and then expertly shifts to grabbing both arms, pulling them back.]

GM: Back to the arms now for Mahoney, using that knee to the back to keep Shane down as he pulls back on both limbs.

BW: Now we're talking! Look at the pressure on the wrists... the elbows... the shoulders. Only one of those arms are gonna get locked in the Cross Armbreaker but right now, they're both feeling the pressure.

[Mahoney shouts at the official to ask Shane if he wants to give up.]

GM: Terry Shane refusing to quit right there...

[The Armbar Assassin rises to his feet, dropping the knee once down between the shoulderblades... and again...

...and then hooks the left arm with his left arm and the right arm with his legs, rolling Shane into a crucifix.]

GM: Rolls him up! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Shane kicks out, flopping over onto his stomach as Mahoney rides the crucifix right on over, keeping it applied as he stretches out across Shane's shoulders.]

GM: Mahoney hanging on...

[Mahoney rolls to his side, pulling Shane up off the mat in a double armbar submission!]

BW: Ohh! A thousand dead Irishmen are crying at the sight of their countryman stretching Terry Shane to his limits. Remember, Gordo... Mahoney spent a long time working that carnival circuit, offering up open challenges to any tough guy in the crowd who could take him... this is the kind of hold he'd use to send some poor schmoe back to his old lady in miserable pain.

[Shane cries out as Mahoney yanks on both limbs, pulling them towards each other.]

BW: This hold works similar to a double chickenwing, Gordo. Really putting pressure on the elbows and the shoulders.

[The former Ring Leader shakes his head wildly when asked if he wants to submit.]

GM: Shane again hanging on, refusing to give up...

[Mahoney lets go of the arm he's holding with his, raising his arm up and driving his elbow down into Shane's ear...

...and again...

...and again...]

GM: Mahoney raining down elbows! Trying to use that MMA style attack to knock Terry Shane into the middle of next week!

[The elbows keep on coming, repeatedly landing on the temple of Shane whose eyes are starting to roll back in his head...

...but he wriggles free from the grip on his other arm, scrambling up to his feet as he grabs Mahoney by the leg, flipping him onto his back. The crowd ROARS as Shane quickly spins with the leg...]

GM: SPINNING TOEHOLD! THE SHANE FAMILY HOLD!

[Shane spins a second time, causing Mahoney to cry out in pain!]

GM: Shane's got it locked in deep and this might be it! He might be on the verge of winning the World Television Title!

[Shane spins a third time, leaning down to apply the pressure even stronger...

...which is when Mahoney reaches up, raking his fingers across Shane's eyes!]

GM: Ohh! And Mahoney goes to the eyes!

[Shane staggers away, rubbing fiercely at his eyes, trying to clear his vision as Mahoney gets off the mat, a bit of a hobble in his step as he measures the blinded Shane...

...and rushes him, connecting with a clothesline that takes Shane over the top rope, dumping him out on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Callum Mahoney completely changes the tone of this matchup with one single clothesline! Up until now, they'd been trading holds and working on the canvas... but Mahoney goes to the eyes and then sends his challenger out to the floor.

[A smirking Mahoney ducks through the ropes, standing on the apron looking down at Terry Shane who is still rubbing his eyes as he lies out on the floor...

...and the Fighting Irishman gives a shout as he leaps into the air, dropping down in a seated senton on the floored Shane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Callum Mahoney takes to the sky... and I never thought I'd say that!

BW: Mahoney's no stranger to innovative offense and that big seated splash off the apron has gotta fit into that category.

[Mahoney rises to his feet on the floor, looking out at the crowd responding with a mix of cheers and boos. He nods his head approvingly before leaning down, pulling Shane off the floor and shoving him back up on the apron. Mahoney spins Shane around so that his head and neck are hanging back off the apron...

...and he SLAMS the point of his elbow down on Shane's throat!]

GM: Ohh! Mahoney looking to take the wind out of Terry Shane's sails!

[A second big elbow down across the throat leaves Shane gasping and coughing as Mahoney pulls himself back up on the apron. The referee shouts at him, ordering to put Shane back in...

...which is Mahoney's cue to step on Shane's throat, choking the air out of him as he pulls down on the top rope for leverage!]

GM: A blatant choke by Mahoney! Shane gasping for air!

[The referee's count gets to four when Mahoney steps off the windpipe, leaping off the apron to bring his forearm down across the throat!]

GM: OHH!

[Shane again grabs at his throat, kicking and thrashing about on the canvas as Mahoney glares at the crowd who are jeering him for the illegal actions.]

GM: We've passed the halfway point in our ten minute time limit and right now, it might feel like this match has been going on forever for Terry Shane who is struggling to get air into his body right now.

[Mahoney rolls under the bottom rope back inside the ring. He gets to his feet, grabbing Shane by the legs, dragging him back inside the ring where he drops an elbow down into the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop on the mark - quick cover gets one! Gets two!

[But Shane lifts the shoulder off the mat, struggling to get air into his body as his face turns bright red. Mahoney shoves him back down, taking the mount position on Shane where he reaches out with an open-handed slap to the left ear of Terry Shane... then the right...]

GM: Mahoney cuffing those ears!

[Shane pulls his arms up, blocking the sides of his head which is Mahoney's cue to pepper his face with several straight right hands before the official demands a break.]

GM: The World Television Champion climbing back to his feet... the challenger in a bad way down on the canvas...

[Mahoney and the referee trade a few words as the Armbar Assassin walks around the downed Shane, watching as the former leader of the Shane Gang struggles to get back to his feet...]

GM: Mahoney shoves Shane towards the corner, putting him back into the buckles.

[Winding up, the Fighting Irishman throws some hooking blows to the ribcage, breaking Shane down to a knee. He grabs Shane by the hair, swinging his knee up into the face of Shane once... twice... three times, yanking him to his feet by the hair.]

GM: The Irishman pulls him up... whips him across...

[Shane slams hard into the buckles as Mahoney measures him, charging in after him...]

GM: Here comes Mahoney and-

[The crowd ROARS as Shane pulls himself clear, causing Mahoney to SLAM chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAHONEY HITS THE CORNER!

[The World Television Champion stumbles backwards as Shane slips in behind him, hooking a half nelson...]

...and lifts Mahoney into the air, bringing him down across a bent knee to a huge reaction!]

GM: HALF NELSON BACKBREAKER! GOOD GRIEF!

[Mahoney writhes in pain on the mat as Shane dives across him, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[...but Mahoney kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: No! Two count only! The champion slips out in time!

BW: Speaking of time, we're almost down to two minutes left in this one, Gordo! Can Terry Shane take this change in momentum and do something with it?!

[A weary Shane gets to his feet, shaking out his arm as he snatches a double underhook on a rising Mahoney...]

GM: Double underhook locked in... big knee... another...

[Shane repeatedly swings his knee up into the torso of a trapped Mahoney...]

...and then lifts Mahoney into the air in the double underhook, swinging him over and dropping the front of his legs on the top rope, gaining momentum as he drops him back in a slingshot suplex...]

GM: SLINGSHOT BUTTERFLY SUPLEX!

[...and JUST as they hit the canvas, Shane smoothly transitions Mahoney into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: TERRY SHANE'S TRYING TO TAP OUT MAHONEY WITH HIS OWN HOLD! HE'S TRYING TO WIN THE TITLE WITH MAHONEY'S OWN HOLD!

[Mahoney cries out as Shane yanks back on the arm, trying to dislocate the elbow as the referee dives to the mat, checking to see if Mahoney wants to submit!]

GM: Shane's got it locked in! Mahoney's trying to find a way out, desperately trying to find a way out!

BW: We're under two minutes left! Plenty of time for Shane to force a submission!

GM: Or for Mahoney to find a way out!

BW: Not quite, Gordo. Every second he's in that hold, that arm gets closer to snapping like a dry twig! He's running out of time and he's running out of it quickly!

[Mahoney stretches his body out to full length, wincing as he does...

...and drops his ankle down on the bottom rope, the crowd deflating as the referee calls for a break!]

GM: Oh my! Mahoney finds an escape! Callum Mahoney finds a way out to save the title...

[Shane rolls to his knees, slamming his hands down on the canvas in frustration before getting to his feet.]

GM: Shane thought he had him but no dice!

BW: And now he's running out of time! He's gotta do this quickly!

[Shane reaches down, pulling Mahoney off the canvas by the hair. He holds the hair with one hand...]

GM: EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

[Mahoney stumbles as Shane lays into him with a heavy uppercut.]

GM: Big shot by Shane!

[Shane hangs on, delivering a second... and a third, leaving Mahoney down on a knee.]

GM: Shane chopping the champion down to size!

[The Missouri native gives a war whoop to the crowd, many of whom echo it in response as he dashes to the ropes, building up speed as he charges back at Mahoney...

...who lifts the rebounding Shane up around the waist, twisting his body, and DROPPING him throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH! HE HANGS SHANE OUT TO DRY!

[Shane staggers back as Mahoney slips behind him, grabbing Shane's left arm and pulling it across Shane's own throat...

...and leaps up, dragging Shane down with a arm-trap neckbreaker!]

GM: EMERALD CUTTER!

[With the back of Shane's head bouncing off the mat, Mahoney reaches back, hooking both legs, rolling into a side press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mahoney immediately rolls straight out to the floor near the timekeeper's table, snatching up the title belt as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

CALLLLLLLUMMMMM MAAAAHOOOONEYYYY!

[Mahoney grins, slinging the title belt over his shoulder, slapping the face of it as Terry Shane gingerly sits up on the mat, holding the back of his neck with a dejected look on his face.]

GM: A hard-fought battle by the challenger, Terry Shane, but Callum Mahoney comes out on top and retains the World Television Title tonight in Houston, fans.

BW: And in the meantime, Terry Shane continues to be quite the career life lesson for all the younger talent. Look at what happens when you go away from what made you a superstar to begin with. Seems like so long ago when people thought Shane might be a future World Champion.

GM: Some people still believe that, Bucky.

BW: Some people are delusional then.

GM: Speaking of future World Champions, I'm told that Mark Stegglet is standing by with a young man who certainly hopes that's how he can be described. Mark?

[We fade back to the locker room area where "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho is standing. Jericho is in street clothes on this night, a black leather jacket over a deep purple t-shirt with blue jeans. Luckily for Mark Stegglet, Jericho's father/manager is nowhere to be found.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a young man who seems to have quite the bright future ahead of him in the world of professional wrestling... if he can manage to shake loose the rather large anchor strapped to his ankle-

[Jericho raises a hand in protest.]

JJ: Hold on right there, Mr. Stegglet. I respect you as a backstage interviewer like no other but I'm NOT going to stand by while you insult my father.

MS: Jayden, you MUST get it. Everyone is talking about it. Everyone is making jokes about it. You're a talented young man but-

JJ: But, Mr. Stegglet, my father is one of the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: Did he tell you that?

JJ: Very funny, Mr. Stegglet... but I don't need anyone to tell me that. I've gone back and watched the tapes... I've gone back and read the dirtsheets of the time.

My father was one of the most athletically gifted competitors to ever lace 'em up.
True or false?

MS: He was athletic, yes.

JJ: My father - in a very short period of time - made more money than almost anyone else at his time... true or false?

MS: Sure, but that's only because he was in all those matches with...

JJ: ...with men like Brody Thunder... like "Dreamlover" Trey Porter... like the Syndicate... like so many others who are in the Hall of Fame... who we recognize as being the best in the world.

MS: But to put him up with them is...

JJ: ...is the only fair thing to do. "Playboy" Ronnie D was one of the best to compete in that ring and that's why I know he'll be the man to lead me to the top of the ladder in this sport.

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: It's plain to see I'm getting nowhere with this topic so let's shift gears. Jayden Jericho, your first SuperClash is just a couple short months away and that's gotta be overwhelming to-

[A loud voice cries out from off-camera.]

"NO! NO! NOOOOOPE!"

[Stegglet rolls his eyes as "Playboy" Ronnie D approaches in red leather pants, a white tanktop with his own logo on it, and mirrored sunglasses.]

D: Stegglet, the problem with you and the rest of your family is that they think that men like me and my son get overwhelmed by anything. "Playboy" Ronnie D has never been overwhelmed by anything in my life.

MS: That's great. But I was talking to your son...

D: I know. And what have I told you about talking to Jayden when I'm not here? Hmmm?

MS: You said not to do it but-

D: That's right. And you did it anyways. (to Jayden) Sorry I'm late, kid. Problem with the makeup lady. If I told her once about my foundation, I've told her a thousand times.

[D pulls off his mirrored sunglasses, checking his own reflection in them.]

D: Now... where were we?

MS: I was asking about SuperClash.

D: Ah yes... the moment for my son to STEAL... THE... SHOW!

MS: Uh huh. And how do you plan on doing that?

D: What do you mean?

MS: Look, you two are new around here so I'm going to clue you in on something. Being on the SuperClash lineup isn't a done deal. This isn't the kind of place where everyone gets on the show like it's a participation award or something. You've gotta EARN that spot... and when your son is coming off back-to-back losses to Jeff Matthews... and when you're coming off two Foxdens-

D: Hey, hey... there's no need to talk about that. Jeff Matthews is jealous of me. He's always been jealous of me. He's jealous of my son too because he can see that Jayden is going to eclipse everything that Matthews has ever done.

[Stegglet sighs again.]

MS: Be that as it may... if I'm being honest, I'm not sure I see a spot on the SuperClash lineup for your son.

[D throws a look at Jericho who looks a little antsy.]

D: Well, uh...

[D shakes his head furiously.]

D: We'll see about that! I gotta go see a guy about a thing!

[And with that, "Playboy" Ronnie D rushes out of view.]

MS: Whew. Now that he's gone...

[Jericho is about to speak when D's voice calls out.]

"KID! LET'S GO!"

[Jericho pauses in mid-word, turning to look at his father. With a sigh, he shrugs at Stegglet and makes his exit as well...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is part of the AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION!

Introducing first...

[The (heavily censored) sounds of The Lox' "Money, Power & Respect" starts up over the PA system to jeers.]

RO: Making her way down the aisle... weighing in tonight at 180 pounds...
COPPERHEEEEEAD!

[A few moments pass before both Copperhead AND Mamba makes their way through the curtain out onto the entrance stage to a chorus of loud boos.]

GM: Well, Bucky, this match was scheduled to be a one-on-one contest between Copperhead and Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol, but we've got both her and her partner Mamba out here.

BW: They're pals, Gordo. There's a lot of turmoil in the Women's Division, and a lot of people sticking their noses into other people's business.

[Copperhead, the mohawked Dominicana hisses at the jeering crowd. She wears orange snake eyes and fang fronts in her mouth, standing in a long-sleeved midriff-baring black halter and black trunks. Mamba rounds out the trio as the powerhouse

of the group, striking a double bicep pose to show off her powerful muscles. She's wearing a one piece black unitard with a racer back. Her creepy white snake eye contacts get a moment of spotlight as we zoom in on them before they start heading down the aisle.]

BW: And I don't know what's scarier: looking at these two right now, or the thought of them sitting and chatting over pumpkin-spiced lattes.

[The Serpentes slide into the ring, eyes wild, ready to strike, baring their fangs.]

GM: [deadpan] Something tells me they're not pumpkin-spiced latte people, Bucky. I just can't seem to put my finger on why.

[Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She "fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

RO: And her opponent... from Fouke, Arkansas...

[She gets a bit of a cheer from the Texan crowd.]

RO: weighing in at 138 pounds... Kayla... "THE PISTOL" ... CRIIIISTOLLL!

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front.]

GM: The Pistol's has been on something of a roll since returning from that awful rib injury this spring, using that Boggy Creek Buster knee off the middle rope to great effect.

BW: Ahh, but our little Stench teenybopper from the swamps is about to get constricted by a big mean snake from the streets.

[Cristol borrows the microphone from Ortiz and hollers into it in her thick Texarkana accent.]

KTPC: WHUT'S UP, H-TOWWWWWN!

[She probably anticipated a louder reaction than she actually gets, but the Houston fans humor her.]

BW: Ugh. Stop stalling and pandering to these people; get in the ring and get killed already.

KTPC: Now y'all know when yew go huntin'n fishin' out in the bayou, out along the river bottoms, yew gotta watch out fer snakes.

An' I know that if I'm huntin' yew, Coppahead, y'all's runnin' buddy Mamba's gonna be right there, lookin' to snap at my ankles, and I can't be in two places at once. So like my daddy says, y'all never hunt alone.

BW: I'm not getting a word of this, Gordo. Maybe she should spit out that mouth full of chaw.

GM: Bucky...

KTPC: So asked Mr. Steglet for a favor tonight, if I could get a partner... If I could get a huntin' buddy to go into the bayou with me... we could have oursel's a tag match.

So I asked aroun' the dressin' room for who's best to watch your back for snakes. An' Melissa, The Spitfire, Vickie June... They all said the same person's name.

...

[The opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system.]

GM: Oh my stars!

[As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

GM: Lady Lightning, pairing up with The Pistol to take on the Serpentes

[Lori walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches ringside, she shares a "high ten" with Kayla Cristol. They then both turn to the ring, sliding in quickly.]

GM: And we're off with an impromptu tag team match!

BW: Typical of Lori Wilson to get involved in everyone else's business but her own!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cristol and Wilson are quickly swarmed and overwhelmed by the Serpentes with overhead clubbing strikes and are paired into opposite corners: Copperhead and Wilson in one, and Cristol and Mamba in the other.]

GM: But the superior size and power of Copperhead and Mamba is too much! It's out of hand early in this contest!

[Copperhead tries to direct traffic, shouting instructions to Mamba. They both set up Wilson and Cristol for Irish whips...]

BW: Look out, trainwreck incoming!

[...But Wilson leverages Copperhead into an armdrag takedown, and Cristol slides down, tangling herself into Mamba's legs, lacing a drop toe hold and dropping Mamba across her own partner.]

GM: The Pistol and Lady Lightning using their opponent's momentum against each other!

[Copperhead begins to roll to the outside. Mamba quickly clambers up, and Wilson and Cristol have already hit the ropes.]

GM: Look at this... double clotheslines take the big Mamba over the top rope to the floor with her partner!

BW: This isn't fair! Mamba wasn't scheduled to be in a match tonight! She's not ready for this busybody busting into this match!

GM: Oh, look out...

[Cristol and Wilson have hit the ropes again, and both baseball slide to the outside.]

GM: And now a double dropkick to the Serpentine takes them to the barricade!

[Cristol rolls to her knees back into the ring and lets out a loud whoop. Wilson circles and pumps her fist as the referee tries to gain control of the match. On the floor, Mamba and Copperhead knock heads and try to regroup.]

GM: Fans, we need to take a break on Saturday Night Wrestling - we're running tape and if this match ends during the break, we'll bring it to you.

[We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...Back up to Kayla Cristol bent sideways at AN almost 60 degree angle while in a Copperhead abdominal stretch.]

GM: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on The X, and this tag match between the team of The Pistol and Lady Lightning and the Serpentine took a dramatic shift during the break.

BW: Yeah, look at this again, Gordo.

[The picture-in-picture replay shows Kayla Cristol charging across the ring only to be caught by Mamba, who whirls around and splatters The Pistol across the mat with a powerslam that seems to shake the entire ring.]

BW: Powerslam! Like a bomb going off!

[Back to live action, where Copperhead laughs off the weakened Pistol's attempts to pull herself free.]

C: "FEEL THAT SQUEEEZE, LITTLE RAT? CAN YOU SQUEAK, LITTLE RAT?"

[In the corner, Lori Wilson pounds her palm against the turnbuckle in rhythm, rallying the clapping fans.]

GM: And that hold is putting absolutely monstrous amounts of strain onto the previously injured midsection of The Pistol. We all remember a few months ago when that baseball bat attack from Ricki Toughill left Kayla Cristol with a broken rib and a bruised kidney...

[Cristol begins shuffling her way to the ropes inch by inch, gritting her gleaming white teeth.]

GM: ...Some have said she returned to active competition too soon, but here she is still fighting! Kayla Cristol looking for the ropes...

BW: She's goin' the wrong way, Gordo.

GM: ...Going the only way she can, to the ropes, and... she's got them!

[With her free hand, Cristol grasps on the middle rope with all her gusto, but Copperhead responds by tagging in Mamba, whose corner The Pistol just dragged herself toward.]

BW: And the Serpentine are giving Kayla Cristol a reptilian beatdown in the corner!

[Mamba lays in stomps as Copperhead sandwiches Cristol's upper body between the bottom rope and her foot.]

BW: And Kayla Cristol asked for this, remember! She wanted a tag match, so she got a tag match.

GM: I think she knew that this sort of double-teaming was bound to happen anyway, but you are right, Bucky, this is a very dangerous situation The Pistol has found herself in.

[Mamba pulls Cristol upright and lifts her into an elevated bearhug. Cristol grimaces, her mid-section in obvious pain.]

GM: A very sound strategy by the Serpentine being utilized in this bout: once that rib and kidney area begins to be worn down, it becomes more difficult to take in a deep breath of oxygen. Cristol has an obvious advantage over both her opponents and that is her speed. If they can slow The Pistol down and keep her isolated, she's easy pickings.

[Mamba decides to parade around the ring smugly with Cristol still constricted in her grasp.]

GM: Although this isn't at all necessary.

[Unfortunately for Mamba, she doesn't seem to be aware of her proximity to her opponent's corner, or the length of her opponent's arms...]

GM: And wait... That is a tag!

BW: That was never a tag!

[The crowd comes to life as Lori Wilson rumbles through the ropes, freeing her partner with a forearm across the small of Mamba's back.]

GM: That was a legal tag! The referee is allowing it; Copperhead coming into the ring now!

BW: You're supposed to slap hands, right? Fingertips don't count, right?

GM: Armdrag takedown on Copperhead! Lady Lightning is storming the ring!

BW: Look out, here comes Mamba!

[Mamba charges toward Wilson, but the veteran braces herself...]

...And arcs her overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS! A picture perfect suplex on that monster Mamba sends her to the outside!

[Mamba reels on the floor, agog that she was taken down so easily. Copperhead tries to ambush Wilson, but Cristol cuts her off, forcing her backward into the buckles. The Pistol mounts the middle rope above her and rains elbow strikes down.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[Cristol hops over the rope on the apron, allowing Wilson a crack at Copperhead. The fans count along with her kicks to the midsection too.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[But while Cristol is busy cheering her partner on, she fails to prevent Mamba from returning to the ring. Grabbing Wilson by the arm, she is whipped HARD into the opposing turnbuckles.]

GM: Mamba, the legal woman, now back in the ring... Now she shoots Copperhead in...

[Mamba whips Copperhead into Wilson, where she collides with a body splash. Mamba charges in behind...]

BW: Oh, snake sandwiches are on the menu tonight!

[...But Wilson drops down to the apron, and pulls Copperhead into the corner, leaving Mamba to collide with her.]

GM: Miscommunication, and now Lady Lightning going up to the top rope, looking for a crossbody block...

[...But Mamba merely catches her.]

BW: Look at that, Gordo! Look at that strength!

[Mamba presses Wilson overhead, then starts doing reps with her.]

BW: That's real power there!

[Kayla Cristol has seen enough. As the referee is distracted with trying to eject Copperhead from the ring, the Pistol makes a diving elbow strike to the back of Mamba's leg.]

GM: Kayla Cristol making the save!

BW: Hey! The Swamp Rat's not the legal woman!

[Mamba crumples backward, and Lori Wilson makes sure that she lands in a picture perfect lateral press position, hooking the far side of Mamba's leg.]

GM: And there's a cover!

[The Pistol spears Copperhead through the ropes and both tumble out to the floor, leaving the referee free to count.]

GM: One, two... and three, and Lady Lightning and The Pistol manage to eke one out over the Serpentes!

BW: Did you not see that blatant double-team, Gordo!? The Swamp Rat saved that Busybody from being a stain on the canvas!

GM: There was quite the chaotic scene in there. The Serpentes were using some illegal doubleteam tactics and you're right, Kayla Cristol decided to fight fire with fire in picking up the win in this one. But as you always say, Bucky, a win is a win no matter how you get it.

BW: And you always tell me I'm wrong!

[Gordon chuckles as the fan favorites continues to celebrate and we fade to black...

...And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then back up backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with the former World Heavyweight Champion, Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy is dressed to go to the ring.]

SLB: Welcome Mr. Lynch. Before we talk about your opponent last night, I think we have to address the issue of your hand. So I'll be direct. How is it?

[Lynch closes his hand into a fist, visibly wincing when he does.]

JL: It hurts, Lou.

But before ya ask me about it more, I'm just gonna leave it at that. Because I'm not of a mind to give Brian James any ideas about what he can target.

It hurts, but not as bad as losin' my World Title hurt.

SLB: I would suggest that Brian James already knows enough ways to hurt a man.

[Lynch nods.]

SLB: But tonight's match does represent an opportunity for you to reclaim the World Title.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Its more than just an opportunity, Lou. I'm not sure if I can explain this to ya fully, but this ain't just a chance.

I need this, Lou.

[Lynch draws in a breath and exhales slowly.]

JL: Since Vasquez stole that World Title from me, I can't do anything. I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't even bounce Jamie Christina on my knee.

All I can do is think about gettin' my title back.

It took me years to get just one shot at that belt. I had to go through Lake. I had to go through Supreme Wright. Blood, sweat, tears, chasin' Detson from one side of the world to the other.

I heard what Ryan Martinez said. I heard him make his case, and everyone knows I consider Ryan to be a good friend. But right now? Ryan needs to go to the back of the line.

Exactly the same place I'm sendin' Brian James.

SLB: I have to say, Mr. Lynch, this is a side of you we haven't seen before. Maybe you need some perspective.

JL: No Lou, what I need is to get back in the ring with Vasquez. And until then...

[Just as Lynch is about to continue, another player steps into the scene. None other than "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, the other half of the TexMo Connection.]

BOC: Lou, Jack... I'm sorry to interrupt, but I've just got to say something.

SLB: By all means, Mr. O'Connor.

BOC: Listen Jack, I know how much being World Champion meant to you. And I know that you're feeling sore about how Vasquez won...

SLB: I think "stole" is the word your partner would want you to use.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: Yes, stole the title.

But the thing is, Jack...

[O'Connor takes a deep breath and exhales.]

BOC: I think you have to let it go. For your own health.

I've seen too many friends consumed by hunting that title. Look what happened to Terry. He's only just now starting to get his head on straight.

You say we're brothers, you say it all the time. And as your brother, I'm telling you Jack... let it go.

You heard what Ryan said tonight. And the thing is? Ryan deserves the next title shot. He never got his rematch. That's owed to him Jack. And when Ryan takes it from Juan?

You know he'll give you a shot anytime you want.

And in the meantime, I've got a suggestion for you.

[A grin comes to O'Connor's face.]

BOC: Because there's another title you could reclaim.

Those two jerks Taylor and Donovan? They've been talking about how they've cleaned out the tag division.

But they haven't beaten TexMo yet!

So what do you say Jack? How about being a three time tag team champion?

[Having been silent this whole time, Lynch finally nods his head.]

JL: Listen Bobby... I hear ya. And the truth is, almost nothin' would make me happier than claimin' gold with you at my side. I'd be happy and honored to hear someone say "Your World Tag Team Champions... the TexMo connection."

[O'Connor grins broadly...

...and then Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: But I said "almost" nothin' would make me happier.

Right now, there is somethin' above that. And that's bein' World Champion. I appreciate the offer, and any other time, I'd take ya up on it.

But right now, I gotta get my hands on Vasquez. And I gotta get my belt back.

But after that?

[Lynch nods.]

JL: We'll talk... I promise.

But you'll have to excuse me. I've got a match to prepare for.

[With those words, Jack Lynch makes an abrupt exit, leaving a surprised O'Connor in his wake.]

SLB: I am not even sure how to process that. Any final thoughts, Bobby?

[O'Connor sighs.]

BOC: No Lou, I don't.

Win some, lose some I guess. But...

[O'Connor can only shake his head in disappointment and frustration, before he walks away, leaving Blackwell alone...

...and we cut to another part of backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing with the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. James is bare-chested, a white towel over his face, wearing his wrestling trunks. The hulking, six foot six behemoth towers over the woman assigned to interview him.]

TL: My guest at this time is the man who will, in just a few minutes, step in the ring against the former World Heavyweight champion....

[James pulls the towel off his face and glares at Lynch.]

BJ: And your brother.

[Lynch exhales slowly.]

TL: ... Yes, my brother, Jack Lynch. Mr. James, would you care to offer some insight into your thought process?

[James scoffs.]

BJ: Right now, what I'm thing Theresa, is that it's taking everything you've got not to start begging me not to hurt your big brother.

[Lynch grits her teeth.]

TL: Mr. James, I'm a professional hired to do a job.

BJ: You're going to seem a lot less professional when your eyes are all red and puffy from crying, and all that makeup you're wearing is smeared across your face from all the tears you're about to shed.

TL: Mr. James...

BJ: Don't you "Mr. James" me, little girl.

Normally, they'd send Blackwell out here to ask me stupid questions, but I asked them to send you. And do you know why? Because I've got a message that I want you to take to your brother.

Jack Lynch... I hate you and your whole stinking family.

[James glares at Lynch, pronouncing his next few words very carefully, enunciating them fully.]

BJ: Every. Single. One. Of. Them.

There isn't a Lynch alive who deserves to be associated with this sport. From your crooked father to that cripple in the Combat Corner who thought he could teach me something.

Every single member of the Lynch family is a disgrace, I hate 'em all. And it would be my pleasure to take them all out.

[As James casts another glance at his interviewer, Lynch unconsciously takes a step back.]

BJ: Sports Illustrated gave you some damn award for being the greatest family in wrestling history? What a damn joke.

There's no world that's ever been conceived where a Lynch is better than a James.

Unless you're talking about being corrupt conmen who've done nothing but benefit from nepotism, then maybe you can give a Lynch an edge.

But in that ring? There isn't a Lynch alive who's fit to carry my bags, much less compete with me.

Jack Lynch, people think you're something special around these parts. Stampede Cup Winner. The only man to win tag team gold with two different partners. The only man to be both World Champion and World Tag Team Champion, and on and on.

None of it means a damn thing to me.

You want to know who you are to me? You're an obstacle. You're in my way, but that will only be the case until we're in the ring together. Then you'll just be another victim.

Don't believe me? Ask your brother.

I stomped his pretty face into the mat real good back in Boston. And that was just for a trophy. What do you think I'm going to do for a shot at the World Title?

I'll tell you this much, it'll make you wish I only beat you as bad as I beat your brother.

TL: You certainly seem confident.

[James scoffs.]

BJ: Confident that I can beat a Lynch? That's not confidence, little girl, that's knowledge. The knowledge of who I am, and what every Lynch is.

But you don't have to believe me. You just walk yourself on out to ringside, and you'll see for yourself. Hell, being that close might give you the chance to say a proper goodbye.

Because after tonight, Jack Lynch's wrestling career is something that will be spoken about in the past tense.

TL: Well....

[James shakes his head and cuts Lynch off.]

BJ: No, you don't get the last word, girl.

Contrary to what you believe, Lynch, this isn't your AWA, and that World Title is not your birthright. You've never earned a damn thing in your life. Until now that is.

Because what I'm going to do to you? Well, you've more than earned that.

And for once in your life, you're not going to get what you want, but you're definitely going to get what you've earned.

And it's going to be my pleasure giving it to you.

[After a dark look, James exits, leaving a visibly affected Theresa Lynch in his wake as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following Road To The Gold contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! The winner of the match will advance to the Final Four battle, joining Johnny Detson and Jordan Ohara in the quest to win a World Title match in the Main Event of SuperClash!

Introducing first...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, and the roar of boos from the crowd threatens to drown the guitars out... although for the first time in quite a while, there are some cheers mixed in as well.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[The mixed reaction increases as the son of the Blackheart marches down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.]

GM: Brian James, the now FORMER Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion, on his way to the ring looking to get back on track here tonight.

BW: And if you want to see the total miscarriage of justice that led to him being a former champion, make sure you check out the Power Hour next weekend.

[James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.]

GM: James made it very clear at the start of tonight's show that he believes that win in the Battle of Boston makes him the man who can defeat Juan Vasquez for the World Title at SuperClash.

BW: You wanna argue with him?

GM: Not one bit... and I have to point out that Brian Lau's absence here is conspicuous.

BW: Well, he didn't come out with Johnny Detson either and we know what happened there.

GM: He got himself involved and robbed Supernova of advancing in this tournament?

BW: That's one way to look at it. So, don't worry, Gordo. If Brian Lau is needed, he'll be here.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James tosses the towel aside, producing a plastic box from his hand. Opening the box, he pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, he puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights drop down as the iconic opening guitar part to Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" starts up over the PA system. As the lyrics kick in, a white spotlight lances through the darkened arena to hit the entrance area.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is the FORMER AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

THE IRON COWBOY...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The Texas crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Jack Lynch bursts through the curtain, immediately throwing his gloved right hand up in the air in the shape of the Iron Claw...

...and a sharp-eyed viewer would note that the white glove is over quite a bit of white bandaging as well.]

GM: There he is, fans! The former World Champion who is looking to get right back into the fight for the big gold here tonight in Houston, Texas!

[The tall muscular Jack Lynch stands atop the aisle, his body partially covered by a long white coat. We can see his white trunks and boots underneath it. Of course, his standard white cowboy hat rests atop his head as he starts making his way down the aisle, slapping all of the offered hands he can see... notably with his left hand.]

BW: He may be looking to get another shot at Vasquez, Gordo, but you've gotta remember that he's coming into this match with a bum hand. Vasquez did a number on it in Las Vegas and if Lynch wants to get into that Final Four match two weeks from tonight, he's gotta beat Brian James essentially one-handed.

GM: You're right, Bucky. Jack Lynch is fighting an uphill battle tonight in Houston but Jack Lynch has fought against the odds all his life.

BW: Are you kidding me? The Fortunate Son would've been born with a silver spoon in his mouth but Blackjack didn't trust Henrietta not to pawn it to buy a new pair of shoes. This kid has had the world on his side from Day One. But Brian James on the other hand grew up without a father in his life... a single parent household... not even knowing who his father was until he was a grown man. THAT'S fighting an uphill battle, Gordo.

[Lynch reaches the ringside area, running up the ringsteps onto the apron where he throws his right hand up into the air again to another big cheer. Brian James stands in his corner, fingers locked together as he keeps his wrists loose, waiting for Lynch to get inside the ring. The lanky Texan sheds his coat, dropping it down to a

ringside attendant. He hands off his Stetson hat as well, stepping through the ropes to a big reaction.]

BW: You know, Gordo... I'm getting a sense of deja vu in this one.

GM: How's that?

BW: It was at the Battle of Boston that Travis Lynch got into the ring with Brian James with a bum hand... and we know how that turned out. I expect this one to go down the exact same way.

GM: You could be right... and we're about to find out as the music fades, the referee gets both men back to their respective corners, and we're ready for the bell here in the Toyota Center on a night of wild action as we walk the road to SuperClash in New Orleans!

[The referee looks to both men, making sure they're ready for the battle to come...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! One fall, thirty minute time limit... the winner moves on to the Final Four in Oklahoma City to fight for a shot at the World Title!

[James' eyes burn into Lynch from across the ring as he suddenly moves forward in a Muay Thai fighting stance. Lynch steps from the corner, fists balled up in something more like what you'd see out of a street fighter. James strikes first, landing a front kick to the midsection. He snatches Lynch behind the head, trying to lock his fingers but before he can, Lynch throws three quick left hands to the body, forcing James to abandon his clinch attempt.]

GM: Lynch fighting back!

BW: With the LEFT hand, Gordo!

[James staggers back as Lynch follows in, looping a boot into the midsection. He grabs James by the head, marching him towards the corner but James swings a leg up, planting his foot on the top turnbuckle to block a faceslam into the buckles...

...and then swings his elbow back, driving the point of it up under Lynch's chin, snapping his head back!]

GM: Oh!

[Grabbing Lynch by the shoulders, James swings him back into the corner, pushing him back against the buckles. With his hands on the top rope, James throws a powerful knee attack to the body, landing three big strikes before Lynch smashes his left hand into the bridge of the nose.]

GM: Oof! These two look like they're fighting out on the street right now!

[A second left hand off the cheekbone causes James to fall back again as Lynch grabs at his ribs for a moment. He lands another kick to the gut... and another before he grabs James by the arm, whipping him the short distance into the turnbuckles. James slams chestfirst into the corner, staggering back out towards Lynch who clubs him in the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Good grief! You can hear some of these strikes down at the old Astrodome!

[The blow sends James falling towards the corner where Lynch spins him around, swinging his cowboy boot up into James' ribs, doubling him up. A stiff kneelift follows, snapping James' head back and causing him to slump down against the buckles.]

GM: Lynch has got him reeling! That knee did a number on him!

[Leaning against the corner, Lynch again swings a knee up into the sternum, causing James to fall a little further down. The Iron Cowboy grabs the top rope, driving the sole of his cowboy boot down into the chest over and over and over as the Houston crowd ROARS for the flurry of offense!]

GM: LYNCH IS STOMPING JAMES INTO THE DUST!

[James is down in a seated position, sitting against the turnbuckles as Lynch moves his target to James' face, stomping him repeatedly as the referee shouts at the King of the Cowboys, demanding a break.]

GM: He's all over him, Bucky!

BW: Get him back, ref!

[The referee finally steps in, shouting at Lynch, threatening the Iron Cowboy with a disqualification as he backs him halfway across the ring. James pushes up off the mat, a trickle of blood coming from his nose from one of the stomps. He reaches up, wiping the blood with the back of his hand. His eyes flare when he catches a glimpse of it, charging out of the corner. The referee just barely steps aside as James throws himself into a king-sized double leg takedown, knocking Lynch right off his feet and putting him on his back as James easily slides into the mount position!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[James postures up, raining down brutal right hands on Lynch who attempts to get his arms up, covering his face as the son of the Blackheart looks to land a knockout blow.]

BW: IT'S A THUNDER OF SEVENTEEN CLOUDS, DADDY!

[Lynch's defense is broken down as James lays into him with several big blows, snapping his head back as the referee steps in, demanding a break again.]

GM: Lynch got hit with a couple of those at least, Bucky! He looks dazed!

BW: He may be done. This might be over already!

[James angrily marches around the ring, throwing a glance as Lynch tries to push up off the mat, a trickle of blood coming from his right eyebrow, dripping off his head onto the mat. The Engine of Destruction circles back to him, yanking him off the mat by the trunks.]

GM: James pulls him up, throwing him violently back to the corner!

[With Lynch barely hanging on, James squares up on him, throwing three straight jabs to the head followed by a right-left cross combo that leaves Lynch reeling, hanging onto the top rope...]

GM: James is beating the heck out of the former World Champion!

[...and a BRUTAL elbow uppercut shot snaps Lynch's head back, sending him falling through the ropes and out to the barely-padded floor as the Texas crowd buzzes over what they're seeing!]

GM: Good lord!

[James tries to go out after him but the official steps in, shaking his head. He orders James back to his corner as he turns to start a ten count on Lynch who is outside the ring.]

GM: The referee starting his count - remember, a countout would be enough to eliminate Jack Lynch from this tournament and send Brian James into the Final Four.

BW: James is a man possessed right now, Gordo. I think all this stuff with Detson and then losing the CAGE title last weekend really put him over the edge.

[James tires of the referee's count, exiting on the far side of the ring and circling around as the official continues counting. Jack Lynch, in the meantime, has pushed up to his knees on the floor, a stream of blood coming from his mouth now as well.]

GM: Goodness. Lynch has taken a pounding early on in this one and Brian James is out on the floor, looking to pour it on!

[Despite the referee's shouts at James, the son of the Blackheart yanks Lynch off his knees to his feet...

...and Lynch DRIVES a gloved and bandaged right hand up under his chin!]

GM: OHH! UPPERCUT!

[Lynch grimaces, shaking out his right hand as James staggers back. But the Iron Cowboy keeps going, grabbing James by the arm...]

GM: Look out!

[...and sends him sailing towards the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE BARRICADE GOES BRIAN JAMES!

[James collapses against the railing, arms draped back over it as Lynch shakes out his hand again, advancing on his opponent.]

GM: Lynch threw that right hand - whether it was intentional or pure instinct, I don't know. But he's obviously feeling the effects of it.

[Lynch grabs James by the head, pulling him off the railing...

...and then SMASHING his head down into the barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the steel!

[Still holding the head, Lynch walks James across the ringside area, smashing his head down into the ring apron.]

GM: Into the apron now! And Jack Lynch is getting nasty now!

BW: He's turning this into a street fight... and that's probably the best chance he has against James.

[Another slam of the face into the ring apron causes James to flop up onto the apron, rolling under the ropes as Lynch pulls himself up on the apron after him.]

GM: James back in... Lynch on the apron...

[The referee and Jack Lynch trade a few words as Brian James works his way back to his feet inside the ring, rushing forward. He swings his leg up, throwing a kick between the ropes but Lynch sidesteps, causing James to whiff on it.]

GM: James is caught up in the ropes!

[Lynch aggressively kicks the middle rope up into the hamstring of James once... twice... three times...

...and then **BLASTS** him with a standing lariat, knocking James off his feet and down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[With James laid out on the mat near the ropes, Lynch drops back down to the floor. He snatches James by the leg, lifting it up...

...and **SLAMS** the back of the knee down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: And now Jack Lynch may be looking to take away one of James' signature weapons - those lethal legs!

[The Iron Cowboy lifts the leg again, swinging it down a second time!]

GM: Down onto the edge of the apron again!

BW: I gotta say - I'm impressed by this strategy, Gordo. I didn't think Lynch was smart enough for something like this. I thought he'd just go full speed ahead trading blows with Brian James and end up getting knocked out.

[Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, stomping James' knee a few times as the referee shouts at him, ordering him to back off.]

GM: Lynch climbing back in, pulling James up by the hair...

[He backs the son of the Blackheart into the ropes, grabbing him by the arm as he does...]

GM: Lynch fires him across... big right hand downstairs!

[With James doubled up, Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding off to **BLAST** him with a kneelift that sends James flying into the air before he crashes down to the canvas. The former World Champion scrambles into a pin attempt, getting a two count before the shoulder pops up.]

GM: No, no! Two count only for Lynch!

[And this time, it's Lynch who swings a leg over James' torso, pinning him down and taking the mount. He grabs James' head with his right hand, using his left to hammer away at the skull!]

GM: Left hands to the head! Over and over! The big Texan dishing out a pounding in his home state!

[Lynch pulls off at the referee's count of four, pumping a fist with a roar. James scrambles up off the mat as Lynch swoops back in on him, scooping him up...]

GM: Big scoop and a big slam puts him down!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch leaps into the air, dropping a knee down across the sternum before dropping into another lateral press.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count for the Iron Cowboy!

[Climbing to his feet, Lynch takes aim, backing into the ropes to build up speed as he bounces back toward James, leaping high into the air, and dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Big elbow finds the mark! And another cover!

[James kicks out at two again, breaking the pin.]

GM: Time and time again, Jack Lynch is going for that pin, trying to wear down James as he makes him kick out over and over.

[Lynch climbs to his feet, pulling James up with him by the arm. He whips him towards the corner, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. Lynch backs into the opposite corner...]

GM: He's got James in his sights! From corner to corner he goes!

[Lynch charges the cornered James, looking for a big clothesline...]

...but James swings his leg up, catching the incoming Lynch under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! He caught him coming in!

[James lifts himself up to the second rope, steadying himself as Lynch staggers in front of him...]

...and then comes soaring off the buckles, catching Lynch under the chin with a devastating flying kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE DRILLED HIM WITH THAT FLYING KNEE! THAT MIGHT BE IT, FANS! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[James winces as he rolls to his knee, grabbing the leg that Lynch attacked earlier in the match.]

BW: That knee is bothering him though, Gordo...

GM: James crawling on one leg... and throws himself into a cover!

[The referee drops to the mat, slapping the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: I think that delay in making the cover might've just cost Brian James the match right there, Gordo. I think he had him beaten with that flying knee if he could've covered just a little quicker.

GM: You absolutely could be right! I thought he had him with that flying knee for sure.

[Wincing as he climbs to his feet, James shakes out his leg a few times before pulling Lynch off the mat...

...and yanking him right into a Muay Thai clinch again.]

GM: Uh oh - James secures the clinch!

[A big knee to the abdomen follows... then one to the chest... then one to the ribcage...]

GM: James scoring with knees to the body, trying to-

[But as another knee comes up, Lynch manages to block enough of it to create some space... space he uses to lunge forward, smashing his skull into James'!]

GM: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[James stumbles backwards from the headbutt, falling into the ropes as Lynch advances on him, throwing an awkward left hand that James counters, snatching the arm in mid-swing, twisting around with his back to Lynch...

...and WHIPS Lynch violently down to the canvas with a judo throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JUDO THROW BY JAMES!

[He drags a shocked Lynch up, twisting around with another arm-based judo throw, slamming him down to the canvas a second time!]

GM: Good grief!

[The two hard judo throws leave Lynch reeling on the mat, holding his right elbow as he pushes to his knees. James backs off, giving a shout as he rushes forward, swinging his knee up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEEEEE STRIIIIIKE!

[The blow snaps Lynch's head back, knocking him on his back!]

GM: That might do it! James with the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKS OUT! LYNCH GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[James pops back up, a sneer on his face as he circles the downed Lynch who is rubbing his jaw in pain.]

GM: James looks like he's trying to knock him out, Bucky!

BW: A knockout is a damn good way to make sure you can pin someone, Gordo!

[As Lynch rolls to all fours, still down on the canvas, James circles around behind him, reaching down to snatch a rear waistlock...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: That's 265 pounds down on the mat! James is-

[With a loud grunt of effort, James muscles Lynch right up off the canvas...

...and THROWS him down on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN! WHAT INCREDIBLE POWER BY THE SON OF THE BLACKHEART!

[James rolls up to his knees, staring across the ring at the prone Lynch. There is a sprinkling of cheers in the crowd for the physical specimen that is Brian James. The Engine of Destruction climbs to his feet, still looking across at Lynch who he addresses with a loud "GET UP!" and an upward swipe of his hand.]

GM: James ordering Lynch to get back to his feet! He's not done with him!

BW: I'm not sure Lynch can obey that order even if he wants to, Gordo. He landed RIGHT on the back of his head and while there's not much to damage in the head of a Lynch-

GM: WOULD YOU STOP?!

[James sinks down to a three-point stance, eyes still locked on Jack Lynch as the former World Champion struggles to get off the canvas.]

GM: Lynch is starting to rise... starting to stir...

BW: But when he does, he's going to find Brian James waiting for him!

[The Iron Cowboy shoves himself to a knee, eyelids fluttering as he pushes to his feet...

...which is when Brian James surges forward, sprinting across the ring towards him, extending his arm...]

GM: BLACK MASS!

[But as James draws near Lynch, the Iron Cowboy's eyes fly open, a flash of recognition going across his face as he swings his own right hand up...]

GM: CLAW!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Lynch stops James cold by locking his right hand around James' head!]

GM: LYNCH LOCKS IN THE IRON CLAW! HE HOOKED THE IRON CLAW!

[James grimaces, flailing his arms about as the referee swoops in, checking to see if James wants to submit...

...but James does not want to submit, lifting both of his powerful arms to grasp the right wrist of Jack Lynch!]

GM: James is gonna try and break it! He knows Lynch's hand is banged up and he's going to try and break this hold!

[James plants his feet, giving a shout as he pushes with all his strength at the right wrist of Jack Lynch. Lynch swings the left hand over to brace the wrist, increasing the pressure...

...but James will not back down, pushing and forcing the hand away from his head!]

GM: JAMES IS BREAKING THE HOLD! HE'S BREAKING THE CLAW!

[A panicked Lynch abandons the submission hold, pulling back the right arm and swinging a haymaker at James who swings his hand up to meet it, grasping the fist in his hand.]

GM: We've seen this before!

[James quickly slips his fingers between Lynch's, trapping the hand in his grip as he violently twists the wrist, attempting to pull Lynch's hand down towards the canvas...

...but the big Texan responds by headbutting James RIGHT in the mouth!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow stuns James, sending him staggering back with his hand up to his mouth.]

GM: James is gonna need to check his teeth after that one!

[And with James stunned, Lynch throws himself aggressively back at the ropes, rebounding back towards James where he leaps into the air, extending his arm which he SMASHES across James' collarbone!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT! LARIAT!

[With James laid out on the canvas and the Texas crowd roaring, Lynch rolls over, wrapping up a leg and making a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Brian James THRUSTS his arm into the air at the last moment, pulling his shoulder clear from the canvas before the three count can fall! Lynch rolls off James onto his back, reaching up to grab at his head with both hands.]

GM: And that time, it was Brian James who just BARELY got the shoulder up in time! What a physical, physical battle we're seeing between these two tremendous competitors as they struggle for one of the two remaining spots in the Final Four to be held two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City!

BW: We're just past the ten minute mark in this one and what a war we're seeing, Gordo! These two have to feel like they've been battling for a half hour almost at the pace and impact they're going!

[Lynch slowly sits up on the canvas, breathing heavily. He can be seen flexing the fingers on his taped right hand repeatedly as he throws a glance to his side to Brian James.]

GM: Jack Lynch looking for the win... looking to get another opportunity to put that World Title back around his waist... a World Title that many believe he never should've lost to begin with, Bucky.

BW: Bah! He had his time. He has his chance! This is Brian James' time!

GM: Perhaps you're right. If you look back at SuperClash last year, Brian James - alongside Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - ended the epic undefeated streak of the Dogs of War! Earlier this year, the James Gang aligned with Johnny Detson to become the Kings of Wrestling. Then, of course, Brian James stunned the world by defeating the very best in our sport to become the winner of the Battle of Boston tournament. He won the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Championship. Everything has been going Brian James' way since SuperClash last year and what a way it would be to wrap up one of the most successful years in AWA history by meeting and defeating Juan Vasquez at SuperClash in the Main Event for the AWA World Title!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, moving towards James who is on all fours. A hard cowboy boot to the ribs finds the mark, sending James rolling under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Lynch reaching over the top, bringing James back to his feet...

[Standing on the apron, James fires off a pair of palm strikes between the ropes and into the ribs of the former World Champion!]

GM: Oh! James lands two hard shots to the body...

[Grabbing Lynch by the head, James rushes down the apron, smashing Lynch's head into the top turnbuckle. The big Texan staggers backwards as James steps up to the middle rope...]

GM: What in the world is he doing here?

[The crowd buzzes as the 6'6, 295 pound Engine of Destruction steps one foot up on the top rope.]

GM: Unusual territory for the big man to be in! He's got one foot on the top rope and-

[Lynch rushes back in, jumping to the middle rope as he slams a left hand into the gut of James. He throws a second and third to the ribs, trying to soften up the big man...]

GM: Lynch has got James hooked! He's looking for a top rope superplex!

[But as Lynch struggles to get James up into the air, the son of the Blackheart is fighting back, swinging his skull down into the side of Lynch's face... once... twice... three times...]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt by James!

[Suddenly, all eyes turn towards the entrance of the Toyota Center, boos breaking out all over the crowd.]

GM: DETSON! JOHNNY DETSON!

[And the former World Champion is SPRINTING towards the ring at top speed. A sharp-eyed viewer would notice the leather glove known as Black Beauty is already on his right hand as he tears towards the ring...]

GM: He's heading for the ring! But... but why?! That's the question!

[James lands one more headbutt before a mighty shove sends Lynch sailing backwards off the ropes, crashing down hard on the canvas.]

GM: Lynch goes down hard! James looking down on him!

[But before he can leap, James' focus twists towards Detson just as his "brother" arrives at ringside. Detson and James lock eyes, glaring at each other for several moments as James remains perched up top.]

GM: Brian James is staring at Johnny Detson, almost daring Detson to do something!

BW: I don't get it, Gordo. Why is Johnny out here? He's already in the Finals!

GM: The way I see it, Bucky, there's two possible reasons. Either he's come to help Brian James get to the Final Four because he doesn't want to face Jack Lynch there... or he's come to help Jack Lynch because he doesn't want to face Brian James there!

BW: What?! There's no way! He'd never do that to his Kingly brother!

GM: You wanna bet?!

[James is still staring at Detson who is unmoving...

...which is when Jack Lynch charges the corner, throwing a dropkick that causes James to crotch himself up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Lynch takes James down... and now he's going back up! And you better believe he's going to be looking for that superplex one more time!

[This time, Lynch easily snatches the front facelock, reaching down to hook James' shorts. He throws a glance at Detson who is watching intently as Lynch grunts with exertion...]

GM: LYNCH GETS HIM UP!

[...and together, the Iron Cowboy and the Engine of Destruction plummet off the top rope, crashing down in tandem on the canvas to the roar of the Houston crowd!]

GM: HE GOT IT! LYNCH HITS THE SUPERPLEX!

[A weary Lynch rolls over to his knees, crawling towards James, and throwing himself across James' torso without hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! AGAIN, BRIAN JAMES GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: INCREDIBLE!

[Detson moves closer to the apron, grimacing at the kickout. He grabs the bottom rope, looking into the ring as the referee eyes him warily.]

GM: Brian James lives to fight some more... and I can't tell how Johnny Detson feels about that!

BW: He's happy for his brother! The Kings are fine!

GM: You're as delusional as they are if you believe that! The Kings are nowhere near fine and Johnny Detson very well could be out here to try and cost Brian James this match!

BW: If he tries to cost James this match, he'd better start running and not stop until he reaches Oklahoma City because there will no place on this planet he can hide from Brian James if he robs him of a chance to become the World Champion.

[Kneeling on the canvas, Lynch pulls James up by the head, drilling him between the eyes with a left hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Lynch pounding away on James, trying to keep him down for whatever comes next... and you've gotta wonder what DOES come next for Jack Lynch. He's used the superplex... he's used the lariat... the Claw seems like it's not an option for him with the banged-up hand.

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, walking around the ring, flexing the fingers on his right hand as he winces.]

BW: He's trying to get the right hand ready - trying to psyche himself up to use the Claw again.

GM: I don't know if he can do. Look at the pain on his face when he squeezes that hand...

[The Iron Cowboy leans down, pulling James to his feet. He grabs him by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes, setting up as the son of the Blackheart rebounds...]

GM: IRON CLAW!! BUT WITH THE LEFT HAND!

[The Texas crowd roars at the sight of the Lynch family legacy wrapped around the skull of Brian James, the fingers pressing into the temples as James cries out in pain!]

GM: We've seen him use this before! It's effective but is it effective enough to take Brian James out of this match and this tournament?!

[Detson puts a hand on the middle rope, almost as if he's about to charge into the ring...

...but holds his ground, staying where he's at James searches for an escape from the legendary submission hold!]

GM: Detson's still on the outside! James trying to hang on! Trying to-

[Suddenly, James grabs the left wrist of Jack Lynch, twisting it as he spins out of the hold, drawing back his right arm...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[...and SLAMS his clenched fist into Lynch's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks Lynch flat on the canvas as James falls to a knee, his eyes locked on Johnny Detson who grabs the middle rope again...]

GM: James going for the cover, keeping his eyes on Detson... almost daring him to make a move!

[James applies the lateral press, hooking the leg tightly as he stares at Detson who is chewing his lip frantically as he grabs the rope with the other hand...]

BW: What's Johnny going to do?!

[The defiant James stares at Detson, daring him to get involved as the referee slaps the mat once... twice... and three times...]

...and Detson slinks back to the floor, fear in his eyes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Brian James has won it! He's moving on to the Final Four!

BW: Um... well, see?! I told you that Johnny wouldn't get involved!

GM: Oh, that's total garbage, Bucky. I think the whole world can see quite clearly that Johnny Detson had EVERY intention of getting involved in this match but with Brian James staring right at him, he didn't dare... he just didn't dare.

BW: Are you trying to say that Johnny is afraid of Brian James?

GM: Absolutely. And I think in two weeks in Oklahoma City in the Final Four, he'll prove it.

[James rises off the mat, slowly raising his arm in triumph as he keeps his eyes locked on Detson as we fade to black.]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and we fade back up to live action backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside "Flawless" Larry Wallace. The Flawless One is dressed in a deep purple polo shirt and khaki slacks. His gold framed sunglasses have a matching purple tinted lens set. A gold chain hangs around his neck.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and Larry Wallace... that's quite the smile on your face.

[Wallace smirks.]

FLW: Like it? Tsk, tsk, Theresa. I know who butters your particular loaf of bread and I want no part of that. So, I'm flattered but keep on keepin' on, darlin'.

[Lynch looks flustered and annoyed.]

TL: I'm assuming the smile has something to do with what happened back at Homecoming.

FLW: Of course! I mean, Theresa... it's not every night that you get to end the career of a former World Champion... of a guy that people whisper about when they talk about future Hall of Famers. I broke him, Theresa. I did it.

TL: But not alone.

FLW: No, no... you're right. I couldn't have done it without the support of all my fans out there... including you.

[He pulls down the sunglasses a bit, winking at the interviewer.]

TL: I was referring to Hamilton Graham who is quite conspicuous by his absence here tonight.

FLW: Hey, the suits told me I had the night off so Hamilton Graham decided to take the night off too. Good thing because he'd be fit to be tied over some of the garbage we've seen out there in the ring tonight. And I won't even begin to talk about how mad he'd be that I got left out of the Road To The Gold tournament! I mean, Dave Bryant won the last one of those... how do you leave out the guy who sent him into retirement?! How do you...

[Wallace's words trail off.]

FLW: What are you two doing here?

[The camera pulls back to reveal the American Idols, Chaz and Chet Wallace. The Wallace twins are in bright colored t-shirts with the sleeves cut out and blue jeans. Chaz has a bejeweled headband on while Chet is wearing a hat cockeyed that reads "DMPUSA" across the front. The bill is half a US flag and half a Japanese flag.]

Chaz: 'Sup, big brother?

[Larry looks shocked.]

FLW: Seriously? I'm in the middle of an interview and that's what you've got... "Sup?!"

Chaz: Just breaking the ice, bro. Hey, uhh... you talked to Dad lately?

FLW: Can we talk about this later? I'm kind of in the-

Chet: We just wanted to know 'cause we talked to him... and he seems pretty mad at you.

[Larry arches an eyebrow.]

FLW: Mad at me? For what?

[Chaz and Chet lock eyes, grinning.]

Chaz/Chet: FOR LOSING TO A LYNCH!

[The two start laughing uncontrollably, trading a high five as their big brother glares at them.]

FLW: Is that right? Well, I can only imagine how mad he was about that... probably about half as mad as he was though when he found out that the two of you... LOST TO THE SHANES!

[Chaz and Chet get agitated, shouting at their big brother things that can't quite be made out by the cacophony of voices as Larry fires back. Theresa cups her hands to her ears, walking away. The noise continues for several more moments until they all stop, looking off-camera...

...and the camera pans over to show Terry Shane, dejected from his loss to Callum Mahoney, holding his shoulder as he walks by.]

FLW: Hey Terry... tough loss.

[But Wallace's smirk soon turns into fits of laughter from all three Wallaces...

...which is when Terry Shane rushes the lot of them, landing a full body tackle on Chaz Wallace, driving him back into the wall of the hallway. Shane starts throwing

a flurry of fists at Chaz as Chet and Larry jump in, attacking Terry Shane from behind, pulling him off Chaz by the arms...]

FLW: Nobody jumps on my little brother...

[...and together, the two Wallaces HURL Shane backwards into the wall, the back of his head snapping back against the concrete. He grimaces, slumping down to a seated position against the wall as Chaz Wallace steps up to him.]

Chaz: Hey Terry... check it out...

[A very up close crotch chop is in the face of Terry Shane. More laughter ensues as the three brothers trade high fives, making their way out of the camera's view as Shane leans against the wall, grimacing in pain...

...and we fade back out to the interior of the Toyota Center where the crowd is waiting for the night's next match.]

GM: A wild scene backstage here in Houston as the Wallaces, like a pack of wild dogs, attacked Terry Shane... I'm sure there will be AWA medical checking in on him very shortly.

BW: Terry Shane just can't catch a break, Gordo.

GM: It sure seems that way. Fans, let's go to the ring for our next matchup...

[Cut to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz is standing next to a wrestler wearing a long fur coat, dyed a regal purple color. The wrestler has flowing blond hair and stands with his head held high in arrogance.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...

[But before Ortiz can make the introduction, the microphone is swiped from her hand.]

W: You don't get to introduce me! You, Rebecca Ortiz, do not deserve to introduce me!

[The fans begin to boo.]

W: Bear witness and behold, for I am the one, the only...

ABDOMINAL SHOWMAN!!

[As the Showman lowers the microphone, he opens his robe to reveal that he is, indeed, worthy of the name. His body composed of rippling, well defined muscles.]

AS: And I am here to steal the show, tear the roof off the building, and put smiles on your faces. I am the greatest entertainer in the history of the AWA, and you are all about to enter the new era, the era of Showmanship!

[The boos only get louder.]

BW: Well, this guy certainly doesn't lack for confidence, Gordo.

GM: Hopefully, someone told him that he's here for a fight, not a show!

AS: Now go ahead, bring me some boring piece of trash, so I can show you how entertaining I am!

[As Ortiz reclaims the microphone, the classic 80's guitar riff of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" brings the crowd to their feet.]

RO: And his opponent, from Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds... He is the...

IIIIIIIIIIIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZOOOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[The moment the introduction is made, the fans start chanting.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five feet ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans can be seen to be going crazy all around the scowling Kawajiri. Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant. Over his chest, Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt, with the phrase "#PBK" written across the chest in red letters, while around his shoulders is a black towel. Kawajiri tears into the ring, tossing his towel down, and charges directly at The Showman!]

GM: Welcome to the AWA, Mr. Showman... I don't think you're going to enjoy the experience!

[A shoulder tackle puts the Showman down on the ground, and Kawajiri is quick to grab him by the hair, flinging him into a corner. Kawajiri follows up with a charge, driving his elbow directly into the Showman's face.]

GM: I guess it's a good thing that abs don't break as easily as teeth.

BW: Hey, give the guy a chance, Gordo! This is the early stages of the match. The Showman could rally!

[With the Showman dazed in the corner, Kawajiri unleashes a brutal assault, alternating elbow strikes to the side of the Showman's face with hard knife edge chops to the chest. Elbow, chop, elbow, chop, over and over again, until finally, the Showman slumps down.]

GM: I don't know if I'd bet on any kind of rally.

[With the Showman literally down on his backside, Kawajiri grabs the top ropes with both arms and lifts his right foot, beginning to scrape his boot, including the laces, across the face of the prone Showman.]

GM: Kawajiri showing just what he thinks of the Abdominal Showman, as he uses his face to clean his boots!

BW: It doesn't look like much, Gordo, but trust me, that ain't anything that feels good. Every swipe of those laces tears some skin off his face, leaving little micro tears for salty sweat to soak into. You won't finish someone like that, but you'll make them wish they knew an easier way to "entertain."

[Having wiped his boots with the Showman, Kawajiri then launches a series of kicks to his face, using the top of his foot to "slap" the Showman, further humiliating him.]

GM: Kawajiri showing off why they call him the Iron Badger. He's just nasty in that ring.

BW: Yeah, he's ill-tempered and just loves to fight! No wonder these lowlifes in the stands love him so much!

[Kawajiri finally hauls the Showman out of the corner, and brings him to the center of the ring. The Iron Badger hooks his arms under the Showman's, trapping him, and then Kawajiri draws his head back, and begins to repeatedly smash his face into the Showman's.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[As Kawajiri continue to headbutt the Showman, the fans begin to chant his name, their cadence matching Kawajiri's.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[Finally, a dazed Kawajiri stumbles backwards, releasing the Showman.]

GM: I think maybe Kawajiri hurt himself some there.

BW: I think it just made him angrier, Gordo!

[And indeed it did, as Kawajiri finally shakes off the cobwebs and then turns to the downed Showman, stomping on his chest several times, before dropping an elbow across his throat.]

GM: Kawajiri rolling the Showman onto his stomach, he reaches down, he's got the Showman hooked... my goodness! Deadlift German suplex!

BW: You compare physiques and you think that the Showman would have the power advantage, but there's a lot of strength in the Badger.

GM: And he just about folded the Showman in half!

[Kawajiri races to the corner, and crouches down, waiting for the Showman to sit up. Slowly, the Showman does. As soon as his opponent is in a seated position, Kawajiri charges him, arm extended, and at the last moment shooting forward in a hooking motion.]

GM: Sliding lariat! COVER! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kawajiri shoots to his feet, as the referee takes hold of his wrist.]

RO: Here is your winner..

MAAAAAAAAAANZOOOOOOO KAAAAWAAAIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[After having his hand raised in victory, Kawajiri turns to Ortiz, asking her for the microphone. Mildly winded, Kawajiri turns to look down at his fallen opponent.]

MK: You say you are entertainer. You say you are show stealer? Well, Kawajiri say that all you are is...

PUNK BITCH!!

[The roar of the fans is instantaneous, as Kawajiri tosses the microphone down, and lands one final kick to the ribs of the Showman, before exiting the ring.]

GM: I apologize to the fans in the arena. And I hope the censors were able to keep our viewers at home from hearing that.

BW: Hey Gordo, tell me something. Would you want to be the person to has to tell Kawajiri you bleeped him?

GM: Well, that is a very good point, Bucky. Kawajiri picks up another win and continues to build up momentum as we head towards SuperClash. Will the Iron Badger find himself competing in New Orleans? That remains to be seen... and right now, Sweet Lou is over at the interview platform with yet another competitor who hopes to find himself in the ring in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night. Lou, take it away!

[The camera cuts to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell at the interview podium]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, it's been a wild night thus far on Saturday Night Wrestling and there's much more to come...

[Lou has to contend with the boos while he talks.]

SLB: As you can hear, the crowd is not too happy with my guest at this time. "The Future" Derrick Williams, come on in here...

[Williams enters the shot to the boos of the crowd, wearing his usual silver gear but also wearing a black and silver AXIS jacket.]

SLB: Now, to say tonight has had some interesting developments-

[Williams interrupts Lou, making a big show of doing a slow clap.]

DW: Yeah Lou, it's an amazing night. Look at how they lined everything up to stack the deck against Juan. And with what? Guys that have all FAILED at facing the Axis over the past few months, and what's worse, they excluded us from the competition. I mean, of course the Lynches are in, Detson can't beat anyone without our help, I PINNED James last week, Martinez hasn't beaten anyone in a year, and then... well, then we have Line Cuttin' Ohara.

[The crowd cheers but Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Oh no, no no no, you guys are fickle, we all know that. Line Cuttin' Ohara is your flavor of the month! Martinez can't cut it anymore, and you're all over the new guy. And when he's done with, you'll be on to something else. Or what's even better, when in one more year, when ol' "I Can" gets done with his excursion, he'll pick up and be back off to Tiger Paw, leaving you all without a hero again!

[Crowd boos even more for that.]

DW: Oh, don't kid yourselves, you know it's true. Jordan Ohara isn't your new hero. He's just another kiss ass glory hog like Martinez and Lynch before him, but

unlike those two, Ohara won't stick around. He'll be back off to Japan, where he really wants to be. Because he's like all the other "heroes" in this company, they all stink! All of them!, And it's only a matter of time before you realize-

[Cue another interruption... however, this time it's Williams getting interrupted by the sounds of Nas' "I Can" blaring out over the PA system as the crowd roars. Williams rolls his eyes as Jordan Ohara comes out, his dark eyes boring holes through Derrick Williams. He is dressed in his Carolina blue Phoenix T-shirt, jeans and Air Jordan 13 Carolina blue sneakers. He walks up, climbing up the steps to stare Williams in the face.]

JO: You know something, Derrick Williams? You disgust me.

Every time you open your mouth you lie. You think I am not committed to the AWA? I am.

You think I am a glory hog? I am not.

What I am, Derrick Williams, is a man who knows how great the AWA is. What I am is a man that knows what it takes to be the greatest. See, that's where we differ. I know I am not the greatest, yet, but I'm willing to bust my ass every day to achieve.

[The crowd cheers Ohara's work ethic as Williams rolls his eyes.]

JO: You want to call me a line jumper? As far as I know there has never been a line in wrestling. Those that get ahead are the ones who work to get ahead. I thought you were like that, Derrick. But you weren't. You were just trying to jump the line. So you jumped on Juan Vasquez's back, hoping he would carry you to greatness.

Funny thing is, he's champion now and you...

...you're just a bootlicker.

[Williams' eyes flash with anger for a moment before he lashes out with a right hand, looking to punch the Phoenix right in the mouth but Ohara ducks under the punch, coming back with a big chop that catches Williams hard across the chest. Blackwell bails out in a hurry, the crowd cheering as Ohara throws a second chop at Williams... and a third!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands up on the interview platform!

BW: That line jumper is now a back jumper! Did you see him attack Derrick Williams from behind?!

GM: He did not!

[A well-placed Tomahawk chop down between the eyes sends Williams stumbling backwards off the platform, falling off it to the floor below as the Houston crowd roars!]

GM: Oh my! A hard fall off that elevated interview stage by Williams... that stage is what, Bucky? Four feet up?

BW: At least!

[Ohara stands on the platform, watching as Williams gets off the floor, grabbing at his lower back...]

...and then Ohara comes tearing across the small platform, HURLING himself into the air with a crossbody on Williams, knocking "The Future" flat on the exposed concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PHOENIX FLAME OFF THE PLATFORM! OHHH MY!

[AWA officials and security come flooding from the backstage area, managing to wedge themselves in between Ohara and Williams before Ohara can strike again. A fuming mad Williams is helped to his feet by AWA backstage agent Vernon Riley, shouting in Ohara's direction. Ohara's eyes are wide and wild, returning the verbal barrage to Williams as the officials struggles to keep them apart.]

GM: This is out of control! This whole night feels out of control! Fans, let's go to commercial but when we come back, we're going to find out who's going to challenge for the Women's World Title at SuperClash!

[Ohara and Williams are still struggling to get at one another as we fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where a stricken looking Theresa Lynch is standing in an open locker room door. In the background, we can hear several overlapping voices speaking frantically.]

TL: Fans, I was scheduled to do an interview with Manzo Kawajiri. But we just received word that... well, see for yourself.

[Lynch and the camera man enter the room, where we can see four EMT's standing around, tending to the fallen Iron Badger. Kawajiri is grunting in pain, and blood can be seen pouring from a wound on his forehead. One of the EMT's is trying to get Kawajiri into a neck brace, though the Iron Badger is not cooperating. Supervising all of this is longtime AWA road agent, Tommy Fierro.]

TL: Mr. Fierro, is it possible to get a word with you?

[Fierro turns around and approaches Lynch.]

TL: Any idea what happened, or who might have done this?

TF: No Theresa, no idea at all. Someone heard a noise, but by the time we got here... well, you see what happened.

TL: How bad is it?

TF: Well, Kawajiri is double tough, but he's not letting anyone get too close to look at him. But it don't look pretty, that's for sure!

[Finally, we see that the EMT's have gotten Kawajiri calmed down, and lying on a backboard. After a neckbrace is attached, they strain to lift the wrestler and begin to carry him out.]

TF: We'll get him checked out. And whoever did this? Well, I wouldn't want to be around when the Badger's recovered!

TL: Neither would I.

[Theresa turns away from the scene and back to the cameraman.]

TL: Fans, I promise that we will keep you updated, either here or on Power Hour, once we learn the severity of Mr. Kawajiri's injuries. Gordon, Bucky, back to you!

[We fade from backstage out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa. A wild scene backstage once again and... well, it's going to be a wild scene out here in just a few moments when Ayako Fujiwara and Melissa Cannon clash to see who will face Lauryn Rage for the Women's World Title in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night.

BW: It should be neither of 'em, Gordo! Neither of 'em deserve it! What about that other girl? The top contender that Lauryn was talking about? You know, the one-legged one!

GM: You can't even remember her name! This is some delusion that you and Lauryn Rage have bought into but regardless of that, Lauryn Rage has found herself in a situation where she's going to have to defend that title on Thanksgiving Night... and she's going to have to do it against one of the top contenders in Cannon and Fujiwara. Which one will it be? We're about to find out so let's go to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, the two combatants on either side of the squared circle, awaiting the start of their matchup.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and the winner will move on to battle for the AWA Women's World Title at SuperClash!

[Huge cheer! The announcement makes Melissa Cannon, who is shadowboxing in her corner, throw her phantom punches faster and faster, adding some kneestrikes to the mix.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Los Angeles, California... weighing tonight at 145 pounds...

She is MELISSSSSSAAAAAAA CANNNNNNNONNNNNNNN!

[The Houston crowd ROARS for the woman who has been with the AWA since Day One as she breaks off her shadowboxing to throw an arm in the air, soaking up the cheers of the AWA faithful before dropping back to her corner.]

RO: Annnnd her opponent... from Fujinomiya, Japan... weighing in at 70 kilos...

AAAAAAAAYAAAAAAKOOOOOOO FUUUUUJIWARRRRRRRAAAAAAAA!

[The young woman steps from the corner, bowing to the cheering crowd and then bowing across the ring at her opponent. She drops back to the corner as well, giving the ropes a quick tug as the referee steps to the middle.]

GM: New AWA official, fresh out of CCW, young Shary Miranda will be the referee for this one... and a lot of pressure on the shoulders of this young lady to call a match with stakes this high in her debut.

BW: She's a former CCW student though, Gordo. She was training to become a wrestler when an injury cut short those dreams... but she found another way to the big leagues and you've gotta give her credit for that.

[Miranda signals to both women... and then waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: One fall, thirty minutes, the winner moves on to SuperClash to face Lauryn Rage for the big belt!

[At the sound of the bell, Melissa Cannon appears as if she's an animal unchained, dashing across the ring at top speed with a loud shout, leaping into the air to catch a surprised Fujiwara with a forearm smash to the side of the head!]

GM: Cannon coming out of the gates quickly, pounding away on Fujiwara...

BW: It was just about a year ago, Gordo, that Melissa Cannon got this Women's Division going but ended up getting shut out of SuperClash by Julie Somers and Charisma Knight. Tonight, she's hoping to cash her ticket to the big show and erase that bad memory.

[Cannon grabs Fujiwara by the arm, whipping her across the ring to the far corner where the Olympic gold medalist drops into a baseball slide, coming to a halt and getting to her feet before she hits the corner...

...and just in time to catch the incoming Melissa Cannon around the torso!]

GM: Fujiwara caught her on the way in and this is not where you want to be - trapped in the clutches of Ayako Fujiwara!

[Fujiwara twists her body around and then launches Cannon up and overhead, throwing her halfway across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX BY FUJIWARA!

[Fujiwara gets back to her feet, watching as Cannon scrambles up off the mat, charging back in...

...and gets caught in Fujiwara's arms again, tossed overhead a second time!]

GM: And another one! Fujiwara's tossing Cannon around like a ragdoll!

BW: Getting in the ring with Fujiwara is like getting on some crazy roller coaster, daddy. One minute, everything is going just fine and you've got an amazing swirl in the pit of your stomach... the next, you're upside down, rightside up, spinning like a top, and feeling like you've gotta puke!

[Cannon rolls to the floor after the second suplex, angrily kicking the metal ringsteps, shifting them off their pedestal as she stalks around the ring.]

GM: And this one got off to a fast start but certainly not the start that Melissa Cannon was hoping for here in Houston.

[Cannon paces around the ringside area, allowing referee Miranda to start her ten count as the former M-DOJO student looks to recover and regroup.]

GM: Melissa Cannon looking for a Plan B right about now...

[The always-gracious Fujiwara sits on the middle rope, inviting Cannon back inside the ring. Cannon glares at her, hands on her hips for a moment before scrambling up on the apron, and cautiously moving through the ropes. Fujiwara, of course, doesn't attempt any chicanery and earns cheers from the crowd as a result.]

GM: Good show of sportsmanship there by the Olympic gold medalist... and we're right back into this one.

[Cannon runs a hand through her hair as she circles Fujiwara, considering her next move. Suddenly, she lunges forward into a collar and elbow before swiftly transitioning into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Cannon into the waistlock and-

[Fujiwara stands unmoving, a smirk crossing her face.]

BW: What is Cannon thinking here? She can't outwrestle a gold medalist.

[Gripping Cannon's hands at her waist, Fujiwara torques her body, using her hip to fling Cannon off her and down to the mat.]

GM: Well, so much for that idea. And I think you're right, Bucky. Melissa Cannon will be hard-pressed to take her battle to the canvas against an Olympic gold medalist.

[Back on her feet, Cannon glares at Fujiwara, moving into another tieup. Fujiwara quickly slides out into a rear waistlock of her own, hanging on tight as Cannon struggles to escape.]

GM: And Cannon certainly doesn't want to be in the rear waistlock of the competitor affectionately known as Miss Germany.

[Cannon grasps the clutched hands around her waist, looking for an escape...

...and then drops down to the mat, surprising Fujiwara with a drop toehold that bounces her facefirst off the mat.]

GM: Oho! Nice counter by Cannon... and she rolls right up the back of Fujiwara, locking in a front facelock...

[But the stocky Fujiwara muscles her way back to her feet with ease, lifting Cannon up into the air..

...and then sets her down on the top turnbuckle, backing off with a grin at having broken the hold.]

GM: Fujiwara again escapes with ease and-

[But Cannon wipes the grin off Fujiwara's face, leaping off the second rope with a dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Ohhh! Missile dropkick on target! That one rocks the Olympian!

[With Fujiwara reeling, Cannon swoops in behind her, hooking a rear waistlock again...

...and this time, she pops her hips, taking Fujiwara up and over with a released German Suplex, dropping Fujiwara down on the back of her head!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

BW: WHAT THE...?!

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara climbs right back to her feet, looking across at Cannon whose jaw has dropped.]

GM: The suplex had no effect!

BW: But how?! How is that possible?!

[Cannon looks across at her opponent who shrugs in response. There is a sprinkling of laughter from the crowd before Cannon charges at Fujiwara, looking to strike again but the former Olympian spins around, burying the heel of her boot into Cannon's gut, dropping her down to her knees.]

BW: Rolling sole butt by Fujiwara! That'll knock the wind out of Cannon!

[Fujiwara steps in front of Cannon, her back to her kneeling opponent...

...and then executes a standing backflip OVER the stunned Cannon!]

GM: Whoa!

[She immediately grabs a rear waistlock, yanking Cannon off her knees, and DUMPING her on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex of her own!]

GM: AND FUJIWARA EVENS THE SCORE!

BW: Let's see Cannon get right up from that one.

GM: That doesn't seem likely to happen, Bucky. She took an incredibly hard drop right down on her head and Cannon seems to be reeling after that devastating suplex!

[Fujiwara stays on the attack, reaching down and clasping Cannon's wrist in her hand, dragging the former Combat Corner trainee off the mat...

...and drilling her with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your teeth!

[She keeps wrist control, dragging Cannon up a second time...]

GM: And another one! Cannon might be out after that one! Fujiwara's looking to cash her ticket to the Women's World Title match at SuperClash!

[She drags Cannon up a third time, rocketing her towards the ropes, and leaps into the air, looking quite "flawless" as she obliterates the rebounding Cannon with a standing dropkick!]

GM: Oh my! What a dropkick! And Fujiwara's going for the cover!

[Referee Shary Miranda dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: No! Cannon's out before the three count comes down!

[Fujiwara stays on Cannon, dragging her off the mat by the hair. Cannon breaks free of Fujiwara for a moment, popping her on the jaw with a short forearm!]

GM: Oh! Cannon trying to fight back!

[But Fujiwara responds with a heavy forearm strike of her own, sending Cannon staggering back against the ropes. The gold medalist advances on her, grabbing her by the arm again...]

GM: Irish whip across... Cannon coming back...

[Fujiwara shifts her feet, snapping off a roundhouse kick to the chest that takes Cannon right back down to the canvas.]

GM: A big kick by Fujiwara who is completely in control of this match at this point in time...

[Fujiwara is about to go for a cover when the crowd starts jeering loudly.]

GM: ...and here comes trouble, fans!

[The jeers are aimed at the arriving Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, as she stomps down the aisle, shouting towards the ring.]

BW: Hey, we saw Lauryn earlier and she didn't seem pleased with this development, Gordo... it comes as no surprise to me that she's decided to get an up-close look at what's going on.

GM: Let's hope that she's only here for a look but I have a bad feeling that's just the beginning, Bucky.

[Fujiwara approaches the ropes, shouting in Japanese at the approaching Rage, pointing her out to official Shary Miranda who nods her head and then gestures for Fujiwara to continue competing against the rising Melissa Cannon.]

GM: A momentary distraction takes Fujiwara off her game as she turns back towards Melissa Cannon who is just about back to her feet, Bucky.

BW: Maybe that was Lauryn's goal. Maybe she's decided that Cannon's an easier opponent for her at SuperClash.

GM: That's certainly a possibility.

[Fujiwara blasts the rising Cannon with a forearm shot... and another... and another, knocking her back against the ropes again.]

GM: Powerful strike after strike puts Cannon on the defensive and when you look at Fujiwara in there, you have to wonder, Bucky - where is the flaw in her game? Where is the weakness for others to exploit?

BW: She's got the strength, she's got the technique. If you were to look for a weakness, Gordo, I'd imagine she might be susceptible to the aerial game or maybe even to a brawl.

GM: Fujiwara grabs the arm, whips Cannon across...

[The rebounding Cannon ducks under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Cannon ducks the clothesline, off the far side...

[A second clothesline whiffs as Cannon ducks under it, still running at top speed...]

GM: She ducks it again and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Houston crowd EXPLODES as the sprinting Cannon leaps between the ropes, throwing herself like a human torpedo at the Women's World Champion who is standing at ringside barking at both women. The impact lays out Rage at ringside as the fans continue to cheer!]

GM: MELISSA CANNON HAD HEARD ENOUGH OF LAURYN RAGE! WHAT A DIVE!

BW: And Lauryn Rage hadn't done a single thing to Cannon, Gordo! That was totally uncalled for!

GM: Rage has no business being out here and Melissa Cannon just made her pay for it!

[Cannon slowly rises off the floor, smirking at the laid out Rage as she turns back towards the ring...]

GM: Fujiwara reaches through the ropes, trying to grab Cannon- OHH! Hard shot from Cannon to the jaw!

[The blow leaves Fujiwara hanging between the ropes as Cannon pulls herself up on the apron, snatching Fujiwara by the hair, swinging her leg the short distance up into the face...]

GM: Short kicks to the head! Over and over again!

[The referee warns Cannon who backs off...]

...and then with a running start, she charges into a running boot to the side of Fujiwara's head, snapping her head around and whipping her back inside the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running boot finds the mark! Good grief!

[Cannon throws a glance at Fujiwara who is down on the canvas, heading towards the corner...]

GM: And this just goes to show how badly Cannon wants this win! How badly she wants that title match at SuperClash! How often do you see Melissa Cannon go to the top rope?!

BW: Not very often... and this could either pay big dividends or leave Cannon on the sidelines for the second year in a row!

[Cannon approaches the corner, stepping up to the second turnbuckle...]

...but Lauryn Rage rushes her from the blind side, grabbing Cannon by the leg!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Rage grabs Cannon! She's not letting her climb!

GM: The Women's World Champion hunting for some payback - no doubt - after that dive onto her moments ago but we speculated that Rage might've been trying to get Cannon the win... now you have to wonder if she's trying to get Fujiwara the win instead!

[Cannon twists around, angrily driving her boot into the head of Rage.]

GM: Cannon's trying to kick her way free!

[A dazed Fujiwara rolls out to the apron, climbing to her feet as Cannon kicks Rage a second time, knocking her loose...]

...which is when Fujiwara runs down the apron!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RUNNING KICK BY FUJIWARA!

[The running soccer kick catches Rage right on the chin, snapping her head back and putting the Women’s World Champion down on the floor.]

GM: FUJIWARA KICKED HER RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!

[The running kick ends up with Fujiwara out on the apron near Cannon who steps forward and SMASHES Fujiwara in the jaw with a forearm smash!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[The blow sends Fujiwara stumbling back, turning to face the crowd with her arms draped over the top rope...

...and Cannon ducks down, grabbing Fujiwara by the leg, swinging her up and dumping her facefirst inside the ring!]

GM: Cannon puts Fujiwara back in...and now she’s going back in as well. This fight continues! This battle to become the Number One Contender to the Women’s World Championship continues! This battle to head to New Orleans and fight for that title on the biggest stage in our sport at SuperClash continues!

[Back inside the ring, Cannon pulls Fujiwara off the mat, throwing a forearm strike to the jaw... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Cannon hammering away at Fujiwara!

[The final blow sends Fujiwara back into the ropes where she springs off with a shout and an elbowstrike of her own that rattles the teeth of Cannon!]

GM: OHH! Fujiwara returns the favor!

[Fujiwara is fired up as she throws a second... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: And now it’s Fujiwara taking her best shot at Cannon!

[But Cannon gives a shout of her own, uncorking a stiff elbowstrike to the ear of Fujiwara!]

GM: Good grief!

[Cannon grabs Fujiwara by the air, throwing quick and impactful elbows to the head... one after another as the crowd groans with each blow landed.]

GM: We’ve got a slugfest on our hands!

[Fujiwara suddenly slaps Cannon’s hand away, throwing a left elbow... then a right... then a left... then a right... then a left... then a well-placed right that sends Cannon staggering backwards. Fujiwara turns away, pumping her right arm a few times in the air, drawing the support of the fans behind her.]

GM: Fujiwara creating distance, here she comes!

[But as Fujiwara storms towards Cannon with a running elbow on the way...

...Cannon goes into a full spin and DRILLS Fujiwara on the jaw with a rolling elbow!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara’s eyelids flutter as she stumbles backwards, barely on her feet still as Cannon lets loose another cry, going into a spin the other direction...

...and SLAMS the back of her clenched fist into Fujiwara’s face!]

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST! SPINNING BACKFIST!

[Fujiwara drops like a rock as Cannon dives atop her, the crowd counting along with the referee’s count.]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THR- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! FUJIWARA GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[And a weary Cannon rolls off Fujiwara, her chest heaving with the exertion of the last several minutes. The crowd is roaring for both competitors, down on their backs in the center of the ring.]

GM: What a battle! What a fight for such incredible stakes! Who is going to win this, Bucky? Who is going on to SuperClash to fight for the- WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Lauryn Rage slides into the ring...

...with a steel chair in her hands!]

GM: NO! NO!

[The referee protests, trying to get in her path but Rage grabs her by the air and flings her down to the mat!]

GM: OH! RAGE THROWS DOWN THE REFEREE! COME ON!

[The furious Lauryn Rage winds up with the steel chair...]

GM: NO!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and SLAMS the steel chair down across the abdomen of Melissa Cannon!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Rage sneers at the jeering crowd, staring down at Cannon as she clutches her ribcage.]

GM: A brutal assault with the steel chair on Melissa Cannon and-

BW: It's not just Cannon she's here for!

[Rage turns towards Fujiwara who has rolled onto her stomach...]

GM: Don't do this, Rage! Don't do this!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SLAMS the steel chair down across the back of Ayako Fujiwara!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And this time, another sound is heard as well.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers the sound of the bell as Rage stands over both women, chair still in her hands, a confident smirk on her face. She unfolds the chair, setting it down in the middle of the ring before walking to the ropes and demanding a microphone.]

GM: The champion getting the mic from Rebecca Ortiz... apparently she's got something on her mind here. Maybe she'll explain just what in the world she's thinking here, Bucky.

[A smirking Rage sits down on the chair, crossing her legs and leaning back with a cackle...]

LR: Y'all really though it was goin' down like that? Ya thought ya were going to fight it out to see who got their hands on me? Nah, nah... that's not how we do things in DA KID'S world, ya dig? That's not how we do things at all.

[Rage laughs again as the crowd jeers.]

LR: Stegglet wants to show up fresh from his ivory tower and tell me what's what? That's not happening either. He says whoever won this match would get me in the ring at SuperClash with the title on the line... well, neither of you won... so neither of you get the match!

[She rises from the chair, raising her arm.]

LR: That means there ain't gonna be a title match at SuperClash for you two! Nah, not at all!

[Rage is taunting the downed women when suddenly another voice rings out.]

"That's not how that works, Miss Rage."

[Rage snaps around, glaring up the aisle towards the entryway where interim Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, is standing.]

JS: I told you that whoever won this match would be the top contender and would face you at SuperClash for the Women's World Title.

[Rage nods, gesturing to the two laid out women with an off-mic "THERE AIN'T NO WINNER, SON!"]

JS: I can see that. I can see that you made sure that no one would win this match. But you and I have a different interpretation of this situation.

You say that there's no winner and therefore no top contender...

[Rage arches an eyebrow, starting to get nervous as the crowd buzzes.]

JS: I say that there are TWO TOP CONTENDERS!

[Big cheer! Rage shakes her head, looking anxious.]

JS: And that means that the only fair thing to do is to put the title on the line at SuperClash with Lauryn Rage defending against... Melissa Cannon...

[Rage angrily kicks the ropes with a loud "NO!"]

JS: ...AND Ayako Fujiwara...

[Rage's jaw drops.]

JS: ...IN A THREE... WAY... DANCE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Rage's eyes go wide with shock.]

GM: OH MY! OH MY STARS! A THREE WAY DANCE AT SUPERCLASH?!?!]

[Rage throws a fit, kicking and screaming, jumping up and down as Stegglet smiles at her reaction...

...and as Rage turns around, kicking the steel chair away, her eyes go wide again as she finds both Cannon and Fujiwara on their feet looking at her.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: RUN LAURYN!

[Rage turns, ready to make a break for it but Fujiwara hooks her by the back of the pants, yanking her backwards into a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and HURLS Rage up and over, dumping her on the back of her head with a German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dragging Rage off the mat, Cannon yanks her into a standing headscissors. The crowd roars as she reaches down, hooking one arm... then the other...]

GM: Cannon sets her up and...

[She hoists Rage into the air, flipping her around, and sitting out in a massive Tiger Driver!]

GM: ...BILLION DOLLAR BOMMMMMMMB!

[Rage bounces off the canvas, frantically rolling from the ring out to the floor as Cannon and Fujiwara stand side by side, grinning as the crowd roars at what they just saw!]

GM: Wow! And we've got ourselves a Women's World Title match for SuperClash, fans! Lauryn Rage defending against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara in a Three Way Dance! Incredible!

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair! Lauryn's being set up to fail by the front office!
The AWA hates the Rages!

GM: She brought this on herself, Bucky! She got involved in the match!

BW: They got her involved! They hit her first!

GM: Like it or not, the match has been made and... wow! I can't wait to see that one go down in New Orleans! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but when we come back, it's more action in the Women's Division with the Dream Girl herself, Skylar Swift!

[Rage backpedals down the aisle, clutching her lower back, muttering wildly as the crowd cheers and we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to Rebecca Ortiz already in the ring.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first from Anchorage, Alaska...

"POLARIZING" FARRAH FRAZIER!

["Criminal" by Fiona Apple hits the speakers... A woman slowly emerges from the back dawning in a long white fur coat that covers her from head to toe. Long blonde hair spills out from the hood, brushed away from her ice blue glare that is frozen on the ring. The Texas crowd isn't too certain what to make of her until finger shoes away some stretched hands of children along the aisle way as she makes her way to the ring.]

GM: Welcome back to the Toyota Center in Houston, fans, and Farrah Frazier might be making her first appearance in an AWA ring but she is no stranger to the squared circle. Frazier is a former boxer, decorated in her own right, who only a short time ago made the transition away from the gloves to the boots and –

BW: And what great boots they are, Gordo!

[The long legged Frazier brushes her coat away from sides revealing long white boots with white laces that run up to her knees. Her thighs are bare save for the small and definitely skin tight singlet that resembles more of a one piece bathing suit than professional wrestling attire. Fiona Apple's voice still blares over the speakers until Rebecca Ortiz's voice cuts it off.]

RO: And her opponent... hailing from MONTREAL, CANADA!

[The crowd instantly pops, even before the catchy and head bopping tune of "Dukes" by the synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

RO: "THE DREAM GIRL" SKKKKKKKKKYLAR SWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

C'mon over and we'll settle it right

Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a resounding pop from the crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines as has become the norm as she makes her way to the ring...she has glistening silver suspenders with little fleur-de-lis symbols running down them over a white crop top with "DREAM GIRL" written across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.]

Don't want the pain
But I'll take it in stride

Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou #

[Swift soaks in the cheers from the crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then hands her the disposable camera as she soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Skylar Swift has...

BW: Lost her mind!

GM: Well, I wouldn't go that far, Bucky.

BW: What would you call it? She literally broke down in front of our eyes at Homecoming and nobody has seen or heard from her since! She was this puppy dog eyed darling one week and then two weeks later she was an eyelash away from being locked up in the looney bin. It's... I don't even know what to make of it, Gordo.

GM: I want to believe it was an off night for the Dream Girl, I do. But even I can't explain her actions. If you ask me.... Skylar Swift still has a very bright future here in the AWA and she could turn it all around here tonight.

BW: Did you call it "the" Twitter?

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Frazier blitzes forward like a shot out of a cannon...she batters Swift with a flurry of strikes and backs her into a corner. The Dream Girl tries to cover up and weather the storm, deflecting the early peppered shots by Frazier but eventually some of the shots to land and you can see Swift's head popping back and smacking against the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Frazier starting off quickly, putting that boxing background to good use.

[Swift smartly ducks her head under the top buckle, moving her head out of reach of Frazier and at the same time draws in the official who steps in-between the two ladies.]

GM: Once again we are seeing Swift's opponent rushing her out of the gate. It hasn't worked thus far so I'm surprised we continue to see this trend. I'm not sure what her opponents are seeing in the scouting report but thus far Swift has fought off these aggressive early attacks and found ways to win the match.

[The official moves back and as soon as he does Farrah Frazier pounces forward again. This time she swings a bit wider, moving away from straight shots and throwing hands with a purpose. Skylar is able to duck a sweeping right hook and spin around Frazier and back her into the corner.]

GM: Swift turns things around on Frazier...

[Swift blocks another strike and then begins to lay on some heavy strikes of her own. Snapping kicks to the shins, tights, and oblique area. Another boot cracks against the ribs of Frazier and it buckles her down to one knee!]

GM: SWIFT KICK PARTY! THE DREAM GIRL ISN'T MESSING AROUND THIS WEEK, BUCKY!

[Swift steps back, measures Frazier up, and bounces forward...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...but Frazier pulls herself out of the ring, dragging her body under the bottom rope and down to the outside where she clutches onto her sides.]

GM: SWIFT! SKYLAR SWIFT IS AIR BORNE!

[Skylar, with a full head of steam, torpedos herself through the middle and top rope and crashes into an unsuspecting Frazier and wipes her and herself out!]

GM: A risky move by the Dream Girl and we'll have to see if it pays off! Right now both ladies are down and while we've seen some pretty incredible athletic feats from Swift we haven't really seen her put her body at risk like this far!

BW: I told ya, Gordo. She's lost it. The Dream Girl as we know it is gone! She's been overtaken by something! Someone! Some... I don't even know for sure!

GM: She looks like she has it together thus far, Bucky. She's in control here early on.

[Swift pulls herself up and then she pulls Frazier up and rolls her into the ring. Skylar moves quickly, ascending the ring steps up and walking half down the apron before clutching the top rope, leaping up, and springboarding herself into the ring!]

GM: SEATED SPLASH BY SWIFT! SHE WIPES OUT FRAZIER AGAIN AND REACHES BACK, HOOKING THE LEGS FOR ONE! TWO!

BW: FRAZIER BUCKS HER OFF BEFORE THE COUNT OF THREE!

[Swift immediately bounces back up, gaining position before a slower rising Frazier gets back to her feet and is met with some clubbing forearms for her trouble. Swift follows it with a wicked chop across the chest that sends Farrah backfirst into the corner.]

GM: Swift backs Frazier into the corner, continuing the attack...

[Skylar grabs her, whips her around, only to have Frazier switch the momentum and send Skylar for a ride across the ring where she smacks chestfirst against the buckles! Frazier sprints forward, charging in on Swift who throws both feet into the air and snares her around the neck with her ankles!]

GM: WHIRLYBIRD HEADSC-

[But before Gordon can even finish his thoughts Farrah SHOVES Swift off of her and the Dream Girl bounces off the mat.]

GM: Oh my! Quite the counter by Frazier!

[Swift shoots back up only to be LEVELED by a clothesline that drops her back down.]

BW: And quite the clothesline by Farrah Frazier!

[Frazier drops some violent knees to the neck and chest area of Swift before LEAPING UP and dropping one final big knee across the chest.]

GM: Frazier is pulling Swift back up by the neck and she RAG DOLLS her across the ring! What a throw by Frazier! If this girl can get it back together, she has a real shot at doing what nobody else has been able to do thus far, Bucky, and that's pin Swift's shoulders to the mat.

BW: I stand corrected. Swift has some common sense left... she's trying to crawl out of the ring before Frazier gets her hands back on her!

[Frazier grabs Swift by the back of the trunks and pulls her back up and immediately hooks both arms up. She drives a pair of knees into her chest, softening her up, and then suplexes her overhead!]

GM: Frazier showing she's got more than the fisticuffs with that suplex... but will it be enough to keep Swift down?

[Swift, always the fighter, tries to shake it off and pull herself up quickly but she's met by Frazier who lifts her up...

...and drops her throat first across the top rope!]

GM: Frazier is fighting back with a flurry! Swift is hanging over the top rope and Frazier... SHE JUST DUMPED HER OVER THE TOP!

[Swift falls hard... smacking the apron on the way down and then collapsing onto the floor. Farrah Frazier steps through the ropes and then down to the outside. Swift, not quite as capable of bouncing back up, is yanked up by Frazier who heaves her into the ring apron!]

GM: Swift just cringed hard as her back smacked into the apron! And again! Frazier just drove her into the edge of the apron one more time, really targeting the back of Skylar Swift and slowing her down.

BW: Most of Swift's offense is quick striking and attributed to her ability to innovate on the fly... Frazier is trying to take that element away from as she already has a strength advantage. If she can gain the upper hand in the speed department it's going to be sweet dreams for the Dream Girl, daddy.

GM: The official is asking Frazier to bring it back into the ring.

BW: Request denied.

GM: AND OH MY STARS! FRAZIER JUST RAMMED SKYLAR SWIFT BACK FIRST INTO THE RINGPOST! SKYLAR IS DOWN AND OUT!

BW: I think Frazier may have just not heard the official the first time as she's politely obliged and entering the ring now.

GM: I hardly think that was it.

[The official checks in on Swift and Frazier screams at him to start a count. Regrettably he obliges, hoisting one finger into the air as he begins to count out Skylar Swift.]

GM: Skylar Swift still isn't moving, Bucky. She's not even able to lift a hand to her back which for all we know is seriously injured after that vicious shot into the ringpost. The official is continuing his count as he reaches three and Skylar still hasn't moved from her spot on the outside floor.

BW I've been impressed with the fight in Farrah Frazier tonight, Gordo. She started hot, took the best shots Skylar Swift had to offer, and she's regained control and now moments away from a huge upset over Skylar Swift.

[Finally as the official reaches five Skylar makes some sort of motion, crawling at the ground as she tries to get up.]

GM: And Swift is starting to stir outside on the floor, looking to find a way to get back inside the ring and continue this battle here tonight in Houston.

[The official hits six and Swift pulls herself up to one knee and finally gets a foot up underneath her.]

GM: Working to get back to her feet now, working to get back inside that ring.

[As he hits seven, she flops up against the apron and Frazier breaks up the count as she reaches over the ropes and grabs a full head of hair...YANKING Skylar up to the apron where she EATS a flailing forearm by Swift for her trouble which draws a huge pop from the crowd!]

GM: Frazier tried to take advantage of the situation but Swift caught her good there!

[Frazier has none of it and clubs her in the back with a forearm, buckling her back to one knee on the outside. Frazier backs up a few steps to get some real estate back and as Swift stands back up she sprints along the ropes!]

BW: HAYMAKER!

GM: MY STARS!

[The crowd erupts!]

GM: SWIFT WITH A CRUCIFIX OF SORTS!

[Just as Frazier swung for the fences, Swift leapt up and hooked her arm over the ropes with her arms and her other arm with her legs!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER BY SKYLAR SWIFT AND-

[Frazier twists around, bringing Swift over the ropes into the ring. The tenacious Swift manages to hang on as Frazier tries to shake her loose.]

GM: Frazier's trying to get out of that crucifix and- Swift drops to the mat!

[Frazier quickly turns around to strike again...

...just as Skylar Swift leaps up, spinning her right heel around, and smacking it across the chin of Farrah Frazier!]

GM: TORNADO ROUNDHOUSE! BEAUTIFUL DREAMER OUT OF NOWHERE BY SKYLAR SWIFT! SHE JUST COLLAPSED OVER FRAZIER AS THE OFFICIAL COUNTS ONE! TWO! THREE! IT'S OVER! SHE DID IT!

[The bell rings and Swift is still lying over the knocked out body of Farrah Frazier. The official checks in on both girls and eventually Swift rolls off of Farrah.]

GM: Skylar Swift, woo-wee. Bucky... connects with that perfect kick out of nowhere! I thought she was down and out and this girl just continues to amaze me with her will and grit to fight on!

BW: That was a go for broke shot, Gordo. If she missed that, Frazier had her dead to rights and I'm not sure if Swift had anything left in the tank if she came up empty.

GM: It looks like Theresa Lynch is checking in on her friend.

BW: Playing favorites of course. I didn't see her coddling Johnny Detson after he was robbed of his World Title a handful of weeks ago!

GM: Swift is back up to her feet and I think Theresa, yep, looks like she's going to try and grab a few words from her – from Skylar Swift.

BW: Friend. Say it!

TL: I'm here in the ring with the once again VICTORIOUS Dream Girl of the AWA... Skylar, another impressive win... how does it feel to continue to put up W's in the win column?

[Skylar takes a deep breathe as she holds up a finger to take a moment, grimacing as she braces her back with her other hand.]

SS: Theresa...

[She pauses.]

SS: Theresa, I need to apologize.

TL: I hardly think your performance needs an apology. You got the job done tonight. Am I right folks? Skylar Swift!

[The crowd pops but Skylar just shakes her head.]

SS: No. Not for that. This girl here...

[She points at Farrah Frazer who is just now shaking the cobwebs free.]

SS: She had a lot of fight in her and I'm never going to apologize for fighting a worthy and capable opponent. What I need to apologize for is... well, I'm just going to come out and say it.

[Another deep breath.]

SS: Homecoming. At Homecoming, I wasn't myself. My performance suffered. My smile... it was gone, Theresa. That... what you saw then wasn't me. That's NOT me. I'm not sure I can even explain it but someone...

[Swift trails off, looking blankly off into the crowd. Theresa waits a few moments before speaking.]

TL: What? Someone what?

[Swift shakes her head, looking vacantly at her friend.]

SS: What?

TL: You were saying something about someone and then you stopped.

SS: Was I?

[Swift shakes her head, grabbing at the back of it.]

TL: Skylar, are you...

[Theresa lowers the mic and whispers into Skylar's ear and Skylar pulls back.]

SS: Theresa, wasn't that a great match. I gotta give it up here for Farrah Frazier, she's one tough chick! Come on now, show her some gratitude for getting in the ring tonight!

[Skylar begins clapping and the crowd isn't quite following. Theresa Lynch... she's not sure how to react. Swift winces, grabbing at her head.]

TL: Skylar. It's me. Listen. I think we should-

[Swift ignores her friend, speaking again. She grabs at the side of her head, pulling her own hair as she shakes it back and forth wildly.]

SS: I know you're out there. Your whispers. I can hear them. I hear you.

[A pause.]

SS: Theresa... do... do you hear it?

[Theresa looks around, shaking her head sadly at her friend. Swift doesn't seem to pick up on the reaction though, looking around wildly.]

SS: There!

[She points to one side of the arena.]

SS: I hear it! Don't you hear it?!

[Theresa, again, unsure of how to respond tries to pull the mic back but Swift grabs her by the wrist, pulling the mic physically towards her.]

SS: All week. The music! I can hear it again! It's kept me up all night! I can't sleep, Theresa... I can't eat! I couldn't even leave the house until tonight because I knew I couldn't let my girls down! But you... you hear it too! Right? Please tell me you hear... Theresa, please...

[Theresa looks around, finally shaking her head. Swift is near tears as she sinks to her knees.]

SS: Stop it. Please... somebody stop it.

[She covers her ears with both hands, letting go of Theresa's wrist.]

TL: Fans, we... uhh... I'm not...

[Skylar's now screaming off-mic.]

SS: STOP IT! STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC!

[Theresa looks terrified for her friend, tossing the mic aside as she takes a knee next to her. She tries to put her arm around Skylar but the Dream Girl shrugs her off.]

SS: STOP THE MUSIC! TURN IT OFF! PLEEEEEEEASE!

[And we abruptly cut to black...

...and the fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the

SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then to black.

After a few moments, we fade back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... Chris Blue.

[The camera shot pulls back to show the former EMWC owner and operator and current AWA co-owner standing alongside Stegglet. He gives a curt nod in greeting.]

CB: Mark.

MS: Mr. Blue, in all your years in this business, you've seen a lot of bad things - and if we're being honest, you've been a part of a lot of bad things as well...

[Blue nods. Stegglet looks nervous as he asks the next question.]

MS: What's on your mind these days?

[Blue delivers a humorless chuckle.]

CB: What's on my mind? What ISN'T on my mind, Mark? Everywhere I look, I see a harbinger of bad things coming to the AWA. I see things like the Syndicate assaulting Emerson Gellar. Now, am I concerned that the Syndicate is part of a bigger conspiracy? Absolutely not. I've been around James and Claw long enough to know that NO ONE controls James and Claw... not even Brian Lau. But the fact is, those guys are unhinged and are unchecked right now. We can only hope that Supreme Wright and Mason can put a stop to them at SuperClash because if they can't, those two could destroy everything they lay their hands on.

The Axis is on my mind. Look, I've made no secret that I believe Ryan Martinez has more important business ahead of him right now than settling old grudges with the Axis. He wants to get his hands on Vasquez for what Vasquez did to him at the beginning of the year... and I'm no stranger to a quest for vengeance... but there's a time for vengeance and a time to get ready for war. Ryan Martinez is getting ready for war... but his war is with the wrong army.

What about Layton and that damn crystal? We all snicker and point when he talks about the power but no one can deny there's something there. No one can deny that he's swayed monsters like the Hangman to his side with it. No one can deny that Childes once used it to control Monosso and Nenshou... men of incredible will who let it be bent to his.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: And then there's our mutual friend, Jason Dane. A reporter struck down in a parking lot for telling the truth.

MS: Do you know what happened to Jason?

CB: I think we all SUSPECT we know what happened to him, Mark. That attack had the fingerprints of a certain group all over it... but coincidentally, the parking lot cameras went black during the attack. No one can see what happened. No one can prove what happened. Even Jason can't say exactly what happened.

But I think it's clear who is behind it.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: You're talking about Korug-

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: Stop right there, Mark. No one wants to say that name out loud. The office is embarrassed by what almost happened with them. The network has blood on their hands from taking their advertising money. Even that company you were about to name doesn't want their name said... but their power grows every day. Their influence over this company grows every day. There are foot soldiers everywhere... advance scouts, looking for weaknesses...

Once upon a time, someone looked into that camera right there and said... "The Wise Men are coming." And no one took it seriously. No one except a young man who grew up at the knee of perhaps the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots. He listened. He believed. And he stood and fought.

Well, I'm right here... right now... and I'm telling you as plain as day...

[Blue inhales sharply.]

CB: Korugun is coming, Mark.

[He exhales slowly, breathing out all his held air. He points to the camera.]

CB: Now it's your turn. Your turn to decide who is going to listen. Who is going to believe. Who is going to stand and fight before it's...

[Blue trails off as he looks slightly off-camera.]

CB: Maybe it's you. You've fought the good fight before. By my side or standing across from me... you know right from wrong...

[The camera pulls back a little wider to reveal former World Champion and Hall of Famer Jeff "Madfox" Matthews standing near the interview area.]

JMM: You're right. I do know right from wrong. I also know there's always a war brewing and you've always got to watch your back. Maybe we haven't always seen eye to eye but we both know the business. People want what you have. They won't stop coming for it until they have it or you put them in their place. Or in some cases you have it ripped away from you.

[Jeff makes direct eye contact with Blue after that last line.]

JMM: There are a few ways that can be handled. You can sit idly by and let others fight for you. Or you can man up and as you say, fight the good fight. It's not lost on me the men here in the AWA that are doing well for themselves come from a certain pedigree. It seems some of the biggest draws in AWA right now are the same people I was scrappin' with all those years ago. As it's always said, "The more things change, the more they stay the same." The things that have you thinking and keeping you up at night.

[Jeff raises a single finger.]

JMM: Claw and James have been doing whatever they wanted to whomever they wanted for as long as I can remember. Long before I made a name for myself in the EMWC and still now. Their motives are generally very clear. Their actions border insanity. I've been there. I've stood face to face with them before and that's what you have to do.

[Jeff raises a second finger.]

JMM: Juan Vasquez is rotten to the core. I know what he's gotten everyone in the AWA to believe, but you shouldn't be shocked by what the man has become and has done. Maybe the best thing Alex Martinez ever did was have a son who knows that Juan Vasquez is a bum.

[Jeff raises a third finger.]

JMM: This Korugan thing. It's as clear as day Blue. If they threaten our way of life, then a stand has to be made. If there are wrestlers here who appreciate the federation that employs them and in most cases gave them a shot, a stand has to

be made. What happens so often in life is that actions don't line up with the words. But mine always do. I never forget a transgression, I never forget a favor.

[Jeff lowers his hand and takes a step closer to Blue before placing his hand on his shoulder.]

JMM: I didn't come back to sit idly by. I'm always ready for a fight. Scheduled or last minute, I'm the guy most people will want to call on. So bring on whomever it is, I'm ready. Whether it's to defend my name and honor, or to defend the place I plant my flag... I'm ready. And I'm listening.

[And on that note, a smile crosses Chris Blue's face as he turns back to the camera.]

CB: Maybe we're closer to being ready than I thought. See you around, gentlemen.

[Blue exits, leaving Stegklet and Matthews behind as we fade through black...

...and into the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. This time, some 80s style synth music is heard as well before a logo promoting the SUPERCLASH CONTROL CENTER appears on the screen. A voiceover is heard.]

"With your SuperClash Control Center, here's Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[The logo spins away, the synth begins to fade, and now we've got Sweet Lou standing in front of the television monitors.]

SLB: Hello, AWA fans, and it's that time of year again. We stand here today just 69 days until the biggest event of the year - SuperClash VIII - which will be coming to you LIVE from the SuperDome in New Orleans - a historic venue for what promises to be a historic night of professional wrestling action!

[The synth is completely gone by this point as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Now, with this being our very first SuperClash Control Center, the matches we've already got announced are very few but the ones we do know about are the types of headline matches you've come to expect from the king-sized extravaganza known as SuperClash.

[A graphic comes up showing Supreme Wright, Mason, Casey James, and Tiger Claw.]

SLB: The first match announced by AWA owner Jon Stegklet earlier tonight will see the Syndicate - Casey James and Tiger Claw - take on the red hot rookie Mason and perhaps the greatest in-ring competitor on the planet, Supreme Wright. The Syndicate, of course, has been raising hell here in the AWA since right before Memorial Day Mayhem... and at Homecoming, they struck right at the heart of the AWA by assaulting Emerson Gellar, the Director of Operations. Supreme Wright stood up and said he'd seen enough and Mason, a long-time personal friend of Gellar's, stood up by Wright's side.

[The graphic fades.]

SLB: Now, we're told that Supreme Wright agreed to have Mason as his partner in this tag team war... but that if he was going to team with him, he needed to get Mason into the gym... he needed to get him into a training camp... he needed to get him ready for war. So, over the past week or so, that's exactly where they've been... and we're also told that in two weeks in Oklahoma City, Wright and Mason

will make their debut as a team and show the world exactly what James and Claw have coming to them at SuperClash.

In addition, my sources say that Jon Stegglet has instructed the AWA legal team to draw up very specific papers for this match. There is a stipulation being bounced back and forth that is not set in stone yet. We hope to have more news on that stipulation two weeks from tonight as well but right now, we know this tag match is locked in and... well, it promises to be a hard-hitting affair for sure.

[A new graphic comes up showing Lauryn Rage, Melissa Cannon, and Ayako Fujiwara.]

SLB: And we saw this one come together earlier tonight. The Women's World Title on the line with Lauryn Rage defending against both Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara in a Three Way Dance... the very first Three Way Dance for an AWA championship in fact. We saw the first Three Way Dance in AWA history back at the Battle of Boston in July... and now it's coming to the biggest stage in all of wrestling!

[The graphic fades and is replaced by a shot of Juan Vasquez holding the AWA World Heavyweight Title.]

SLB: And then there's this piece of... work.

[The shot fades as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Look, I don't know anyone... no one in the locker room... no one in the crowd... and definitely not anyone in the office... who is happy that Juan Vasquez is the World Champion. But the World Champion he is. Now the focus becomes on who can take that title off him.

Enter the Road To The Gold.

Seven men started this night with the goal of being in the Main Event of SuperClash fighting for the World Title.

Four men remain. Jordan Ohara, Brian James, Johnny Detson... they're all in for the Final Four match two weeks from tonight in Oklahoma City.

And the final spot will belong to either Ryan Martinez or a member of the Axis of Juan Vasquez' choosing. Who will it be? We're about to find out.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: From the SuperClash Control Center, I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell and we'll see you next time on the road to New Orleans!

[The Control Center fades away to black...]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.']

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...]

...and then back up to the ring on Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is the final first round match in the ROAD TO THE GOLD tournament!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The lights in the Toyota Center go dark as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play.]

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#MAH-TAH

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAAH

[The crowd immediately ROARS with boos at the sight of Jackson Hunter stepping out from behind the curtains into a broad spotlight.]

RO: They are accompanied to the ring by their manager, Jackson Hunter... representing the Axis... they are the team of "THE TSAR" MAXIM ZHARRRRKOV... and the AWA WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNN... JUAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSQUEZZZZ!

[The curtain opens wider as the massive Russian stalks into view. He takes up a spot right behind Jackson Hunter who is beaming at the crowd's reaction to his charge. A moment later, Juan Vasquez emerges into the light as well, drawing even louder jeers.]

GM: And that man has been wearing the AWA World Title for eight days but it feels like a lifetime, Bucky.

BW: That good, huh?

GM: Hardly. And obviously I'm not the only one as the AWA front office has put the best they've got out there in an attempt to get that title off Vasquez at SuperClash.

BW: The best? Jordan Ohara is the best? Ryan Martinez who has been on a losing streak since LAST YEAR'S SuperClash is the best?!

GM: No comments about Johnny Detson and Brian James?

BW: Well, they're the best, sure.

GM: Give me a break.

[The Axis makes their way down the aisle swiftly, climbing up inside the ring. Vasquez taunts the ringside fans, showing off the belt as he stands atop the second turnbuckle. Hunter calls Vasquez and Zharkov into a huddle as their music fades.]

GM: And you see Maxim Zharkov out here with Vasquez and have to wonder... if the Axis wins this match, will they select Maxim Zharkov to be their representative in the Final Four?

BW: Can you imagine Zharkov vs Vasquez at SuperClash?

GM: No, no I can't at all. You know as well as I do that that's a plot. You know that Vasquez wants an Axis member in the Main Event at SuperClash so that he can lay down for Vasquez, embarrassing the entire AWA on the biggest stage of them all.

BW: I know no such thing and you should keep your slander in check, Gordo.

GM: Slander, my tail.

[Vasquez holds the title belt up one more time as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The opening notes to Rob Halford's lesser known band Fight's most famous song begins over the PA system.]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

[And the AWA faithful in Houston get a "little crazy," shout-singing along with the famous lyric before erupting into cheers.]

GM: And for twenty years or so, when a professional wrestling crowd hears this entrance music, they know that the fight is coming for whoever else is in the ring... and so it shall be right here tonight!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California...

ALEX... RYAN...

HOUUUUUUUUSE MARRRRRTIIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd gets louder as father and son storm through the curtain, staring down the aisle at the ring. Alex Martinez looks like he's stepped out of the late 90s in his signature leather jacket and mirrored sunglasses. His son is in plain black trunks and boots by his side, stripped away of any embellishments as he grins at the crowd reaction to his father's entrance.]

GM: Wow! There are times in this sport when a wrestler steps into the ring and from the opening notes of his entrance, you know that he shouldn't be there... that he's too far past his prime. This is NOT one of those times.

BW: Alex Martinez looks every bit of the man who won the World Title on several occasions. He looks every bit the man whose career led him to the Hall of Fame. And he looks every bit the man who earned the nickname "the Last American Badass" through a series of the toughest, hardest, most brutal battles with some of the most violent sons of bitches you'll ever see in this sport. The Gremlin... Caleb Temple... Casey James... Jeff Matthews. The big man has fought them all and come out the other side. And tonight, he looks ready for one more fight... but looks can be deceiving, Gordo.

GM: They certainly can. And when you're facing the World Champion and one of the most physically dominant competitors currently active in the sport, there is no room for being one step short... for being a little out of shape. Ryan Martinez wants to take one step closer to SuperClash here tonight and he's gotta rely on his father to help get him there.

[House Martinez makes their way down the aisle, Alex and Ryan huddled up as they walk towards the ring. Alex can be seen whispering something to Ryan, pointing at the ring the entire time.]

GM: And it looks like the father has a few last minute suggestions for the son.

[Reaching the ring, Ryan Martinez dives under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet. He walks swiftly towards Vasquez, speaking at the new World Champion as the referee slides in front of him, preventing any pre-match physicality from breaking out as Alex Martinez climbs the steps, slinging one long leg over the top rope and then the other.]

GM: This Houston crowd is jacked, fans! They've been waiting all night for this one and with so much on the line, who the heck could blame them? Can Ryan Martinez find some way to get the win in this one, putting himself in that Final Four with Ohara, Detson, and James?

[Ryan Martinez pulls back to the corner, standing alongside his legendary father as Alex removes his leather jacket, handing it out to a ringside attendant, keeping his eyes across the ring at their opponents.]

GM: The Martinez clan in one corner, the Axis in the other... and referee Ricky Longfellow is the man responsible for keeping all this under control.

BW: Good luck.

[A final huddle on both sides ends with Juan Vasquez staying in for his squad...

...and Ryan Martinez insisting on staying in for his team, grinning as his father steps out and the crowd ROARS at what they're about to witness.]

GM: And would you look at this?! It's gonna be Vasquez and the White Knight to kick things off in this one!

[The Houston crowd is electric, on their feet roaring for this confrontation as the referee watches the two men advance from their respective corners, spinning to signal the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and here we...

[Gordon trails off as Vasquez backpedals to his corner, slapping the outstretched hand of the Tsar to HUGE boos from the crowd.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Smart strategy. Don't give House Martinez OR these idiot fans what they want.

GM: Juan Vasquez makes the tag, bringing Maxim Zharkov and... well, that's not the confrontation these fans were hoping to see kick off this match but they'll certainly take it.

[The big Russian enters the ring, a confident smirk on his face as Jackson Hunter cackles at ringside. Vasquez steps out to the apron as the Last Son of the Soviet Union advances slowly towards the center of the ring, speaking softly in Russian to the White Knight as he approaches...]

GM: Zharkov moving in on Ryan Martinez, running his mouth all the while and-

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars as Martinez snaps off an open-handed slap across the mouth of the Russian who snaps around on the impact, reaching up to run his mouth in shock.]

GM: OHH! He slapped the borscht right out of his Russian mouth!

[Zharkov angrily turns back towards the White Knight, lowering his shoulder into the midsection, driving Martinez back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Zharkov shoves Ryan back to the corner...

[An agitated Zharkov plants his hands on Martinez' pectorals, holding the struggling former World Champion against the turnbuckles, swinging his head into Martinez!]

GM: Headbutt! Another! Another!

[The barrage of headbutts land repeatedly on the skull of Martinez, forcing him to slump down to a knee as the referee steps in, calling for a break. Zharkov steps back, rubbing his own forehead.]

GM: Zharkov might've even hurt himself with those headbutts but he certainly hurt the White Knight who is down on a knee...

[Not for long as the Tsar yanks Ryan Martinez to his feet, flipping him over into a seated position with a snap mare...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and then SLAPS him in the back of the head, less to injure and more to humiliate.]

GM: Ohh! Zharkov returning the favor with that slap to the head!

[Alex Martinez shouts something to his son from the corner as Zharkov circles around the still-seated White Knight. A shout from Hunter gets a nod from the Russian as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Ryan Martinez...]

GM: Big kick!

[...but Martinez drops to his back, causing Zharkov to whiff on the kick. The Russian stumbles forward as the White Knight scrambles back up to his feet, rushing forward to grab Zharkov around the upper thigh...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and flips Zharkov forward, dumping him over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ TOSSES ZHARKOV OVER THE TOP!

[And as he does, the White Knight slips out on the apron. He backs up, shaking his formerly-injured arm out a bit...]

GM: Martinez out on the apron... Zharkov stirring off the floor...

[...and Martinez runs down the apron, leaping off to catch Zharkov with a flying clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ WIPES OUT THE RUSSIAN!

[The former World Champion climbs to his feet on the floor, a smile on his face as the crowd roars for his big move. He throws both arms up in the air, pulling them back with a loud roar that the crowd echoes.]

GM: And THIS is the Ryan Martinez these fans came to see, Bucky!

BW: Hey, a quick start is one thing but we'll see how much Supreme Wright has managed to get out of him in a few days.

[Dragging Zharkov off the floor, Martinez shoots him under the bottom rope. He rolls in after him, climbing to his feet.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now...

[Zharkov is quickly to his feet, ready as Martinez approaches, winding up with his right arm...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Oh my! Big chop by the former World Champion!

[The blow splashes across Zharkov's chest, staggering the Russian back a few steps as Martinez grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Zharkov!

[The whip sends Martinez crashing into the buckles. Zharkov runs the half distance of the ring towards the corner, letting loose a roar...]

...but Martinez shows off a little bit of speed he's been missing over the past several months, diving clear as Zharkov SLAMS chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: HE MISSED!

[Zharkov stumbles backwards as Martinez pumps an arm to the cheering crowd, reaching forward to secure a rear waistlock on the Tsar...]

GM: Waistlock! He's looking for the German!

[With a strong effort, the White Knight lifts the 347 pounder up off the mat to the roar of the crowd...]

...but then is forced to put him back down, spinning away and grabbing at his upper arm!]

GM: Oh! He couldn't get the suplex!

BW: That arm that he injured in the leadup to the Battle of Boston is still bothering him, Gordo.

GM: It certainly appears to be... and after the great start, you have to wonder if Ryan Martinez perhaps got a little overconfident. Perhaps he thought Supreme Wright had upped his game a little bit more than he had.

[Wincing and holding his arm, Martinez turns towards his corner where his father stands with his arm outstretched...]

...but Zharkov spins, hooking a handful of trunks, yanking the White Knight back into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Zharkov with a waistlock of his own... and LAUNCHES the former World Champion up and over!

[Zharkov smirks as he gets up off the canvas, staring across the ring defiantly at Alex Martinez who is shouting to his son.]

BW: No love lost between those two, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. We all remember them getting tangled up last year at SuperClash... and now Alex Martinez, the Hall of Famer, is begging his son to get up and make that tag.

[Zharkov slowly walks around Ryan Martinez, shouting "UP!" at the young hero repeatedly.]

GM: Zharkov not making a move to inflict more damage, just demanding the White Knight get back to his feet.

BW: If he can. That East German Suplex really did a number on him, Gordo.

GM: East German... oh brother.

[Zharkov does another lap around Martinez as the struggling White Knight battles up to a knee, working his way to his feet. He again stretches out an arm, wobbling across the ring towards his legendary father who has his arm stretched out as far as he can... which is a lot.]

GM: Ryan Martinez looking for a tag here, desperately trying to get out of there...

[But Zharkov swoops in behind him, snatching a waistlock. Instead of using the German this time, he lifts Martinez into the air, flinging him facefirst down to the canvas near the Axis corner with an amateur style takedown!]

GM: Ohh! He throws Martinez into the corner!

[The feisty White Knight scampers to his feet, winding up as Zharkov approaches...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big chop and-

[...but Zharkov doesn't even flinch, swinging a knee up into the midsection of Martinez before throwing him bodily back into the Axis corner. The big Russian looks down, dismissively brushing off his pectorals as Martinez reels against the buckles.]

GM: Absolutely no effect with that chop! The big Russian standing his ground... and there's the tag to the World Champion!

[Vasquez ducks through the ropes, piefacing Martinez to make sure the White Knight stays in place before Vasquez winds up, blasting Martinez with a chop of his own... and then swings his arm back the other way with a forearm shot to the side of the head...]

GM: Two hard shots in the corner... and he's not done!

[The crowd jeers as the referee tries to get Vasquez to back out of the corner but the World Champion continues to throw his chop/forearm combo, rocking the former World Champion repeatedly and battering him down to a seated position against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Come on, ref! Get the guy out of the corner!

[Vasquez shoves past the protesting Longfellow to grab the top rope, swinging his knee into Martinez' face once... twice... three times... four times. The referee is screaming at him, threatening a disqualification when Alex Martinez steps over the top rope, looking to intervene...]

GM: The big man is in but-

[The jeers get louder as the referee rushes to cut off Alex Martinez, ordering him back to the corner as Juan Vasquez turns around, mockingly waving at the Last American Badass as Jackson Hunter grabs Ryan around the head, keeping him in place as Vasquez runs across the ring, building up steam, and charges back in...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and DRIVES a running kneesmash into the face of the seated Martinez!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a running shot by Vasquez! The World Champion grabs a leg, dragging Martinez from the corner!

[The World Champion dives across Martinez' chest, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Martinez' shoulder pops up off the mat as he thrusts his arm up into the air!]

GM: Two count only! Ryan Martinez gets that shoulder up, keeping his dream of another SuperClash Main Event alive!

BW: Hey, he's been in the SuperClash Main Event two years in a row! It's time to step aside and give someone else the spotlight, you gloryhog!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, throwing a glare at the official before dropping an elbow down across the chest of Martinez... and another... and another... and another.]

GM: Elbowdrop time and time again on the heart of the White Knight... and that heart has carried Martinez to victory on many occasions, Bucky.

BW: The Axis is looking to rip his heart out right here tonight and stomp on it. They want to put Martinez into a position where he's gotta beg to be in the opening match at SuperClash. They want to send him from the top straight to the bottom!

[The World Champion gets to his feet, digging the toe of his boot into Martinez' eye and spinning quickly, causing Martinez to reach up to rub at his eyes as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: If a man can't see, he can't fight. Karate Kid 3 taught me that.

GM: You've seen Karate Kid 3?!

BW: Of course. Who hasn't?

[Dragging the temporarily-blinded Martinez off the mat, Vasquez yanks him into a front facelock. He looks out at the jeering crowd, a smirk on his face before lifting Martinez into the air...

...and violently tosses him gutfirst on the top rope, hanging him out to dry over the ropes!]

GM: Good grief! Vasquez trying to knock the win out of Martinez... and there's a tag to Zharkov. The big Russian coming in... to the ropes... building up steam...

[And the Last Son of the Soviet Union barrels across the ring, laying into Martinez with a huge running shouldertackle that sends him flying off the apron, clearing the distance between the ring and the barricade...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And the Axis sends the White Knight into the steel! Oh my!

[Martinez reaches back, grabbing at the back of his neck having hit the steel back and neckfirst.]

GM: And just like that, you see Ryan Martinez favoring the neck... the neck that Juan Vasquez put him on the shelf with at the start of 2016 with that devastating piledriver!

BW: The neck that STILL isn't one hundred percent... just like the arm that STILL isn't one hundred percent! Ryan Martinez has been called a dumb kid for years by the likes of me, Gordo... but he's not a dumb kid anymore... he's a damn fool!

GM: We're creeping close to the ten minute mark of this tag team battle and Ryan Martinez has been inside that ring the entire time, taking a pounding from both Vasquez and Zharkov. He desperately needs a tag. He desperately needs to find a way out of this ring and get his father in there.

BW: Right now, he needs to find a way to get back inside the ring! If he gets counted out, Gordo, he's out of this tournament. He's out of the Road To The Gold.

[A smirking Vasquez walks down the apron, taunting Martinez who is still seated against the steel railing. The official warns him, forcing him back to his corner as Maxim Zharkov climbs out on the apron.]

GM: Zharkov could've let Martinez potentially be counted out there but it looks like the Axis wants to finish the job here tonight.

BW: Can you blame them? Martinez has been a thorn in their sides for months now and tonight, they've got a chance to finish him off... in front of his father for good measure.

[Zharkov drags the White Knight off the floor by the arm, standing him up in front of him...]

GM: Zharkov grabs the arm...

[The Russian looks to whip Martinez into the ring apron...

...but somehow, the White Knight reverses it, sending Zharkov crashing spinefirst into the apron!]

GM: OHHH! What a timely reversal by Martinez!

[Zharkov stumbles away from the apron, clutching his lower back in pain as the White Knight scrambles up onto the ring apron. Zharkov makes a grab at his legs but Martinez leaps over his grasping arms, landing on the apron again, twisting around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and DRIVES a soccer kick into the chin of Zharkov, snapping his head back!]

GM: OHHH!

[Martinez wheels around, ducking through the ropes, trying to get across the ring to his father's outstretched hand...

...but Zharkov dives under the ropes, lunging and snatching Martinez by the ankle, tripping him up!]

GM: OH! He cuts him off! Zharkov grabs the ankle, preventing the White Knight from getting to the corner!

[The former World Champion rolls to his back, desperately trying to pull his leg free...

...and SLAMS the heel of his boot down onto Zharkov's face!]

GM: He's trying to kick his way out!

[A second kick connects with the bridge of the Russian's nose!]

GM: Another boot to the mush! Martinez trying to fight his way out!

[Vasquez and Hunter are screaming at Zharkov to hang on as Martinez draws his leg back a third time...

...and BOOTS Zharkov right in the mouth, causing the big Russian to fall backwards to a seated position on the mat!]

GM: He's loose! He's loose!

[Martinez rolls back to all fours, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the son tags the legendary father!]

GM: THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS MAKES THE TAG!

[The big man comes over the top rope, storming across the ring and knocking Vasquez to the floor with a big right hand!]

GM: Down goes the World Champion!

[He wheels around where a dazed Zharkov is coming back to his feet.]

GM: The big man drops him with a clothesline!

[The seven footer wheels around, beckoning Zharkov back to his feet...]

GM: And another one drops Zharkov again!

[The Russian is reeling on the canvas as Martinez turns towards the roaring crowd, raising his arms over his head...]

GM: Martinez is calling for the Fire Bomb!

BW: No, no, no! If he hits this, his no account son is heading to the Final Four!

[The dazed Zharkov regains his feet, barely able to stay standing as the seven footer approaches...

...and wraps his massive hands around the throat of the Russian to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Houston crowd!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[Jackson Hunter leaps up on the apron, shouting at the official who moves to confront the volatile manager...

...which allows Juan Vasquez to slide under the bottom rope, approaching the big man from behind!]

GM: Vasquez is in! The referee is tied up with Hunter and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS with disapproval as Vasquez drops to his knees and SLAMS an uppercut up into the groin of the Last American Badass!]

GM: DAMN HIM!

BW: Gordo! Calm down!

[The seven foot Martinez slumps to his knees, reaching down to grab at the Martinez family jewels.]

BW: And somewhere in Southern California, Selena Gomez just fainted. You heard it here first, TMZ!

GM: Would you stop?!

[With Martinez down on his knees, Juan Vasquez circles around in front of him, looking down at his long-time rival...

....and slowly raises his right arm into the air!]

BW: He’s calling for the Right Cross!

GM: He’s not even the legal man!

BW: You think he cares?!

[A smirking Vasquez can be seen saying something off-mic to the kneeling Martinez, his arm raised and at the ready...]

GM: Vasquez is ready! He’s set!

[But before he can deliver the potentially match-ending blow, Vasquez is distracted by someone incoming... fast...]

GM: RYAN!

[...who DRILLS Vasquez with a HUUUUUGE spear tackle around the torso!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SPEAR! WHAT A SPEAR BY THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[Vasquez rolls from the ring, clutching his ribs in pain as Martinez rolls the other way, grasping at his arm and shoulder!]

GM: Vasquez rolls out! Ryan Martinez rolls out as well!

[Which leaves the Last Son of the Soviet Union and the Last American Badass inside the ring. Zharkov is the first to rise, grabbing the kneeling seven footer by the hair, pointing at his face, shouting in Russian at him as the referee and Jackson Hunter are still shouting at each other...

...which gives the Last American Badass a chance to even the score with a low blow of his own on the big Russian!]

GM: MARTINEZ GOES LOW ON ZHARKOV!

BW: WHAT?! DISQUALIFY HIM!

GM: THE REFEREE DIDN'T SEE IT! JUST LIKE HE DIDN'T SEE VASQUEZ DO IT!
THANK YOU, JACKSON HUNTER!

[A wide-eyed Hunter is frantically pointing at the downed Zharkov now, telling the official what happened but Ricky Longfellow simply shrugs, pointing to his eyes.]

GM: The seven footer is up... and look at this, Bucky!

[Reaching down, Martinez wraps his arms around the torso of the 347 pound Zharkov who is down on all fours...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[...and with a mammoth effort, the seven footer deadlifts Zharkov off the mat, muscling him up over his shoulder!]

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?! MY STARS, WHAT POWER ON THE PART OF THE SEVEN FOOT MARTINEZ!

[With Zharkov up over his shoulder, Martinez takes a few deep breaths...

...and then pushes him up higher, his hands under the armpits of the big Russian!]

BW: Now wait a damn second!

GM: He's got him set for the crucifix powerbomb! He's got him set for-

BW: FOR TSAR BOMBA! HE'S GOING TO USE ZHARKOV'S OWN POWERBOMB ON HIM!

GM: You may be right, Bucky! Martinez out to the middle of the ring, looking out on this massive crowd here in Houston! He's holding him high above...

[And with a smirk, Martinez hurls the 347 pounder forward, sending him CRASHING down to the canvas with a thunderous crucifix powerbomb!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!! MARTINEZ GOT ALL OF THAT!

[The seven footer leans down, stacking up the legs of Zharkov, leaning into a pin attempt...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Juan Vasquez comes DIVING across the ring, breaking up the pin just before the three count comes down!]

GM: VASQUEZ BREAKS UP THE PIN! HE JUST SAVED THIS MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

[The World Champion viciously stomps Alex Martinez a few times as the referee orders him from the ring...]

...and then grabs Maxim Zharkov by the arm, dragging his limp partner across the ring to the loud jeers of the Houston crowd!]

GM: He's... damn him! He's dragging Zharkov across the ring illegally!

BW: Gotta get him out of there! Zharkov's out cold!

[Reaching the corner, Vasquez steps out, reaching over the ropes and slapping his partner's limp arm...]

GM: Vasquez tags in... and look at the referee! Look at Longfellow reading him the riot act!

[The official is all over Vasquez for his illegal actions which keeps Vasquez' back to the ring where Alex Martinez crawls to his corner, slapping his son's outstretched hand to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: Ryan Martinez tags in! Ryan Martinez tags in!

[The fired-up White Knight storms across the ring, grabbing Vasquez by the shoulder, spinning him violently away from the official and back into the Axis' corner!]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS HIM IN THE CORNER!

[Martinez looks out at the fans, soaking in their cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, and grabs at his arm and shoulder again. He seems ready to go for the chops again.]

BW: Again, he's favoring the arm! This damn fool!

[The White Knight bites his lip, shaking his head as he grabs the World Champion by the arm, rocketing him across the ring into the far turnbuckles.]

GM: Vasquez hits the corner!

[Martinez drops back against the buckles, clutching his arm as he shakes with anticipation, the crowd roaring for his every move...]

...and then tears across the ring, running at full speed... faster than we've seen him run in months...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: YAAAAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The running big boot snaps Vasquez' head back with great impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez backs off, beckoning Vasquez forward and the dazed and stunned World Champion stumbles out of the corner, wobbling towards the White Knight who buries a boot into his midsection...]

GM: He doubles him up with the boot to the gut... front facelock!

[The Houston crowd is absolutely losing their minds at this point as Martinez slings Vasquez' arm over his neck...]

GM: He's calling for it! He's got it set! He's going for it all, fans! Can Ryan Martinez get one step closer to the Main Event of SuperClash VIII?!

[With the AWA faithful solidly behind him, Martinez lifts Vasquez off the canvas...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...and immediately puts him back down, spinning away and grabbing his arm in pain as the crowd deflates!]

BW: HAH! He STILL couldn't get him up for the Brainbuster! He still can't beat the World Champion!

[Martinez staggers across the ring towards the corner, holding his arm in pain as Vasquez straightens up...

...and flashes a big smirk at the downed Martinez!]

BW: And Juan Vasquez knows it! He knows Martinez can't beat him! He knows he's got this turkey right where he wants him two months before Thanksgiving! Vasquez has victory in his sights, Gordo!

GM: Martinez, still in pain... still holding the arm... still not quite back to where he needs to be... still not-

[Vasquez raises his right arm slowly, the crowd jeering his every movement as he flexes the fingers on his right hand, clenching his fist...

...which is when Martinez comes tearing out of the corner at top speed, leaping into the air unexpectedly, and DRIVING his foot up under the chin of Vasquez, snapping the World Champion's head and neck back from the impact!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

[Martinez rolls to all fours, diving across Vasquez' chest, reaching back to hook both legs, his face carved in a grimace from the pain shooting through his arm as he does! The referee dives to the mat, the crowd counting along with him...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And the Houston crowd ERUPTS in the loudest roar of the night as Martinez rolls off of Vasquez, the referee springing to his feet and pointing at the downed former World Champion as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official through a tremendous din.]

RO: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MAAAAATCH...

HOUUUUUUUUUUUUSE MARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The deafening roar somehow gets louder as Alex Martinez comes into the ring, yanking his son off the mat into a huge embrace. The Houston crowd is roaring, fans jumping up and down for the shocking triumph pulled off by the White Knight.

No, no. Not THE White Knight.

THEIR White Knight.]

GM: He's done it! Ryan Martinez has pinned the World Champion... and that means he's headed to the Final Four! Two weeks from tonight, he's going to climb inside that ring with Johnny Detson, Brian James, and Jordan Ohara with the Main Event at SuperClash and a shot to regain the World Title he never should've lost on the line! Incredible!

[Jackson Hunter is at ringside, jaw dropped as he looks at the still-dazed Russian on his knees on the floor. Hunter reaches under the ropes, dragging Vasquez out where he loops an arm under him, trying to keep the World Champion on his feet!]

GM: The Axis is stunned! Hunter can't believe what just happened here in Houston... because on this night in Houston, The Axis has a problem!

BW: Oh, you're a real riot!

[Vasquez stumbles backwards, pulling Hunter with him as they fall against the barricade by a group of vocal Ryan Martinez supporters, jumping up and down and celebrating their hero's victory.]

GM: Vasquez can barely stand on his own power out there, dragging Hunter along with him. He can't believe it either! Vasquez thought he had this won, Bucky.

BW: So did I! So did the world!

GM: But Ryan Martinez with the heart of a lion continues to find a way to overcome... and overcome he has here tonight in the Toyota Center. What a night! What a win! Fans, for Bucky Wilde and the-

[Gordon abruptly goes silent as Juan Vasquez, fire in his eyes, suddenly turns to the side, grabbing a Ryan Martinez fan in the front row by the head. He gives a yank, pulling him over the railing as the crowd "OHHHHHs" in response.]

GM: What the hell is he-?!

[Jackson Hunter can be heard shouting, "JUAN, NO!" but gets shoved down by the World Champion in response. The fan raises his arms, shouting for help as Vasquez drops to his knees, slamming a hammerfist down onto the man's raised arms...

...and another that bashes its way through, catching him in the cheekbone...

...and another that catches him on the eye socket...

...and another bouncing off the bridge of the nose...

A rush of nearby security rushes the fray, one uniformed guard throwing himself into a full body tackle of Vasquez, knocking him back against the barricade. Vasquez is trying to get free, wriggling wildly as another guard drops to all fours, trying to shield the fan from further attack.

The announcers are silent.

The fans are stunned.

We catch a glimpse of AWA officials storming into view. Tommy Fierro and Vernon Riley are the first on the scene but Jon Stegglet is right behind them, loudly shouting at Vasquez, a handful of his words landing silent thanks to the censors at The X.

Todd Michaelson and Bobby Taylor are on the scene too, the former with a look of concern and the latter with red-faced rage, spewing angry words at Vasquez as Jackson Hunter gets back to his feet, a shocked expression on his face. Maxim Zharkov is next to Hunter, looking just as surprised as his manager.

We cut to the ring where Alex Martinez is physically holding back his son with the aid of Ricky Longfellow and a few more AWA officials, trying to keep the White Knight from running into the fray.

And then back to Vasquez, barely visible to the cameras thanks to the swarms and swarms of security and officials trying to keep him down.

Cut to black.]